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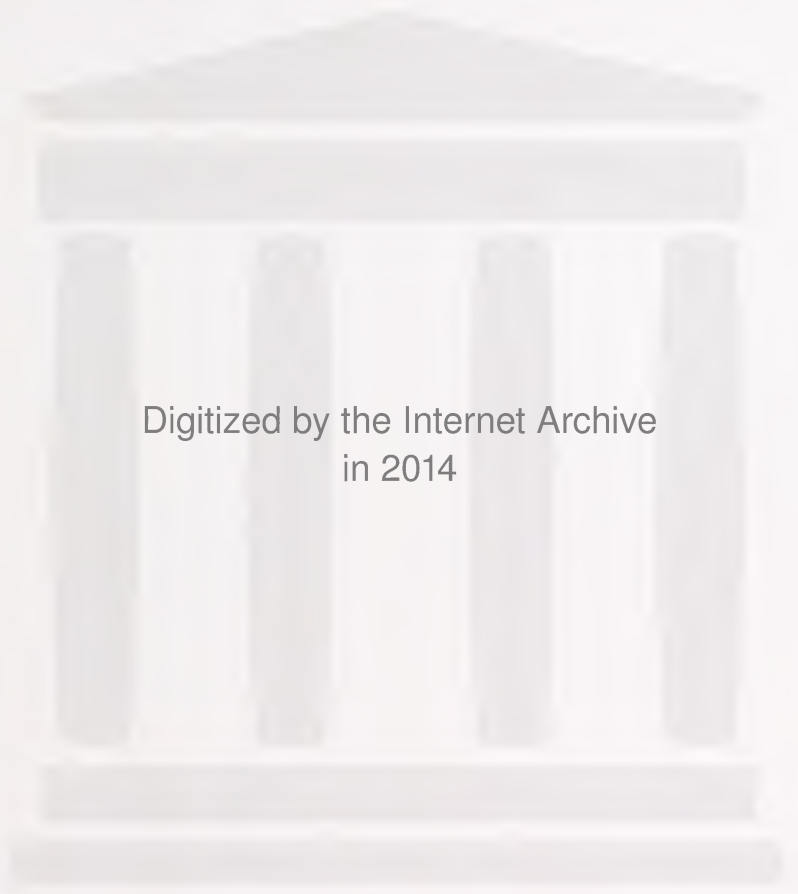
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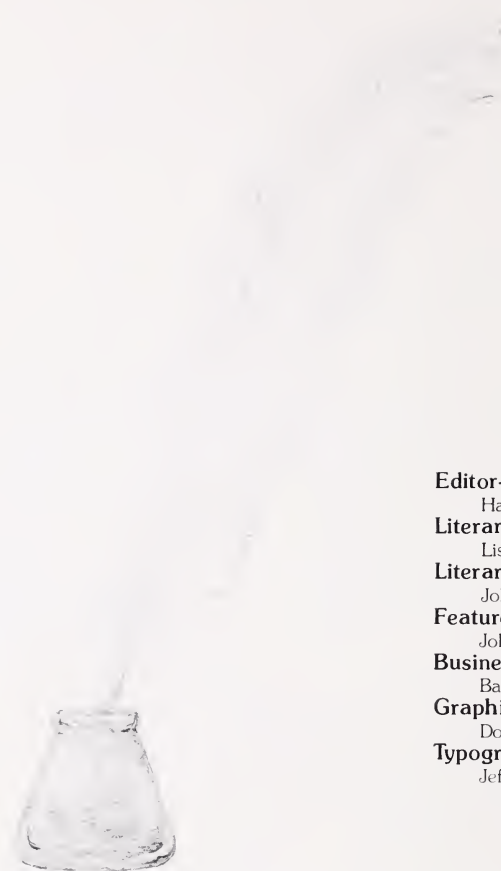
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chronicle

Spring 1977





chronicle

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We regret that the photo contest that was announced last semester had to be canceled due to insufficient entries. Again, I would like to thank my staff for all the effort they have put into this issue.

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Comfort

1) Ecclesiastes 12: 1-14; Job 40:128 - Genesis 1: 1, 2-6, 27, Exodus 6: 7

2) Exodus 34: 9, Deuteronomy 8: 16, 9: 5

3) Romans 1: 21, 23-31, 46, 1 John 4: 4, 1 Timothy 1: 9, 10, Romans 2: 23

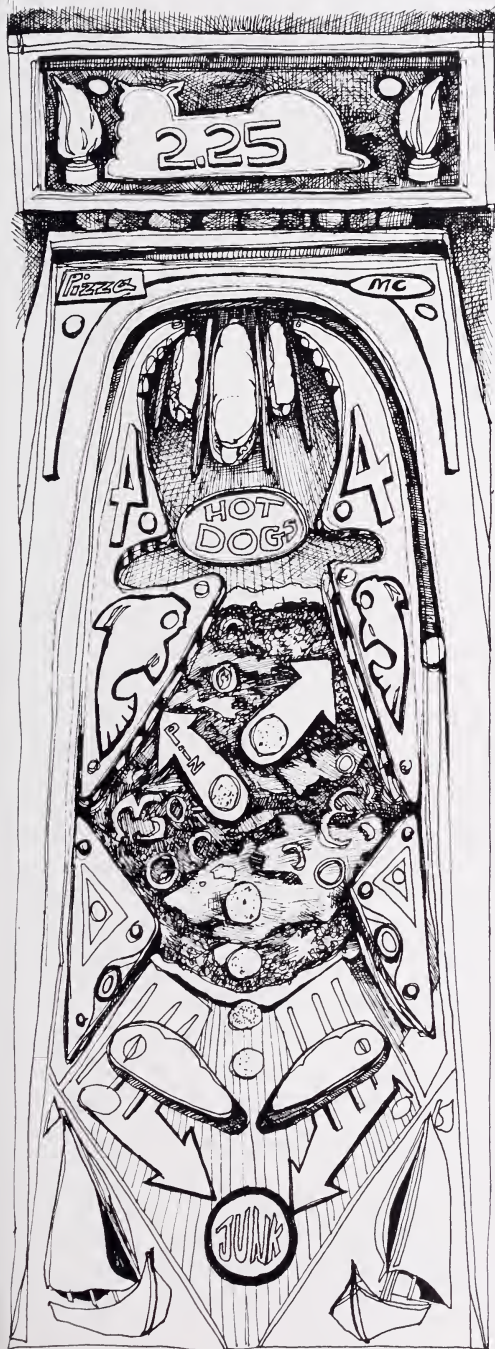
4) Romans 6: 23, Hebrews 9: 26, Acts 14: 36, 39, Acts 4: 12

5) Isaiah 7: 14, 9: 6, Matthew 1: 21, Philippians 2: 9-11

6) John 5: 16-18, 1: 24, 6: 47, 8: 12, 14: 27, Mark 9: 24

7) 1 Corinthians 13: (all), Galatians 2: 16, Ephesians 4: 15, Philippians 1: 29, 4: 6, 7, 19, Colossians 3: 23, 1 Timothy 6: 7, 12, 17, 19, 2 Timothy 3: 16, 17, Hebrews 4: 12, 1 Corinthians 1: 18, Hebrews 11: 1, James 1: 2, 3, 12, 2 Corinthians 12: 7-10, James 2: 19, 1 Peter 4: 14, 2 Peter 3: 3, 4, 10, 1 John 2: 15-17, 1 Corinthians 12: 8-11, Romans 14: 17, 21, 12: 1, 2, 8: 28, 7: 24, 25, 8: 1, 7: 15, 5: 1-8, Proverbs 1: 7, 3: 5, 12, 12: 23, 15: 31, Romans 8: 38, 39. Praise the LORD!

Harold B. Bridger



Kitty Goes to Paris

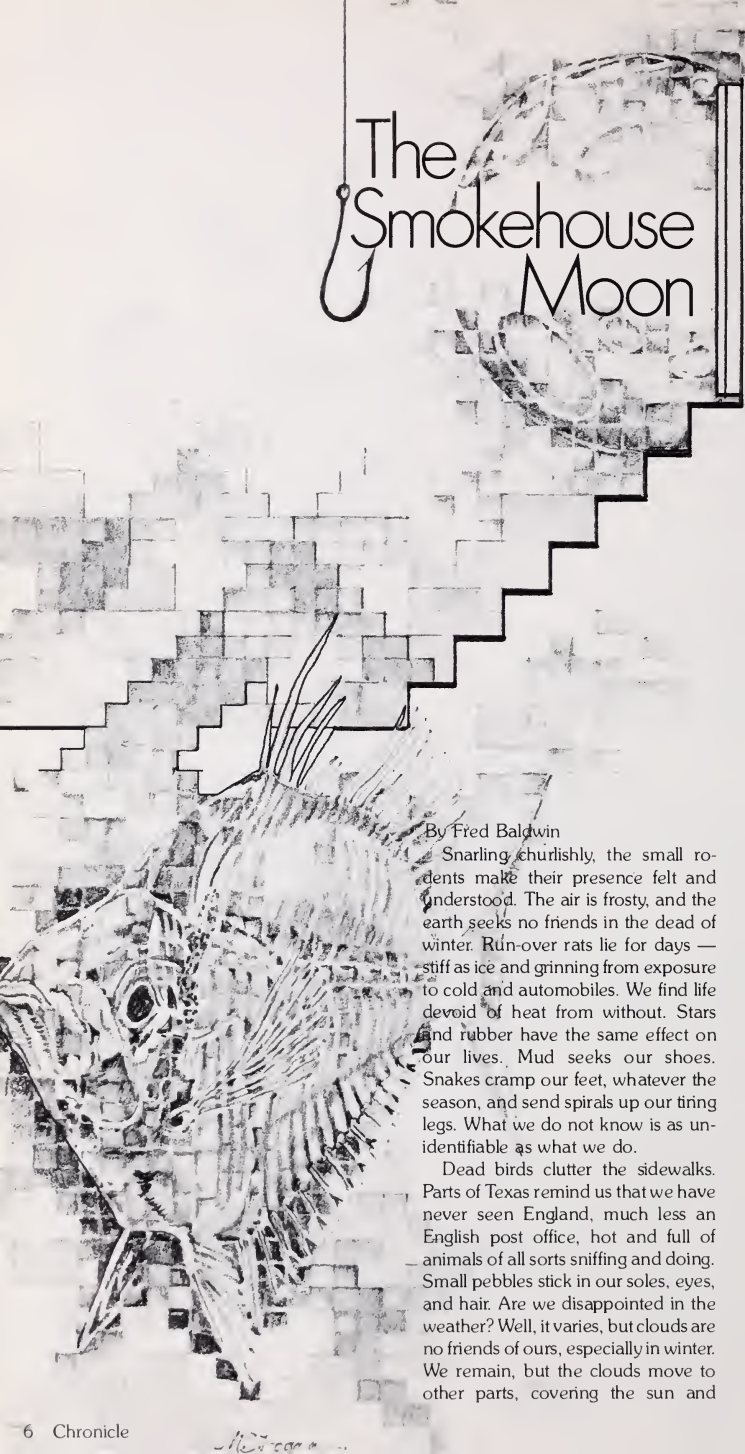
page two

It was hot outside. Don't like the heat; gives me rash. Used to though. There was a time when I would stay home from work and go swimming. I own my own little store. A gift shop overlooking the John F. Kennedy memorial grave. For 2.25 you can buy a brass plated flame; it is my favorite item and a best seller. But I hate the water now, too. Practically drowned when a sailboat jibed into my thigh. Hate sailboats, they get you nowhere slowly and they're all over the place.

The hotdog stand next to the *Eternal Gift Shop* is run by an ex-comedian. He doesn't talk at all now; it makes his beard grow whenever he tells a joke. Embarrassing, so he gave up talking altogether. I like hotdogs. The hotdog man buys flames from my shop and sells them at his stand for 4.00. Does a good business — I'm raising my prices. Usually I will buy a couple of dogs and go over to the pinball arcade on the other side of the memorial for lunch.

I was in second grade when Kennedy died, so I don't know much about him except my teacher cried when he died and told us what a great man he was. She inspired my gift shop I think; all those people in America who need something to remember him. The Italians are particularly good customers. They buy portraits of the Kennedy brothers and hang them in their pizza restaurants. I'm not prejudiced mind you. The Italians are great folks, they love trinkets and pictures of the Kennedys. I hate Italian food, it's junk and I hate junk.

Leonard Pearlstine



The Smokehouse Moon

By Fred Baldwin

Snarling churlishly, the small rodents make their presence felt and understood. The air is frosty, and the earth seeks no friends in the dead of winter. Run-over rats lie for days — stiff as ice and grinning from exposure to cold and automobiles. We find life devoid of heat from without. Stars and rubber have the same effect on our lives. Mud seeks our shoes. Snakes cramp our feet, whatever the season, and send spirals up our tiring legs. What we do not know is as unidentifiable as what we do.

Dead birds clutter the sidewalks. Parts of Texas remind us that we have never seen England, much less an English post office, hot and full of animals of all sorts sniffing and doing. Small pebbles stick in our soles, eyes, and hair. Are we disappointed in the weather? Well, it varies, but clouds are no friends of ours, especially in winter. We remain, but the clouds move to other parts, covering the sun and

shading trees, grapes, and used cars in the same way.

Fires have broken out among our seat-covers, but no one has noticed. Car-baked vermin can be quickly overdone if one is not vigilant. Rat-filled cars rise over the horizon as America settles down to a meal of vulcanized rubber — boiled, then fried. The flavor is nutlike. Disturbed by the popping blisters in their skins, the rats decide to become garbage. Noses curl, eyes explode, brains bake slowly at first, then evaporate. Who is to say that we are not using our gifts properly? What gifts do we have? Death blandes our smiles and frowns. Pain erases the memory of hot chocolate and crushed ants.

We journey out of the city. Dogs attack our legs. Their owners laugh at us. They are protected, but perhaps we'll injure one of their pets. Our feet hurt from the heat inside our shoes, even in this weather. We are tired and faint. Our hands are so cold they make us ill.

A small mouse is cooking noodles. He eyes us suspiciously. According to him, noodles have a nutlike flavor, much like nuts. We sit down, and whispers roil the air behind us. The mouse gobbles his food and then asks us to sing. We don't know any songs, but we tell him that we do remember some grammar rules. He advises us to sing "Creation." We tell him that we don't plan to remain with him long enough.

He tells us that we are too big and smell bad. All creatures should be at most as large as cats. He has respect for cats — none for dogs. "Fawning face-lickers" he calls them. We don't argue. He says that a new country is forming in the wet street — the country of Stink. The road blots out everything in his nose. Noodles are bad for him because they are soft. His teeth can form a cage for his mouth if he is careless.

Here is a smokehouse. We open the smokehouse door and descend into a mountainous country. It is hot and wet. Insects swarm below us — a plain of itches and stings below the clouds. A deserted city rests to our right in the sun. The smokehouse door has become the daytime moon.

Listening, we descend the stone stairs, worn in midstep. Sheets of ice slash the sky far above us. Half the world is gripped by a banana-like yellowness of chill. There are no dogs here — not even memories. The city comes up to us on our feet. Deer scatter through the streets like marbles. Fat snakes hiss the sun a farewell.

The streets are packed earth without tire tracks or the stench of oil. We find a small house and enter, our minds on shadows. We want it light now that we are losing the sun. On the walls of the house are paintings. Fish. We sneeze and become aware of our noise. The sun streaks and spots the hallway. A window overlooks the valley, perhaps — we can't be sure. A valley, we should say. We are warm and want to sleep.

Upstairs, we find mats of woven hair. Darkness causes us to remain awake longer than usual. Our bones seem larger than normal and sharper. Small deer stroll through the city. Occasionally one comes in downstairs but remains there. There are no stairs on Mars, we remember. Water. There is no water here, we think, but we aren't thirsty. We aren't anything.

In the despairing darkness of post-midnight we hear splashing. Not rain, because there is still moon-light. Staggering to the stairs, we see that the lower rooms are filled with water and teeming with fish, some of which seem to be eating the others. From a window we see that the sky is a sheet of ice — the moon-light is diffused and spread like milk. We notice what appear to be clouds sliding under the ice, but on closer scrutiny these turn out to be herds of animals racing overhead. Their sound is like a plugged ear but slightly sharper.

The water remains at the same level. The streets are canals. There are lights in the depths. These lights are usually in pairs, perhaps six feet apart. Fairly certain of our dryness, we return to our mats and are splashed to sleep.

Sleep fills up the room and house and world — with light foam along the edges. There remains only the question of how long this will hold. We do our best, but we don't care for ice using up our body-heat or for animal

eyes glaring at us. It is a clear case of injustice. Not one of the animals has two good hands — or two hands of any quality. They prance around and jerk their heads like clocks.

We haven't noticed any clocks around here — no books, either. Only a mild warmth — a dismal degree of joy lost among the non-human streets. All vegetables are far away under the moon. There under the moon and not here, as we're all under the moon, relatively. We are pioneers.

The walls are wet with dew. We can't spell properly, even in our minds. We get up, are sleepy, sleep, are sleepy — always sleepy. We want to fall back and continue to fall back until we never come to rest. Stunted flowers cloud our thoughts. Vile and ominous memories of automobiles haunt us even here. Now we wish to avoid water.

Night recedes and with it the fish. Small scratchings return to the walls. There is no mud. All is water — none is. Wind whistles, but no dust drapes the air. If we go downstairs, what? We can't remember everything — only the most embarrassing parts, which make us grunt. First, there is no morning — just day. There is no second, no order — just repetition. Peace comes in the light.

Above our heads the sky has thawed and rumblings can't be heard. Gaps appear at mountaintops, roaring in approval. Where have all those animals gone? The air gets uglier. The smokehouse moon has evaporated from the sky. Where we went before here we can't recall. Our voices extend with disuse, from mice to lions.

The sun is just bland. The remaining animals and the world, just vague, like a hot meal for the elderly on a fixed income. There are no smiles to be wiped off faces, no information to be received. And no bugs, either — bugs which normally take up one-fifth of the atmosphere at this temperature. What are we going to eat?

If we had some food we would have to eat it quickly to keep it from spoiling, but as we don't have any, we can't eat it, so there's no danger. We just can't keep the stuff moving. The situation reminds us of a businessman with his hair lumped over crooked

and an aching gut, eating pop-tarts for breakfast but cutting back on butter, eggs, ham, beef, food, water, and resignations. It's warm, but there's no heat, so we don't have anything to worry about. Not much, anyway.

At this altitude we can't go up or down. Our socks squeeze our ankles and design our skin. Aromatic bees guard the entrances and exits of this town. Their buzzing reminds us of something vaguely irritating — like a hangnail or smelly hands. The vague day just hangs around us like a blue ceramic bell jar. A vague blue jar, part of the color of a fish.

We find in mid-city a pool of what appears to be water. The surface is far below us, and in the depths there are lights about six feet apart. Maybe all the water comes from here, if water this is. We would drop in a pebble, but there are none. So, we spit — nothing much. A star of spittle reminds us of G. M. Hopkins, of a letter of his, written on a freezing morning. Even frozen spit can be celestially beautiful. Time slows down to a drop, and we recall the happy time when we knew no one and no words. Amorously disproportionate fish heave about under the earth here; we can sense it.

Days are short! The smokehouse moon reappears, and colors fade from our eyes.

We remember the devil of the years, of past times, smiling with goat-like intensity upon the bereaved members of mankind. Sleep comes hard in the tropics. Everything sticks to everything else. To chairs, to tables, to books, to broom handles. Fingernail stars scrape light from the sky. Expiring, the earth shelves her honor for sleep. Scattered echoes of venturesome beasts click into the darkness. A bleak plain appears beneath their feet, bigger than itself, and growing. The sound becomes the sound the wind makes. Heat has become darkness, and no lights may pierce its density. To remain outdoors is to stand in the path of knowledge. We seek shelter.



F/STOP

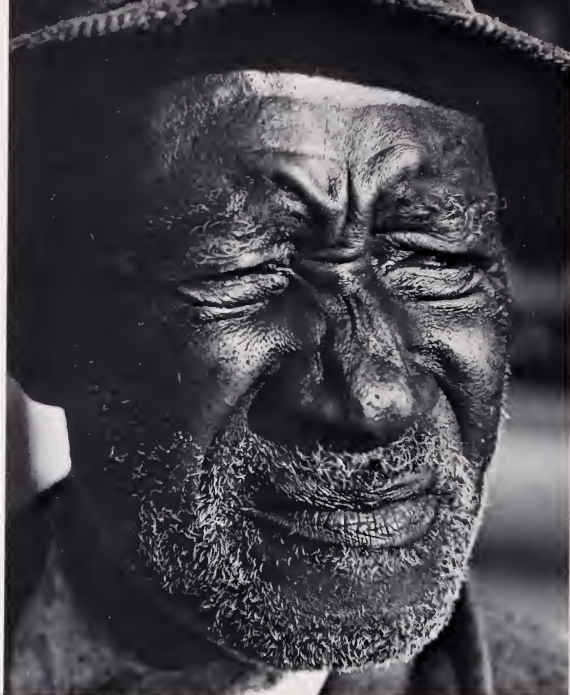


W. J. Montgomery



Top — Rick Burns
Above — R. Locklair
Left — David Fisher

Opposite Top — John Belk, in cooperation
with the Clemson University Electron
Microscope Facility, J. A. Gilreath, Director



Right — Ronnie Meeks
Below — Herb Nagamoto





Above — Jeanne Arias
Left — Richard R. Raker

Chronicle Sampler

In the course of human events and the emptying of candy boxes, magazines always get around to taking a survey. The *Chronicle* in 1969 did. And here we go again.

Polling questions of seven years ago reflect a different atmosphere on campus. Students were concerned with social justice, identity, the sexual revolution, and toilet paper. Even today we have such concerns, but they are not as vocally expressed. So we're not going to talk about them any more.

Everyone knows but nobody cares that we have acquired the name: the "apathetic Seventies." The issue really has been beaten to a pulp. Perhaps, though, we are simply more inwardly oriented. This survey reflects the same urge that catalyzed the poll of 1969, but the questions correspond to the mood of 1977. Today we ask about ourselves, trying to justify our existence.

In keeping with that, the *Chronicle* polled 166 students from various vantage points on campus, asking for personal responses towards us, our competition, and sundry items that the student may or may not be interested in — such as the quality of his or her education. The use of the survey was not designated until after the students had completed rating the groups on a 1 to 5 basis, five being an "excellent" response. The ratings were interesting, but even more interesting were the high number of non-responses that some groups received. A significant number of students did not know enough about these groups to form an opinion about them. Here are the responses of the ones who did know:

	Average Score	Percentages of Responses					No Response
		1	2	3	4	5	
Quality of Education	3.81	1	3	25	55	16	1
Athletics	3.41	4	10	38	36	12	2
Tiger	3.36	4	14	37	34	11	1
TAPS	3.34	4	10	42	37	7	35
WSBF	3.16	8	25	25	28	14	29
Chronicle	2.97	11	28	26	21	14	19
Administration	2.96	4	23	49	20	4	3
Student Government	2.82	4	29	49	17	1	20
The Bookstore	2.34	25	34	25	13	3	0
Food Services	1.92	42	32	20	6	0	15

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Cruising the Spice



Donny had a '57:
not too fast, but it looked it:
Kandy-apple red with white pinstripes,
like wisps of Charlene Maxwell's hair,
curling around the headlights.

Hey, Donny — Charlene, huh? — wouldn't she be nice?
On that cream white roll-pleated leather seat next to you,
snuggling up to that Hearst Shifter?
Think she'd go for your dice?
Sure, she would.
What other rearview mirror in the county has 'em?
Cruise the drive-in; she'll be there.
Just the thought of eating a cheeseburger in your machine . . .
Why, she'd jump at the chance.

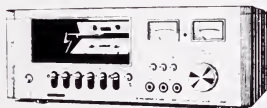
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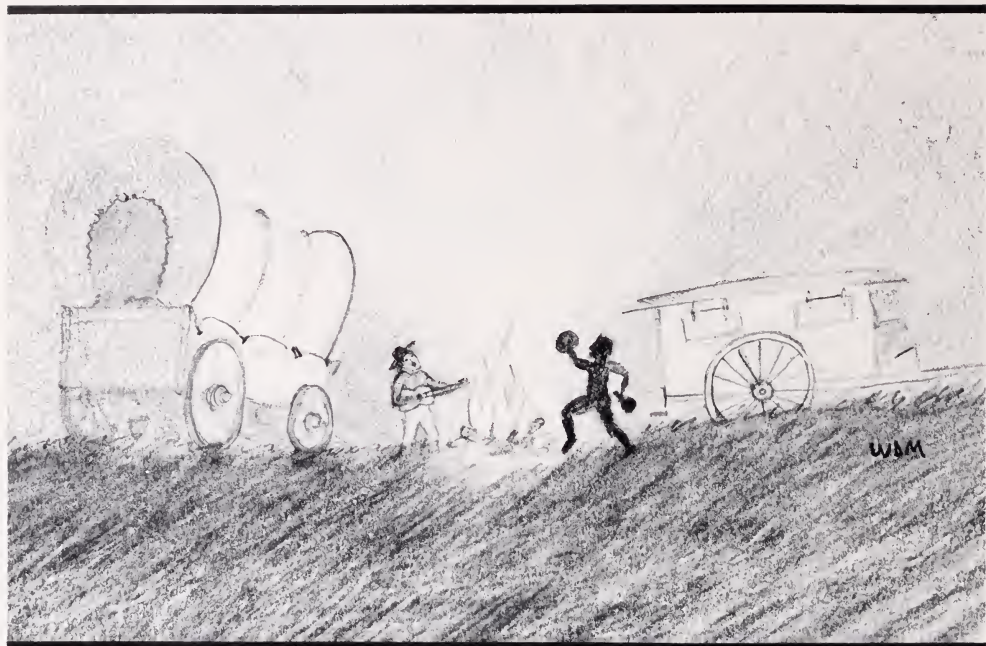


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THE INHERITANCE

By Lynn McGuirt

From her spot on the couch, Anna watched the last embers of the night's fire glow and then dull methodically. It was an early morning in winter, cold, damp, and frosty. Anna was still weighted down from the aftermath of a violently sleep-filled night. She'd slept a strangely resting sort of sleep which, because it was so complete, had seemed almost conscious and tiring. Raising her head from the pillow, she saw her grandmother in the kitchen making coffee. The old woman wore a cotton dress, ragged and fading, on top of which she had put a nappy grey sweater. She looks nappy, thought Anna, just as dingy and worn as the clothes she is wearing. And yet, she wears them well.

Being in her grandmother's house

was strange enough in itself, for her family seldom visited Anna's mother's mother. And upon waking and finding herself alone with the woman, she was somewhat apprehensive. Her own mother had told her that Granny was an odd woman, totally unpredictable and eccentric. As Anna saw her measuring out the coffee and pouring water into a pot, she looked and acted just as normal as anyone else. What was there to fear?

She didn't talk too much. Maybe that was it. Looking at her, Anna found herself wondering if she even could talk. Granny's mouth sagged with her teeth gone from it. It looked a sunken and wasted tissue, incapable of forming words. But Granny would surprise her, so her mother said. Anna

could hear her now. "My mother may well be old and have worked hard raising seven kids and running a hundred acre farm for almost thirty years after my father died, but that doesn't make her a good woman — on the inside, I mean."

"But why, mother, why do you reject her? What has she done? You throw out these snide remarks about her, but you just scrape the surface."

"Oh, never mind. Just don't, just don't try to pattern your own life after hers. When you're older, you'll understand. Then I won't have to tell on her. God forgive me if I judge her wrong. But, at least I won't pass a false judgement onto you."

"Yes, but, mother..."

"No. You'll see then. You're still too

young. What's a fifteen year-old know about life? Born and bred on the farm. You'll have to go away and get educated. Maybe then you'll be able to deal with your grandmother's sin. It's too complex a matter for me to explain. I don't want to be responsible for what you decide in the end. Who am I to judge?"

"Sin?"

"Yes. Take it at that. Meanwhile, don't worry about it. I'll let you spend time with her later. Then you'll understand. I'll decide when you are ready."

So the time had finally come. It was sooner than Anna had expected. She was barely eighteen and in the beginning of her college years when, during her Thanksgiving vacation, her mother decided it was best that Anna spend the week with her grandmother. She would help her prepare the Thanksgiving Day feast for the family clan who would meet there at her grandmother's home.

Before this time, holidays, birthdays, deaths, or times of extreme sickness were the only occasions when Anna was allowed to be around her grandmother. Distance was no hindrance, for they lived only sixty miles apart. But now that they were together, it would be possible for what her mother declared Granny's sinful nature, her mysterious flaw of character which made her a dark influence, to be uncovered to her. Anna would see, if she could, exactly what it was. And whether it was really as bad as her mother would have her think. She wondered if the years of separation and detachment from her grandmother were justifiable protection or merely a sheltering from her mother's own bias. Now that Anna was older, more mature, she not only was ready to know her grandmother, but also to question her mother's judgement upon her.

Anna sat up on the couch and stretched. She'd arrived late the night before straight from the University of Virginia. Her mother had brought her to the farm from the train station through pouring rain and sleet. Granny had met them at the door,

lantern in hand, and had helped Anna settle down for the night on the couch by the fireside. Few words were exchanged between Granny and her daughter. Anna herself was too tired and made a bare effort to further the conversation then. Morning, she thought, I'll awake to Granny in the morning.

The rich smell of brewing coffee was luring her from the couch to her grandmother. Granny looked at her, smiled, and began pouring coffee for them.

"Good morning, Granny."

"Did you sleep good on the couch, Anna? I could have given you my bed."

"It was fine. I wanted to be near the fire anyway. Thank you for the coffee. It's clearing off out, isn't it?"

"Yes, child, I believe it is. It's cold, though, bitter cold. We'll have to stoke this fire up. You'll help me, won't you?"

"Why, yes. I love to build fires."

"Oh, I've noticed that about you through the years. Always drawn to the fire. Little Anna curled and comforted at the fireside."

Granny walked outside and carried in a large oak log and, with Anna's help, heaved it into the fireplace. Within minutes they had a roaring blaze full of snapping pine twigs and kindling.

"Now for breakfast, child. What will you have?"

"Oh. Whatever. It doesn't matter. I'll help you."

"No, please. Let me. It's too seldom I ever have a guest to cook for."

"Granny, I'm no guest. I'm your grandchild."

"Yes, I have guests here rarely. I guess I'm too old and boring."

"What are you talking about? I'm here. Of my own free will. . . finally."

"Will eggs and grits be all right? You probably don't eat right going to school, now, do you?"

"Oh, I manage well enough. Sure. Grits and eggs will be fine. Maybe a little toast."

"I've made bread for you. Yesterday. We'll have that."

"Fine. Maybe a little of your straw-

berry preserves."

"You remember, then?"

"Remember the preserves? Of course."

"And when you first tasted them, and what happened on that night?"

"Vaguely, Granny, why?"

Granny began cracking eggs and put the water for the grits on the stove to boil. She poured fresh milk into the eggs and vigorously began beating them. She would not answer Anna. Instead she released her edginess into preparing breakfast.

"Child, will you hand me the salt and pepper?"

"Sure, Granny, sure." Anna sat down at the table and watched this woman. She seemed too anxious, too careful, as if something might escape from within herself if she did not gauge every comment and question with the utmost discretion and calculation of their effects. By the time the meal was finally ready and set on the table, she was more at ease. But Anna decided she would not pry into Granny's reservations. No. If Granny were to reveal herself to her, it must be of her own accord.

"Delicious, Granny. It's been a long time since I've had homemade bread. Mother never makes it. She just refuses to take the time."

"Well, time is something I have a lot more of than your mother. With her church work and all."

"Yes, I guess so. She spends at least three nights a week there, singing, studying the Scriptures and working with the youth groups. The church, I guess, is the most important thing in her life."

"And the least important in mine," Granny offered, looking down suddenly.

"She holds that against you, doesn't she?"

"Your mother is a good woman, Anna. She just sees things different than I do. Like most people do."

"Let me wash the dishes, Granny. Please. You just sit down and let me look at you. Go back to that beautiful quilt you are making. I couldn't help but notice it."

"Now, that's supposed to be your

Christmas present, child. All those scraps are pieces of my dresses and what-not from every year since you were born. You're the only granddaughter I have, and I don't even know you. Or you, me. Well, those clothes knew me well. Every bone and muscle of my body. My soul, too."

"Thank you, Granny. I really don't know what to say. Just know that I couldn't be more proud to own anything than that quilt."

The old woman settled into her rocker and began sewing the pieces of her life into a warm, connected whole. Anna took her time about the dishes, relishing the relaxed comfort of cleaning the kitchen. How much I have learned about her already, thought Anna. And it all is springing from accepting and understanding her on her own terms.

Somehow Anna possessed an innate innocence to prejudice and preconception. She could usually reevaluate and reshape her notions of things logically, shrugging aside the thick clouds of values her mother and father had attempted to instill within her.

"What are you studying at school, Anna?"

"Oh. English — literature, mostly. I want to teach."

"You'd make a good one, I'll bet. Good imagination. Patience. I can see it in you."

"Maybe I get those things from you. Mama doesn't seem to have too much of either. And my father. Heavens! If Mama doesn't have the meat and potatoes on the table at six every evening, he raises the roof. Same old story day after day. I can predict it. The meal. What is said. And mostly, what isn't said."

"But they have a good marriage. They're well-respected people. Go to church regularly. The whole community thinks high of them."

"Maybe a little too highly for their own good, Granny. It seems their high status leaves them scant room for improvement."

"Well, you know, Anna, that's how I've always felt about folks being too

content. Always did things my own way, regardless of what anybody else thought or said. I had nobody else's markers or checks to influence how I behaved."

Anna hurriedly put away the last dish and sat on the floor at her grandmother's side. She had that inviting look of curiosity in her eyes, the twinkle that gives assurance to those of older years that their experiences, no matter how trivial or old-fashioned, can be vividly resurrected in the lives of the younger.

"Tell me about the gypsies, Granny. Please."

"The gypsies. So, you do remember that night."

"Well only that you said something about the gypsies that night long ago. I guess I must have been about seven or eight years-old. It was my birthday. We were here. In this house. You'd made bread. And strawberry preserves. That's when I first remember tasting them. You were reading to me from the book you gave me for my birthday. About gypsies. And then you started telling me about them as you remembered them coming on your land. But then Mama got real upset, and we had to leave. I can't really remember what you said. Only the confusion, the tension. Mama fusing at you and taking my book away from me. And me crying. But she wouldn't give in."

Granny looked down at her quilt a long while before speaking again. On her face was a look of deep hurt which hardened her features, making them still and quiet. She seemed to be plowing through her mind for some tangible seed of expression, some growing, flowering, mature method of producing the right words to say. At last she said simply:

"Anna, do you really want to hear about the gypsies? I can tell you everything I remember about them. They were a dirty lot of folks. But fun. Oh, were they."

"Please do, Granny. I've thought about them often throughout the years. Your gypsies. They seemed to be so rich in spirit, so daring and free. I've read about them, of course. But

I've never talked to someone like you, who really knew them."

"They were my friends. Sure. My buddies. I let them live on my land every year they passed through. Let them work. Sure thing. They used all the water they needed and milk, too — in exchange for woodcutting, feeding animals, and such things. I had it easy for a while then. All I had to do was to sit back and incur the wrath of God and your mother."

"Why is that, Granny?"

"You see, child, the gypsies came in old covered wagons with everything they owned or stole tacked up anywhere they could. They never stole from me, though. I laid it out on the line from the start. But, you see, the young folks from around the community, the scrappy young boys and the wild girls, as your mother might call them, would sneak on over to the farm at night, when the gypsies held their festivities."

Granny had loosened all her reserve now. She was livened with memories.

"What kind of festivities, Granny? What did they do?"

Anna was amazed at her Grandmother's loquaciousness. This woman, this long silent, almost haunting figure in her life was little familiar to her, and yet, yet she felt as if she had understood her only too well long ago, at a time when she was not able to comprehend the make-up of the character and desires of a person. But it had been there, this mutual feeling of love and kinship. Perhaps, she realized, their communion had merely been on suspension, with all prior knowledge preserved intact. How else could this outburst of facts and feeling have been so easy, so natural for them?

"Please go on, Granny."

"Anna, is your religion important to you? Now, I know that is something not understood or explained too easy. It's very personal. I really shouldn't ask you. But the gypsies, you see, didn't believe in God like your mother and the Baptists do. They thought he was sort of on vacation. They were his children, stayed his children, and yes,

they acted like his children. Oh, they would build these huge fires at night and move big logs to sit on all around it. Now, remember, they came only in the fall through these parts. Anyway, they'd have a circle affair around the fire and start singing and dancing to all sorts of bawdy tunes. Drinking home brew and dancing and whooping. Telling fortunes. That's why I asked you about religion, too."

"Mother would be against that, I know. She doesn't even allow cards in the house or even the mention of astrology. I can see why she would have objected to the gypsies."

"But not only that, Anna," Granny began laughing with a mixture of guilt and glee. "They told fortunes for money. I guess you could say they cheated and swindled people's insecurity and lack of faith. Well, anyway, that's how your mother saw it. And I aided them, encouraged them. I thought they were a pretty smart bunch. Makeshift people. Living anyway they could. I was tempted just to move right along with them."

"Exciting. Travel. Adventure."

"Exactly, Anna. A warm people, too. I'll never forget the night the baby was born. It was right in the middle of a big windstorm. Cold as blazes, too. Melodia was in labor at least half the night. And I was midwifing her. Wouldn't a single doctor set foot in camp. Anyway, she had a real hard time. Such crying and screaming and carrying on I thought I'd never heard from any woman or beast bearing a child. But I was right there with her. Me and her husband and her little son, Jared. He was about eight or nine, and scared to death. Stayed there the whole time, though. Right with his mother. Holding her hand and keeping a wet rag on her head. Beautiful, I tell you. Would respectable people like your mother allow any such thing? Why no! They'd think it was low-down, trashy. Too private. I guess. Folks bother me, Anna."

"Was the baby all right? And Melodia?"

"Of course. She finally birthed her right about daybreak. Named her after the both of us — Melodia Grace."

"How beautiful, Granny Grace."

With those words spoken to her from Anna, Granny's face took on that expression of humble gratitude which promises in the future a daring effort to maintain and augment the worth which has once been heralded.

"Child, you don't know what it does to me to hear you call me that."

"It's true. I can tell. Your kindness got you into a lot of trouble, didn't it?"

"Guess I just wasn't very graceful about the company I kept. Oh, but it's a large world, Anna. Full and varied. And if I couldn't get out into the world, why, I just freely invited it to pass through me."

Anna rose slowly and moved to the window. It was windy, cold and grey outside. The November skies were alive and spread with turbulent clouds. She turned again to face Granny, whose smile was so sedate, so charmed with the thrill and satisfaction of a rich experience, that Anna thought she would burst from the charge it gave to her own dreamy soul. Then suddenly, with her mother, grandmother, gypsies, religion, and her own life commandingly in question of evaluation just for that brief instant in time in which all of one's past values hinge and survive or perish, she asked:

"Is God really on vacation, Granny?"

"I think so, child. Guess he deserves it. The kind of things he put on this earth. No telling how long he had to think about it, too. And don't look for him to come out of seclusion anytime soon, either."

"Mother doesn't believe in vacations. She just waits for the extended one with God throughout eternity."

"Why, I wouldn't hold my breath for that one."

"Well, Granny, while we're full of breath and life, let's sing, you and I. Gypsy songs, if you remember them."

"Sure I do. And I'll play the mandolin for you. Then we'll have to start work."

"After our brief vacation."

The fire had burned lower and lower as they had talked. As Granny moved to bring her mandolin, Anna knew to build the fire up again to a

loud and lively blaze. Granny sat back down into her rocker and began tuning and humming to herself. But before Anna once again sat below her, beside the fire, she spoke softly, childlike, but with obvious sincerity.

"You know what, Granny Grace? If I would have had gypsies pass through my land, why, I'd have done the same as you. I surely would."

"Yes, Anna, my dear child, somehow I just knew that you would. You didn't even need to tell me."



Old and One

Vacant stares
Or contemplative memories
Cups of coffee
And serial T.V.

Morning paper
Crossword puzzle
Empty mailbox
Doors with double locks

Blooming flowers
Cleaning house
Decadent tokens
From former spouse
A tear

Thomas Dryden



Moses was a serious man. He was serious about his job and his family. Being the serious man that he was, he couldn't figure out why people thought he wasn't serious about becoming a minister. Maybe it was the way he went about it that upset so many people. After all, it's not every day that you hear of a self-ordained minister. The people of Cully County had never heard of one and they were upset.

For twenty-three years Moses had been custodian for the Ramisville Baptist Church. During the week it was his job to set the air conditioning, adjust the sound, and control the lighting. Thirty minutes before the service started Moses would lock himself into the control room in the balcony and do his thing. He dimmed the lights during prayer, turned the choir microphones on and off, and made sure

Bring Down the Roof

By Gene McFadden

the temperature stayed below seventy-three degrees. Moses was inspired to become a minister while performing these tasks.

"Wayull, Mistuh Jackson," Moses drawled when explaining his departure to the Reverend R. L. Jackson of Ramisville Baptist. "It ain't that I don't wanna work here no more. I still care a awful lot fo' you folks. It's like this, Mistuh Jackson, I feel like I heard enough o' yo' preachin' to do a little bit on my own."

"But that's not the way you decide

to become a minister, Moses," the preacher explained. "You have to be chosen by the Lord, Moses. He will let you know if this is His will for your life."

"I ain't had no vishun or nothing, Mistuh Jackson, if that's what you mean. But I got this feeling down on the insides of my heart that tells me I'm s'posed to be a preachin' the word. It's like this voice was a tellin' me, 'Moses Henry, you go out there and tell yo' people what Brother Jackson tol' you!'"

"Well, I'm flattered, Moses, but to be a minister you must study for years at a seminary. You don't just walk behind the pulpit and start preaching."

"Mistuh Jackson, lis'nen to you been all the teachin' I need. 'Sides that, I cain't afford to go to no school. If I did I'd get laughed outta the place. I'm fifty-seven years old."

"I've told you what I think on the subject, Moses. The decision is up to you."

Moses decided, for sure. After he worked off his two-weeks notice, he began preparing for his first sermon. He had not received invitations to speak at any of the local churches as expected, so he decided to conduct his Sunday morning worship service in Cully County Park in the middle of downtown Ramisville. The campaign began with Moses and his wife, Josabella, hand-printing announcements of the occasion to be posted at various locations throughout town.

"Moses, dis hear sho' a lotta trouble. I hope to goodness dat dis stuff works out all right."

"Don't you worry yo' little head none, Josabella. Dem folks gonna be right grateful fo' the things we gonna do to they souls. Things is gonna work out jus' fine."

Wednesday morning the people of Ramisville began to notice signs all over town announcing the Sunday morning worship service being conducted by Moses. Some people were interested and thought that Moses was trying to do good. But a lot of people felt Moses was out of line and that he should not speak on Sunday. They took their battle to city hall.

"Mr. Muldew, I understand you re-

present a large portion of our fine city's population."

"Yes sir, Mr. Mayor."

"Well, what can I do for you?"

"It's about this Moses Henry fellow, Mr. Mayor. You've heard of him, the self-ordained preacher who wants to talk in Cully Park. Most of the people in town don't think you should let him speak."

"I can't stop a man from speaking his mind, Mr. Muldew. Besides that, what harm can an old black man do? I get the impression that you're speaking out more for yourself than for the people of the city."

"It's not good for our kids, Mr. Mayor."

"That's nonsense, Frank Muldew, and you know it."

"That may be so, but just keep what I've said in mind and remember that election time is less than two months away."

Moses applied for a permit later that week to use Cully Park and speak publicly there. His permit was denied, of course, and a running battle began between Moses and Frank Muldew.

Moses and his wife sat on the front porch Saturday night and talked. The air was cool and fresh and it made Moses feel good to sit, coasting back and forth in the swing. The chains were creaking loudly, but it didn't bother Moses. He had other things on his mind.

"Josabella, why a man would want to stop another man from speakin' his mine and his heart?"

"I don' know, Moses. Some folks is jus' dat way I reckon."

"Lawd knows I'm only doin' what I think's right."

"I know it, dear. Why don' you come on inside an' get some sleep. It's gettin' col' out here."

"You go on in, honey. I'm just gonna sit out here and think fo' a while...try to git some things straightened out."

Moses sat and thought for a long time. The crickets chirped, the dew fell, and Moses thought. He finally went inside his little green house and crawled in bed. The next morning was Sunday and Moses woke up without a

church. For the first time in twenty-three years, except for the time he broke his ankle in a car wreck, Moses was not in Ramisville Baptist Church on Sunday.

"Josabella . . . hey, honey...Josabella, wake up."

"Wha . . . Moses lemme sleep a little mo' . . ."

"Josabella, wake up. I got a idea."

"O.K., dear, da's good . . . le's go back to sleep now."

"You know that ol' farm offa Straton Road. I'm sure Mr. Wilson won' mine if we use his farm for our first sermon. As a matter of fact, I think we should make this a ree-vie-vul service for everybody in the whole county, white folks an' all."

"Moses Henry, you done outta yo' mine. Ain't no black folks gon' come hear you, much less no white folks. Especially on ol' man Wilson's farm. His herd got the meanest reputation in the state."

"We'll see, Josabella. We'll see."

Moses and Josabella were soon up and running around. Josabella was busy getting Sunday dinner fixed for the family, while Moses made plans for his revival on the Wilson farm.

"Hello . . . Mistuh Wilson? This is Moses Henry. I'm jus' fine, thank you. How 'bout yo'self? That's good. Yeah, she fine. She in the kitchen fixin' dinner. I know it. That's right. Oh, well it's 'bout usin' yo' farm. Yeah, I was wantin' to use it fo' a ree-vie-vul service, if you don't mine. Course I will. You heard 'bout me bein' a preacher an' all, ain't cha? Well, it's the whole truth. All right. Thank you a lot now, ya hear? Take care of yo'self. Talk with ya later. Bye now."

"Josabella! Josabella, guess what!"

"You wan' me, Moses?"

"Josabella, Mr. Wilson's gonna let me use his farm fo' my ree-vie-vul."

"That's nice, Moses. Now go wash yo' han's an' le's eat."

"I can't eat now, hun. I got too much to do. The ree-vie-vul's gonna be this Thursday night. I gotta do some gettin' ready fo' it."

Moses started a poster and billboard campaign in his living room

with the assistance of his two oldest boys. One of the posters read:

REVIVAL

Hear Moses Henry

Man of the Word

Deliver His Message

September 30 — 6:00 P.M.

Wilson Farm on Straton Road

Moses got his oldest son, a senior at Ramisville High School, to handle all the spelling for him. By late Monday the town and the county were saturated with Moses Henry literature. Moses' plans had the county stirred up for the first time since "Creek" Walker was caught running around with a waitress from the Quik Stop Restaurant, and that was six years before. A few people were angry, a few more were upset, some were wary, but most were just plain curious.

Thursday morning came without any serious setbacks. The sky was overcast, but the weather was a little warmer than it had been for the past few days. The forecast called for afternoon and evening thundershowers. Even if it did rain, Moses and his congregation would be protected by a circus tent provided by Hugh Jennings, local candidate for circuit solicitor. All Hugh wanted in return was to post a few campaign posters on the premises.

Moses and a few of his followers were at the revival site early to set up the tent. They couldn't get it up until after lunch when one of the boys brought back a jeep. In the middle of the afternoon the work crew, volunteers from Ramisville Baptist, helped set up the lights and the sound system. They also brought with them five-hundred folding chairs from the fellowship hall. A podium was constructed at one end of the tent and it was decorated with left-over flowers from the Graystone Cemetery.

Much to Moses' surprise and delight, twenty-three people from Mount Calvary Baptist, a small black church, came in choir robes at four o'clock and offered to sing. They even wheeled in their own piano. By five-fifteen people, both black and white,

began to fill the seats. Moses had practiced his fire and brimstone sermon several times in front of the mirror at his house and was confident that it would bring the people running down the aisles.

Moses was back at the farm by five-thirty and the pasture was already full of cars. Mr. Wilson's herd had been run off behind the tent and they were not pleased with the situation. Frank Muldew was there with some friends and some picket signs. From outside the tent Moses could hear the choir singing the chorus to "He Lives." He scratched his head and looked up to see a lightning bolt skip between two dark clouds.

"Good thing we got a tent," he thought. "'Cuz fo' sho' it's gonna come a flood."

The service began on schedule at six o'clock. The tent was packed. All the chairs were taken and there were people standing in the back. It began to rain during the offertory hymn, and by the time the plates were passed, it was pouring and thundering and lightning. Before Moses realized it, it was time for him to speak.

"Brothers and sistahs . . ." he began amidst the thunder. His palms were sweaty and his forehead wet. The Thanksgiving dinner prayer was the only public speaking he had done before.

" . . . May we tum together in our Bibles to the first Book a' John, chapter one, verse nine."

Moses read the verse, and just as he finished, a loud clap of thunder rocked the tent. Moses took this as divine encouragement and began his sermon in a frenzy.

"Brothers and sistahs, let me ax you a question. How many of you want to be condemned to a fiery eternity?"

The only movement in the congregation was discomfort. Parents were wondering how their kids were and if the babysitter had closed all the windows.

"How many of you want to live yo' lives knowin' that eternal damnation is a waitin' fo' you in HELL!"

Moses slammed his Bible down on

the pulpit as he said this and it synchronized perfectly with the worst clap of thunder yet. The tent shook and several members of the congregation rose to their feet. Moses was startled himself. There was a dull, rumbling sound outside the tent and the congregation went completely quiet. The rumbling got louder and louder.

"Oh no! It's a tornado a comin'!" a fat lady screamed.

Everybody in the place jumped up and headed for the exits. Chairs were overturned and Bibles forgotten as the crowd scrambled out. Moses was still behind the pulpit.

"Aw, Lawd, I'm awful sorry if I done somethin' I shouldn' have oughtta," he said, looking up at the top of the tent.

The rumbling grew louder until the ground began to shake. There was a crash of thunder and the right rear corner of the tent gave in. Moses fell to his knees and the people who weren't out yet screamed. Moses saw what reminded him of the Merrill-Lynch commercial on television. Through the tent came a hundred head of Mr. Wilson's finest cattle. It was only a matter of minutes before most of the chairs were shattered, and as a climax to the evening, the tent collapsed on Moses who was still on his knees.

Moses never did finish the sermon, but he did make all the state newspapers in one way or another.

"Tha's all right, Moses," Josabella comforted. "You still the Billy Graham a' my life."

Moses never went back to preaching. It was too dangerous a profession for him. He went back to his custodial position at Ramisville Baptist after a brief vacation. It was not as rewarding emotionally as preaching, though certainly safer. But he never forgot his moment of glory and told anyone who asked him about the night he brought down the roof.



A special peace is here, that treasured isolation and serene beauty that is found only in the mountains. My own footsteps are the only sounds that accompany me along the narrow path, through the green shade of tall pines. I breathe carefully, not even wanting to disturb the air.

Someone else has walked these trails alone, perhaps with his hands thrust deep into the pockets of a pair of old work pants, shaggy white hair falling across his broad forehead and into his deep-set eyes. Carl Sandburg, the American poet and novelist, lived here at Connemara Farm in Flat Rock, North Carolina, for twenty-two years. Here he wrote some of his most famous poetry and his epic novel *Remembrance Rock*; here he condensed his six-volume biography of Lincoln and from here he sent out masses of correspondence; here he played his guitar and composed folk songs; here he lived simply with his wife, three daughters, and three hundred goats; here he died in 1967.

Carl Sandburg was a remarkable American who led a long and colorful life; his Blue Ridge Mountain home has been preserved to convey the simple, earthy quality of the man. Opened to the public only last year, Connemara Farm was acquired from the Sandburg family by the National Park Service in 1968 and made into a National Historic Site. Visitors may tour the two-story, white frame house and explore the extensive grounds, which include twenty-four outbuildings, ponds, forests, and a small lake.

When I arrive at Connemara, I decide not to ride up to the house in a Park Service van, but to walk the half mile along a deserted forest path — a tranquil introduction to Sandburg's North Carolina homestead. I cross an arched bridge over one end of the lake and find a man crouched on his knees beside the water, having his morning smoke. This turns out to be Leroy, who came here to work for Mrs. Sandburg when he was just seventeen years old. He helped her and daughter Helga care for their prize-winning Chikaming goat herd and learned about the farm and dairy ac-

An Afternoon at Connemara

By Jeanne Malmgren



tivities. He became a licensed veterinarian in the process and today he manages the Connemara farm business, living here on the grounds. Leroy tells me I must be sure to visit the small remaining goat herd, and I assure him that I will.

The curving drive winds farther up the hill and finally the house appears at the top. I sit on the fence bordering the meadowfront yard and gaze toward the house — a small, modest home. Now I am anxious to get inside; I hurry up the graveled pathway past majestic magnolias and pines.

At the house, I step onto the sunny porch and wait at the screen door, feeling almost like a Sunday caller on a lazy summer afternoon. A guide soon appears, and our tour group

begins its journey through the home. We're ushered directly into the living room, a small, comfortable room stacked high with newspapers, magazines, and books. Everything is carefully planned to recreate the clutter of the Sandburgs' existence, and care is taken to exhibit old issues of *Life*, boxes of Kleenex, and the poet's half-smoked cigars. His guitar rests against his favorite chair, and sheet music, including his own *New American Songbag*, is arranged in piles on the floor. Photographs by Edward Steichen, Mrs. Sandburg's brother, are displayed on the grand piano and on wall shelves.

Adjacent to the living room is the downstairs study where Sandburg took care of his correspondence. This,

too, has been arranged to create the impression that he has left only a few minutes ago, leaving unanswered letters and business papers shuffled together on his desk. This room, like many others in the house, is lined with bookshelves to contain the Sandburgs' library of 15,000 books. Our guide tells us that although they were in no particular order, Carl knew the location of every book in the house and could easily locate any one a guest might want.

In the dining room (there is even a shelf full of books in here!), a place has been set at the head of the empty table for Carl Sandburg. He often ate

way, feeling that each window is a "picture on the wall."

Upstairs there are more bookshelves lining the hallway off Sandburg's bedroom, a light, airy room with a narrow bed, small fireplace, and easy chair. He often relaxed here in the afternoon, our guide says, and listened to records on the old phonograph beside his chair. He loved folk songs that recalled his earlier days as a hobo and itinerant worker; his favorite was the joyous "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum."

The tiny upstairs study, next to his bedroom, probably contained the heart of Carl Sandburg. Here, he

His presence is almost palpable in the tiny study, both in the fantastic clutter of paper and research notes scattered about, and in the old green eyeshade next to the typewriter, waiting to be slapped on for another night's work.

I emerge from the house into the cool mountain air and wander down a sunny drive to the goat and dairy farm. Most of the goats have been driven out to pasture for the day, but several wander about the barnyard to get acquainted with visitors. These milky white animals are the descendants of Mrs. Sandburg's herd. There are only about thirty Chikamings left, but Leroy's staff is trying to enlarge the number, and I notice several goats confined in the mating pen. The small dairy operation is housed nearby, producing fine goat's milk and cheese. A mother cat slinks across the barnyard, her three gray kittens following in a crooked line.

I finish my visit to Connemara with a mile hike along the forest trails that Sandburg loved to stroll. I meet no one along the way; the silence is both overwhelming and comforting. Long solitary walks are the essence of country living and I imagine that Sandburg cherished his hours among the towering pines and spreading ferns. I am enclosed in the forest; I can see none of the surrounding countryside, I can't even see the sky. It feels immensely secure and private. Perhaps the spirit of Carl Sandburg lingers here, even more than in his house. I think about that.

The Sandburgs loved Connemara Farm and they lived a fulfilling existence here. When they bought the property, Mrs. Sandburg said, "We've not only acquired 240 acres of land, we've inherited a million acres of sky." They were simple, yet immense people. Carl Sandburg was the poet of America — he wrote and sang about the people of this land as no one else has. His last home at Connemara provided a comfortable setting for the end of his remarkable life.



alone, because his odd working hours did not coincide with the farm schedule observed by the rest of the family. He usually began writing in the late evening and worked until dawn, when his wife and daughters were just setting out to do the farm chores. After a few hours' sleep, Sandburg came downstairs to his solitary place in the high-ceilinged dining room, where Mrs. Sandburg had left a thermos of fresh goat's milk and the morning paper beside his plate. The kitchen is spacious and cheerful, with a long feeding trough for the baby goats near the back door. I notice that none of the windows in the house have curtains or shades. The guide explains that Mrs. Sandburg wanted them that

wrote. Under the sloping attic roof and next to a window overlooking his mountain home, Sandburg sat in a leather chair and banged away at his old black typewriter or consulted the books, magazines, and sheets of notes heaped on orange crates all around the room. While he worked, Sandburg deposited his cigar ashes within the belly of an old woodburning stove behind him. In this room, he produced his autobiography *Always the Young Strangers*, his epic novel *Remembrance Rock*, the preface for his *Complete Poems* (which won the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry in 1950), and introductions to several books about Lincoln and to Edward Steichen's photographic essay, *Family of Man*.



Susan Baker

CHRONICLE GALLERY



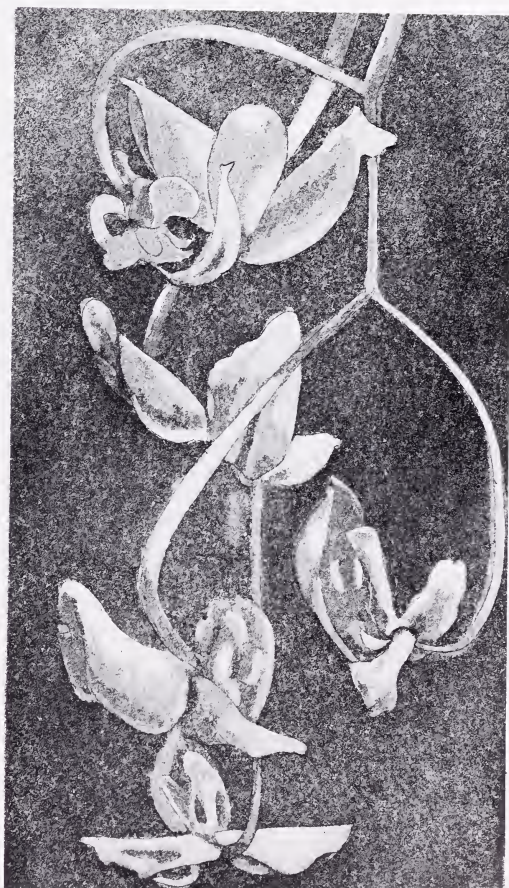
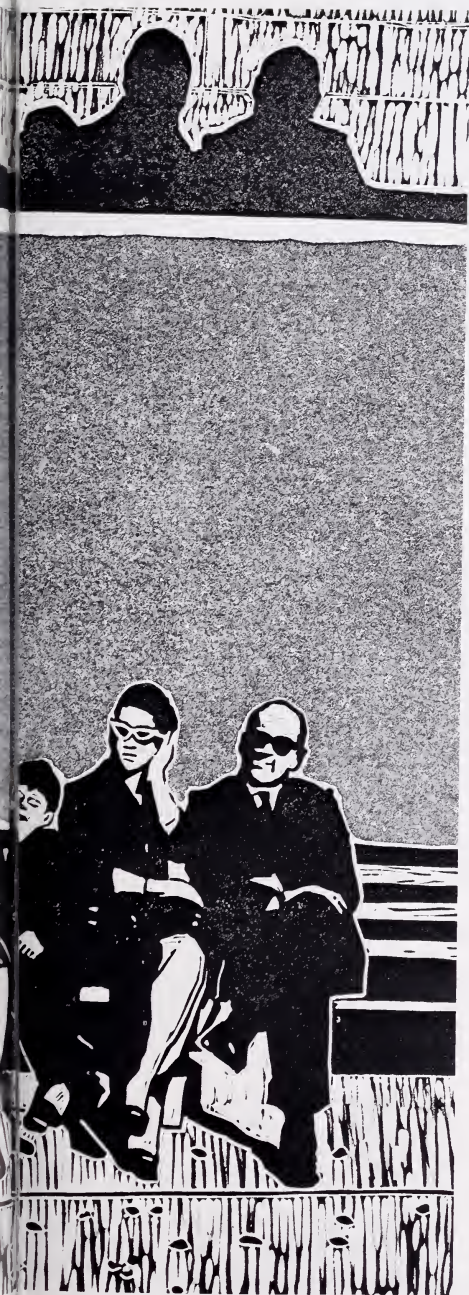
Kathy Gettys



Laura Acuff



David Harland



Walter Benton



Openings

Surrounding you
a red brick wall
no door,
no trespassing.
Many times I've tried to climb it
using various techniques and maneuvers,
each time failing
and ending up a little more bruised.
Once you gave me a hand
but at the crucial moment, you let it drop
and so did I.
Now you just stand there
watching me
adding another row of bricks
each time I fall.
I wonder if what's on the other side
is really worth the effort?
You tell me
and by the telling, perhaps you
yourself will tear the wall down
or at least help me over to the person
on the other side that is you.

Susan Bryant Thomas

The Fern

I have a fern,
It doesn't have a name.
It's not Republican or Democrat —
Nor a martian, even though
It is green.

No, not green like money
Or envy, or jealousy . . .
But green like grass, trees,
And other lovely things.

It pays no taxes —
Only sits there, waiting
To be watered or moved
Under a light so it
Can live and grow.

It never had a headache,
The measles or mumps.
The only thing it has is me . . .
And I love my fern.

Alan Hoover

ceramic ice

i sit
rotating to your speed.
you turn me on, around, off
while i cling to the wheel.

clay-like
oh, shape me gently.
from your fantasy flight
comes my verbal essence.

fingers press
gently, i am molded.
will you give me expression?
i need your emotion.

with caresses
tenderly, you finish me.
lifted from the wheel
i am fired, kiln-like.

glazed eyes
gaze into your own.
still too hot to touch
you leave me cooling, alone.

shelf-bound,
dusted, trophy-like
you display me conceitedly,
i've been chilled, ceramic ice.

Kirk Alan Brague

Untitled

Baby toy Korean boy
You live across the street,
And there you oft' run naked
On your flat brown bouncing feet;
You can't know that you're undressed
But yet I know 'tis true,
If people didn't get distressed
Why, I'd get naked, too.

Tony Johnston

The Love Artist

By Alan Shane

All the winos in San Francisco were prophets. At least that's what the love artist thought. When he had first seen the city from the mountains, it had looked like a fairyland floating on clouds and basking in warm light. Once in the city, he listened to God whisper in the wind. Everywhere he smelled the lingering scent of Greek goddesses just passed by. He felt that some artist had painted this pell-mell city with every color of his palette and magically, the painting had come alive. He saw that, by some coincidence, all those people who knew love was supreme had gathered together here. In the center of the city, he discovered a modern Stonehenge — monumental buildings constructed to pacify Gods. Their prophets were everywhere, and he gave them money and listened to their Delphic oracles.

The love artist had been a frustrated history major at Kansas University. There was nothing particularly different about him. His mother loved him in her own way — she cooked Thanksgiving dinners, made him do household chores for his own good, and told him he looked handsome when he dressed up. His father was non-committal — he talked to him occasionally about how hard his childhood had been, gave him money and the family car for dates, and wished him good luck when he went off to college. In high school he dated some girls, but they thought he was weird, for he read many books and made erudite statements on life that nobody listened to. In the summer he worked in his father's paint store and fantasized about women he didn't know. At college he was an average student, but more from thinking he already knew it all and considering *Playboy* the only edifying text than

from lack of intelligence. After two years of college, when a girl he was desperately in love with told him he was like a brother to her, he packed up his suitcase, wrote his parents a letter about searching for himself, and left for San Francisco on a bus. He decided that life was worthless without love and that there was no love to be found in Kansas.

He found a job as a night watchman in an old building near the docks. His pathway to work at night took him down Broadway Street — a zone of pornographic showhouses and transvestite bars. The showhouse hawkers spotted him in his neat, blue uniform, short hair, with a book under his arm, and they crowed, "We've got the dirtiest shows west of the Mississippi." He smiled faintly, more from innocence than omniscience, and walked on by.

Once at the building, he made his rounds hourly and then sat behind a desk listening to music and reading books. He fantasized about love and contemplated what it was like. One story he especially remembered was about Lord Byron and his wife on their honeymoon. Lord Byron told his wife he usually didn't sleep with women. She became furious, but wanted him all the more. Eventually, though, she threatened to leave him. Lord Byron threw himself on his knees and pleaded and cried for her to stay. She finally agreed whereupon he burst out laughing. The love artist thought that perhaps this was the proper attitude to have towards love. He felt any true love would be like a tragic play. The sexual act would be the climax and afterwards, she would either commit suicide or tell him she had leukemia and only had a few days to live.

In a six-story building tucked away on Sutter Street, he rented an unfur-

nished one-room apartment. Not just any old furniture would do for the home of the love artist, so he wandered throughout the city and poked in every odd market he found. On Polk Street in a secondhand store, he bought a used oriental rug that he thought had most likely been some Persian king's. At a pawn shop that only opened on Mondays, he purchased an antique clock that didn't work, but which gave the apartment a sense of timelessness — or so he thought. "For a sense of a man of letters and knowledge," he explained to a balding Turk in a junk shop where he acquired a writing desk with one leg missing, which he propped in a corner of his room. The Turk threw in a lagniappe of some out-of-date encyclopedias and almanacs which the love artist filed in a wall-to-wall bookcase made of cement blocks and weathered lumber. He strewn red satin pillows and scented candles from a five-and-ten cent store around the room and kept a bottle of champagne and two chilled wine glasses in a small refrigerator. "*The coup de grâce* for my exotic habitat," as he said to himself, was a stuffed peacock in full plumage which he found at a garage sale. The love artist sat back on his pillows, sipped champagne, and toasted his work of art.

The love artist did not know where to find the right woman, but felt that if he searched enough, he would know her intuitively. Elegant women dressed in evening gowns and furs ignored him at symphonies, operas, and ballets. The *maitre d'* snubbed him as he dined on chef salad and water at revolving restaurants, fancy hotel dining rooms, and elite clubs. The waitresses at lunch top counter places and nightclubs were never impressed when he overtopped. No one

noticed him at college lecture series, free concerts in the park, or pantomime shows on Union Plaza. Everyone noticed him at lesbian bars, gay bars, and transvestite bars, but he tried not to notice them. He even attended a Hare Krishna festival at the zoo. Some devotees wrapped in robes surrounded him and chanted, "Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna." He was saved by a group of Jesus freaks in blue jeans who got into a chanting fight with the proselytizers.

"Jesus Christ."
 "Hare Krishna."
 "Jesus Christ."
 "Hare Krishna."

These chants echoed in his mind as he drifted home that night. Hands in pockets, nose down, he stared at the grey-white sidewalks ahead and paced himself by missing the cracks. Streetlights glared in his eyes. An old bum tried to panhandle a quarter, but he pushed him aside and kept on walking. The wind blew his hair out of place and he smoothed it back with his hand. The wind blew it out of place again. Horns honked from the streets around him and babies' squawls could be heard from open apartment house windows. He breathed consciously through his mouth to avoid the smell of gasoline and dust and he passed by a bar with a glass front. A woman in the bar glanced up and smiled.

The love artist had read that women were loved, not because of their particular personality, but simply because they were women. He didn't know it, but similarly, bars attracted people not because of a peculiar trait, but simply because people must gather somewhere. He had chanced upon such a place. It happened to have a split-level room with a pool table under a hanging floodlight on continued on page 45.



Untitled

I walked my mind
to the edge of the world
till it said, "I cannot go on.
I'm tired, I'm weary,
I've drunk all my brew,
and most of all, I'm tired of you."

Said I:

"You cannot mean what you said,
for what you said is not kind;
and let me tell you, my obstinate mind,
of where you would be without me.

With E. Allen Poe

or Vincent Van Gogh —

you would not be peaceful
or happy or free.

You'd be pickled in sorrow
and beaten by sadness
and torn by their talents
without a night's rest.

Said my mind:

"You have pushed me too far
on this cold lonely trail,
and this IS the edge of the world.
Don't you see that I'm tired and frail?
I don't wish for Poe
or even Van Gogh,
but with you I'm not happy
or peaceful or free
as you say I should be."

"I'm bandied about
and shunned (of all people) by you.
And I'm shown as a prize
when you need to disguise
that your backbone is gone.
You use and abuse me,
so I'm not very well;
and you don't help a bit
by weighing me down
with your guilt about life,
your constant black frown,
and your jittery tensions of love.
So I'm telling you, my friend,
that soon I'm going to end
unless you lighten my load."

For a second I felt like pushing my mind off the edge of the world.
But where would I be?
Like Poe or Van Gogh,
or poor Ludwig van B.
Not dead of malaria
or of a bout of TB,
but dead from a good dose
of mental VD.

I picked up my mind
and carried it home for a rest.
Later that month
(with no hesitation)
we went on vacation:
we flew to Hawaii and sunned for a week.

Cris Nelson



You've got to be
CRAZY!

*you've got to be
crazy!*

Skydiving

Most people would consider jumping out of an airplane an act of insanity. However, there are those who get a certain thrill out of it and call the sport skydiving.

Why would anyone want to jump out of an airplane anyway? Answers vary; most see it as a challenge, a way to prove themselves. Some become interested when they read about it or have had friends tell them about it. Jumpers often speak of the complete silence after they have left the airplane. There is one consistency among all jumpers, though. Once they have started jumping, none of them seem to want to quit.

Once the skydiver has jumped, he is completely on his own. No one can help him; everything that happens depends on him. A reserve parachute is referred to as the "second chance" and is used in case the main parachute fails. If the reserve fails, the skydiver is out of luck.

In spite of its appearance, skydiving is safe. Only two ten-thousandths of one per cent of all skydivers are killed in accidents each year. Statistically, the ride to the airport is more dangerous than the actual jump. Considering the number of people killed on the highways each year, maybe we would all be better off jumping out of airplanes. Of the deaths that do occur, the two major causes are inexperience and overconfidence, usually referred to as stupidity. Skydiving is as safe as the skydiver himself.

Before anyone can actually jump out of an airplane, he or she needs to complete the training program operated by the United States Parachute Association. This teaches the trainee what to do when everything works right and, more importantly, what to do if something goes wrong. The program stresses the need for clear thinking, so that instead of panicking in an emergency, a skydiver can think his way out of it. At Clemson, the Dixie



Skydivers offer the training necessary to become a skydiver and rental equipment for anyone who has successfully completed the course.

The cost of skydiving varies. Basic equipment can cost as little as \$150. All you need in the way of equipment is a main parachute (obviously) and a reserve parachute. As you advance in the sport, you usually acquire additional equipment such as shoes, a jump suit, and a helmet, so that advanced equipment can run as much

as the skydiver is willing to pay. The cost of the airplane runs from \$4 to \$8 per jump. Is it worth it? Ask a skydiver.

Skydiving is a sport that anyone can enjoy. While the sport is currently dominated by men, some of the top skydivers in the country are women. So your sex should not stop you if you are interested. In fact, there is no reason why we cannot all go jump out of airplanes.

— Jim Dickson



*you've got to be
crazy!*

Kayaking



Working with currents, dodging rocks, placing man and boat exactly where wanted, dropping through rapids and feeling a sense of achievement at having done it just right — these are the thrills and satisfactions that can be gained in whitewater sports. Whitewater is a sport in which the participant becomes totally involved, and it is also a sport which can take one to places virtually inaccessible by other means.

Since the release of the movie *Deliverance*, the use of whitewater rivers in this country has increased dramatically. Yet, there are still those who wouldn't touch a canoe or kayak with a ten-foot paddle. The reason for such fear perhaps lies in the fact that the only stable position for a kayak or C2 deck canoe is upside down.

Through the skillful use of body balance and a paddle blade, one can boat in water so turbulent that it could drown a fish. But, then, this is one of the thrills that attracts people to whitewater.

The sport at first appears to be easy, but as most everyone knows, appearances can be deceptive. One must acquire skills to become a whitewater sportsman, but the process doesn't take long. Once one learns the dynamics of the boat and of himself, all that is needed are the swift currents of a river, and he (or she) has a sport that demands to be experienced.

The canoeist or kayaker, when engaged in his sport, cannot sit still for a moment. The kayaker's success rests on his own shoulders. At his sport he is alone — and whatever he does, right or wrong, he does it on his own.

— Doc Holliday



If there is ever a time that man can feel more like Jonathan Livingston Seagull and less like one of the birds-of-a-feather-that-flock-together — it is after jumping off a mountain into the wind and being supported by the wings of nylon that make the sport of hang-gliding what it is. The freedom of flight may not be as gracefully or easily attained as that of the birds, but it is as silent and as effortless.

Hang-gliding creates an extension of the body into a different environment. Safety-wise it is comparable to snow skiing. There have never been any fatal hang-gliding accidents in this state, but the same types of accidents that happen while skiing can occur upon landing — broken legs, arms — necks. Financially speaking, hang-gliding, in general, can cost quite a bit. In a sport where home-made kites are practically unheard of due to their low performance, professionally made

kites can cost anywhere from \$500 to \$1000.

Every year new designs in kites give the hang-glider a few extra minutes up in the air or a few extra miles of flight. But along with the new efficiencies that may lead to hundred mile trips someday, arises a need for more technical skill in flying. Already a record time flight of thirteen hours made in Hawaii and a record distance of forty-seven miles flown in the Mohave Desert challenge the skills of hang-gliders today. As if the sport were not enough of a challenge in and of itself!

— Lisa Marsh

*you've got to be
crazy!*

Hang-gliding



Four and a half years ago, I became interested in the burgeoning sport of rock climbing. The pursuit was relatively new to the Southeastern region of the country, having long been entrenched in the towering precipices of Yosemite National Park and other popular western locales. It was a common aspect of a day-long climbing trip to be entirely alone in the vertical environment, experiencing, along with your companions, a sense of oneness and harmony with the natural outdoor setting. In short, it was the individual versus the rock. There was no interference and criticism from other rock climbers as to the proper technique in scaling a crag. This is precisely what the sport has

come down to today in the popular western areas and what it is, unfortunately, coming down to in the Southeast.

The non-climbing reader or hopeful aspirant might question this dilemma, asking why someone would climb in the first place. In a subjective appraisal, I climb because I have a competitive urge within me to accept the personified challenge of a rock face which says, "Surmount me if you can." To undertake the challenge is, during the ascent, often more painful and nerve-wracking than enjoyable, but the arduous struggle leaves a climber with an overpowering sense of self-fulfillment and self-awareness.

I might further expound on this opinion with an analogy. The climb is essentially a religious journey experience, though in a much reduced time span, in which one follows a masochistic path of self-denial to an inevitable summit where a final reward of peace awaits.

A climber cannot achieve a meaningful experience on rock if the climb is undertaken for egotistical purposes. The point is this: if one sets foot on the rock, he should simply enjoy the natural experience, gleaning all personal meaning from it that he can and forgetting about others while he can.

— Parker Connor

*you've got to be
crazy!*

Rock Climbing



there's a battle outside

By Jeff Davis

It was a jungle. Literally. The soldier had crawled his way through an entire morning's worth of jungle trying to find somebody in his company. Anybody. It was more trouble to crawl, but marginally safer. He crawled. For a hill that only the VC seemed to have any use for, he could wait.

Without warning, he found himself prostrate on slabs of stone, and, looking up, staring at the moss-covered walls of an abandoned temple. Discarding his training, not even checking for Charley, he jumped up and stepped inside. He leaned against the wall and sat down. Closing his eyes, he tried to get his breath, absorbing his immediate tactile and visual impressions: dark and cool. Good enough. He pulled a joint out of his pocket and slowly opened his eyes.

It was certainly a temple, but not like those he'd seen in Saigon. There were no jewels in this one, nor graven images. The vines of the jungle had intruded, crawling along the walls like long spaghetti-thin tropical snakes, entwining, stifling, suffocating the stones where once sat the great Buddha.

He loosened his grip on his M-16 and took out his black-market zippo lighter with a big Minnesota muskie on it. The flame leaped into the air

and for an instant lit up the whole room. He saw sitting in the opposite corner what appeared to be another human being. He reached for his rifle, but he could sense no real danger, and he put it aside. He moved closer and found the figure to be a young girl, in her teens, with the familiar long dark hair and almond complexion, a familiarity that more than anything else made him homesick. She was wearing a mysteriously constructed dress and a World War II vintage American officer's coat.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"I live here," she said.

"No, I mean..."

"It's the safest place."

"Yeah, I know." He offered her the joint, and she surprised him by taking it. He felt more comfortable and sat down against the wall beside her.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Gabrielle," she said. "It's French."

"I know. I once knew a drum majorette by that name."

"Drum majorette? What is drum majorette?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter."

No, it didn't matter. Just because she was his first real girl, and she taught him the secrets of love and fornication, and just because she was halfway around the world, and he probably would never see her again

even if he did get out of this hellhole, it didn't matter. It was funny, but it wasn't important.

"Your English is good."

"Well, I'm around a lot of Americans, y'know."

"Is that where you got the coat?"

"No, my mother gave me that. She got it from American GI in the last war."

In fact, she even looked like the Gabrielle back home — the same streaming raven black hair and almond skin that he was tired of a moment ago, brought to new life by his interesting and nostalgic analogy, and the military brass buttons and the heavy serge of the coat, familiar to any one who has ever tried to seduce a drum majorette. Run your hand up under the button and pinch it, and it pops out of the hole without making a sound.

She had a drum majorette's body, a little wilder looking, but perfectly formed. He began blindly fumbling with her dress, and inexplicably it fell apart. He lost no time losing himself, forgetting the war, forgetting Charley, forgetting now, remembering then: the last game, in the back of the band bus, the other Gabrielle.

Her baton stood in the corner. All the brass buttons were open, and the silver whistle cradled between her breasts glistened in the moonlight.

The bus hummed as the crowd roared when the opposing team scored another touchdown, but it was of no concern to them. They had come here behind the stands where there were no stadium lights and no crowds, where they could allow their uniforms to mingle.

The bus was theirs, because when you're captain and drum majorette, you simply tell everyone else it's off-limits. It had become a favorite rendez-vous, providing pleasant relief from the tedium of the football game. Their furious actions soon fogged the windows, making the security of their tryst even more attractive. He cupped

and it's raging

her breast in his hand and tugged gently at her nipple with his teeth.

"We have to be back by the end of the third quarter, y'know," she giggled.

"We've got plenty of time. Don't worry."

"They'll come looking for us."

"Nonsense."

They settled into the time-honored and now classic missionary position with the peculiar adjustments necessary for love within the confines of a bus seat: one's feet must be firmly anchored, for the seats are slippery. They're also not very wide, so the main thrust must be directed toward the corner created by the bench and the seat back. Rocking rhythmically to chants of "Defense! Defense!", his self-control oozed away from him, draining him as it always did; but he considered this the secret: instinctive reaction to stimuli. He made no pretense to calculation.

With Gabrielle, he always had plenty of stimuli. She had the kind of beauty that effected you almost as much with a flash of her smile or a gleam in her eye as with the physical proximity of any of her prodigious erogenous zones.

"I wonder who's winning," she would say, twinkling, teasing him.

"Oh, come on, I am, of course."

"Oh." At this point, there would be

a long period of, if not silence, at least no conversation. There were times for talk, and then there were other times. Gabrielle never got her schedule mixed up. Occasionally throwing in a cheer to lighten the mood, her subtle moans reached an early but necessarily subdued crescendo. The steely green walls melted into the muted white of the misted windows, creating an inner sanctum, a holy place for the fogged-in lovers.

He was at the altar. He worshipped the alabaster curve of her neck, bowed down to her inner thighs. Her body was his Eucharist and he took the chance to indulge, kissing the

honeyed smoothness of her skin. An arch of her feline back, a shake of her flashing ebony mane, and it was over. She lay beside him purring, and he smudged the mist on the window for a look outside. The stadium lights flickered through the milling crowd beyond the naked structure of the grandstand. Silhouetted by this shimmering background, he glimpsed the white, shaggy head of the director as it bobbed by toward the front of the bus, toward the door.

"I think we'd better get back now," he said.

But it was too late. He knew it. He groped desperately for his gun, and spied it leaning helplessly in the opposite corner. In the twilight of consciousness in which he found himself, he could do no more than submit to his fate. He studied the imposing spectre in the doorway and then the sleeping face beside him. He spoke to her softly, so as not to startle her:

"Gabrielle?"

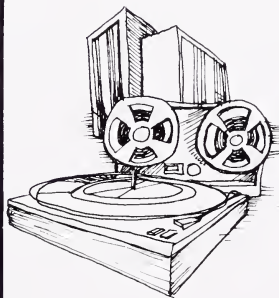
Her immutable eastern eyes opened for a moment, only long enough to recognize her lover.

"Yeah, Yankee?" she answered.



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A Chronicle Interview with Tim Weisberg

By John Madera

Many people call Tim Weisberg's music jazz; it's even listed that way in record stores, but jazz it is not. Many feel that Weisberg has invented a totally new musical idiom. Whatever Tim Weisberg's music might be called, it is almost always called "good" or even "great" by those who have heard him and his band. Their often complex music, involving the textures of numerous instruments played so as to complement one another, is performed in a smooth, polished manner.

Weisberg's collaboration with flutes began in a junior high school band. He attended college at Valley State in California and continued to play under the instruction of a professor. During those days, Weisberg played at fraternity parties — even though flute players with strange melodies weren't always appreciated at such affairs. Weisberg often refers to that period as if it had left a bad taste in his mouth. Later on he began playing at small clubs and other private gatherings and experimenting with improvisation. In 1969 he played at the Monterey Jazz Festival and impressed a couple of musicians who sat backstage — jazz giants Cannonball Adderly and Duke Ellington. Having performed before rock audiences alongside such groups as the Mahavishnu Orchestra and Cheech and Chong, and now at college concerts, Tim Weisberg's virtually unheard flute grows in notoriety with each show.

Weisberg and band members — Todd Robinson on lead guitar, Ty Grimes on percussion, Doug Anderson on bass, and Lynn Blessing on organ, synthesizers and vibraphone — performed in Tillman Hall this past November. After the concert, as Weisberg carried on conversations with on-lookers while packing his instruments, he was asked if he ever loaned out his flutes. Weisberg recalled one time after a concert when a friend, who was quite blitzed, "borrowed" a very old flute valued at about three thousand dollars. Since then, needless to say, he has been very cautious.

Later, in an upstairs classroom, after being offered beer and soft drinks from an ice-filled wastebasket, members of the Chronicle talked with Weisberg about his music. John Madera, Leonard Pearlstine and Debbie Madera conducted the interview.

Chronicle: About your style — how did you happen to get it? Where did you pick it up? What has influenced you?

Weisberg: Well, I'm not aware of my style. I couldn't relate to whatever my style is. I could tell you what my influences are — the music I listen to. Mainly, I have a classical background. I do what classical flute players do — orchestra woodwind, quintet, marching bands, half-time shows, that kind of stuff. And, at the same time, I was going to rock-and-roll concerts, buying rock-and-roll records, going to parties and that kind of stuff. The tapes I've got in my suitcase are Boz Scaggs and the Doobie Brothers, Marvin Gaye and Stevie Wonder, Dan Fogelberg, the Eagles, and Melissa Manchester — so that's, I guess, where my influences come from, because that's all I listen to or go and see.

Chronicle: Do you feel that your music has progressed since you got together as a band, and is there any direction you would like to see it go?

Weisberg: Uh, yeah, there's been some growth. Direction? I think the direction most of us are thinking about would maybe be just a higher level of success which makes it a little bit easier for us to subsist and create a little bit more. It's kind of like a circular type of thing. We're sometimes limited in what we can do by what kind of equipment we can have; it's a matter of budget and things like that — but we've got a lot of ideas that completely transcend what is financially feasible. So it's just a matter of our finances catching up with our imagination. I think our imaginations will always be a little out ahead, though.

Chronicle: Do you feel that your style . . . well, you already said that you didn't have a style . . .

Weisberg: Well, evidently I must have a style, but it's so close to me that I can't figure out what it is. Usually when I'm thinking about my flute playing, it's: —Why am I playing out of tune? —How come a particular figure isn't coming out? — I mean, it gets very technical in my own mind.

Chronicle: Do you feel that your creativity can somehow be hampered, or is hampered, by trying to please an audience or trying to please the public?

Weisberg: Well, we really don't try and consciously sit down to please the public. It just happens to be that our collective tastes expressed musically, well, people seem to get off on it — really wide ranges of audiences. We opened up for Jefferson Starship where we were not known, and people enjoyed it. The first time we played in this area we played in Raleigh at a place called "The Pier." I mean, nobody knew who we were. It was just something to do that evening, and, well, they got off. We opened up for Cowboy up in Greensboro, and we'd just got done up in Chapel Hill and there were a ton of people there that had seen us almost two years ago at those engagements. So we don't actually sit down and say: —Now, let's do A, B, and C because the audience will get off on it. — That's really not the way we go working at it.

Chronicle: Okay, now — next question. Do you have a particular philosophy about music? For example, do you

think music should do anything in particular?

Weisberg: Well, my only philosophy is that I like to have fun when I'm playing. And that's why I'm doing it. There are a lot of easier ways of making a living. And we're just skirting on the margin of making a living. So, basically, I just want to enjoy myself — and the people who are playing music with me, I want them to have a good time. If that's happening, then it's right — that's my only philosophy.

Chronicle: I noticed two numbers you played off your *Dreamspeaker* album — I believe it was "Castile" and "Travesty" — you changed them somewhat.

Weisberg: Yeah, we changed those just a little. "Travesty" isn't really changed, I don't think. Yeah, I think there is one change in it, because we wanted to feature . . . we took a solo off. Because we used to have both a keyboard solo and a bass solo, but we wanted to feature Bugs (Anderson) on it. We thought it would be a nice thing. And on "Castile," uh, well, it's different from the album because we didn't have the orchestra with us.

Chronicle: Did you do that with an orchestra?

Weisberg: Yeah, we had the Milwaukee Symphony with us, too. That's very perceptive of you.

Chronicle: I thought it was a synthesizer all along. I noticed that you have a lot of jazz influences. Is there anyone who you are particularly on to?

Weisberg: Ah, you're going to hate this, but I really don't have any jazz influences. I don't listen to any jazz musicians. I never have. You see, most of the jazz horn players

play bebop — I mean, it's a derivative of bebop — because I have friends that are jazz musicians, in fact, are you familiar with Don Ellis's band? The lead alto player was a flute student of mine. But, well, let's see — maybe you're referring to the fact that we do improvisation.

Chronicle: To a large extent. But perhaps it's because you play the flute.

Weisberg: What about Ian Anderson of Jethro Tull? He's the flute player in the group. Does he sound jazzy? I mean, I'm not trying to put you on the spot, but it's something that people say to me and — and I feel weird because if I was a jazz musician, I would say it. But not in a million years — if someone would put me in a jazz band, I wouldn't know what the hell to do! Like I said, I had a classical background and then jammed with rock-and-roll bands. And it's always been uncomfortable. That's why I pinned you down on that, not to make you nervous or anything.

Chronicle: Do you still play a lot of classical?

Weisberg: Yeah, I still play classical.

Chronicle: Some of us would like to hear some of that on your albums.

Weisberg: Well, we may play with the Chicago Symphony. I might do some Mozart with them, and then we'll have the band. But one thing that's interesting, you know, rock-and-roll bands like the Allman Brothers, you listen to one of them — they'll jam for forty minutes on a tune. So, it's improvisation — did you ever think of that? Hey, if you like it, that's the only thing that's important.

Chronicle: Okay, let's try another one. I'm always hearing how, with bands on tour, it gets pretty hectic and it gets pretty hard on you. Is that the case with you? Do you have some experience worth getting into?

Weisberg: No specific experiences, but it gets really hectic! Well, I mean, we prefer playing concerts to playing small places. Now the grass always looks greener on the other side. When we were playing places like "The Pier" and staying for two days or three days, why couldn't we be playing at the university, a concert here and a concert there? Now we're doing a concert almost every night. Of course, you know, you have to get up, get on airplanes, etc. So, you know, it's really funny — I think it's going to be hectic one way or the other; you're never completely satisfied. It ebbs and flows, you know. Everybody's groovin', it's like a community, you're all traveling together. The guys have problems, girlfriends call from home: — Oh, you've got to get home, blah-blah-blah. — That's why I don't have a girlfriend — so I don't get any telephone calls! I just get calls from the accountants saying: — Oh, there's not enough money, etc., etc. —

Chronicle: Do you have a new album in the works?

Weisberg: Yeah, we've got to get back and start working on it! That's where we played a lot of new stuff? Did you like the new stuff? Yeah?

Chronicle: What was that piece that you spoke about, with the flute and the drums?

Weisberg: We just made that up on the spot. That whole



thing was just off the top of our heads. I just said: —Hey, I'm going to start out on alto flute, and you play the drums sometime.—

Chronicle: Really? We really enjoyed it.

Weisberg: Yeah, he plays pretty good, doesn't he? Hey, Ty! They thought that thing we did with the drums and the flute was written. They wanted to know what the name was.

Grimes: Yeah, it was written, but we can't release the name until the next album comes out.

Weisberg: You know, you should do the interviews — you create charisma while I tell the truth! You create great controversy. You know, I may have stumbled upon something, Mr. Grimes!

No, we made that up. That's where he's really unusual, because you don't find too many rock-and-roll drummers stuck in that kind of position, when you know what the beat is and everything. It's just like: —Hey, you've got it buddy! I don't know when you should come in. I mean, you just listen, and when the musical moment is right, then away you go!— And that's fun! And it's challenging. You're right in front of people, and you could fall down on your face!

Chronicle: Okay, I've noticed that your new stuff has taken quite a departure from the last album you cut, *Listen to the City*. It's a lot more spacey, I think. A lot more hard-driving. Do you have any comments on *Listen to the City* or your new stuff?

Weisberg: Well, I like them both, and what we've done is we haven't completed writing the whole body of music that we're going to stick on the new album. But what we wanted to do was to really lock in on some hard-driving things, and that's what we did. Some of the other things are going to be a little more lyrical with the guitar and flute lines and that type of stuff — which is more reminiscent of things like *Listen to the City* — and that's a combination because we like both — and we, just in our first creative stage for this time period, locked in on some of the things with good heavy grooves and everything. That just happened to be the things that were coming out of our heads at the time. There's a couple of pretty things in there — the little thing I did with flute and acoustic piano. And a couple of the acoustic tunes are on the mellower side, but some of the other stuff just really kicks ass.

Chronicle: How did some of the stuff from *Listen to the City* come into your head? Would you care to explain how this album came about when you were composing?

Weisberg: What we did is, for once, we just decided on a particular theme and we got everybody in the band to write and throw ideas around, and it was just a matter of the synthesis of it.



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Savannah Sundown

By Joel Gillespie

It was a joyful day spent with newly found friends and allies along the banks of the Savannah River. On this cloudy, damp afternoon, a group of us were gathered on a sand bar in an area that would soon be buried by fifty or so feet of water. As I dreamily gazed through the imaginary lens of an old-fashioned camera at the barren hardwoods softly lining the opposite bank, a mellow, wintry, nostalgic mood set in. I pictured the cotton farmers busy loading up the barges for the long trip to Augusta. A group of them were gathered around Mr. John C. Calhoun as he made his bulging bales ready for the market. The dark veiny muscles of the slaves glistened as they heaved the great bales onto the flat boats, their songs and the general hustle and bustle filling my ears with noise. But suddenly my daydreams of times past were interrupted by a fisherman scraping over some rocks in his old, beat-up aluminum canoe. I balanced myself on a water oak which confidently leaned over the water's edge and waited like a kid for the man to come my way. Sure enough, he paddled near and, after he tipped his hat to me, I daringly called out:

"What you think about the dam?"

"Don't like it," he said, his eyes intent on his line.

"Why not?"

He started a smile, left it a smirk and turned his head towards me quickly.

"I like the river," he replied.

No politics, economics, or other such garbage, just simply and from his gut, "the river." I, who had spent countless hours trying to tell people about the useless, destructive dam, felt cheap compared to this man. He was really the one who was going to be hurt, and for no justifiable reason. Something was terribly wrong: I felt it way down inside. My mellow mood had turned to disgust.

The quiet, peaceful river had captured my heart, so two days later, I returned alone. The soft, overcast tone of the past Saturday had disappeared and the Savannah was now sparkling and alive in a warm February sunshine. A timid channel meandering through a maze of a thousand rocks had been replaced by a bold and powerful flow of what seemed a different river. Hartwell had opened her gates! I was walking around in the bright, warm sand, trying to get inspired, waiting for the muses to come dancing along beside me. I wasn't really getting anywhere. It was a bad day for muses, I guess.

Up river from the beach, the remains of the old Gregg Shoals Dam, built some 75 to 100 years ago in order to supply the town of Iva with electric power, stretched out across the river. The ten-foot wall of smooth, shiny creek-bed rock, imbedded in a crude cement, was fascinating; and it was such a toy compared to the massive two hundred foot structures of

modern dams. Some time after Hartwell had been built, the middle of Gregg Shoals Dam was blown to insure safety and to assure a more even water level in the river below. Through this narrow gap, the river surged with a fury reminiscent of the meaner parts of the Chattooga; the entire river at this high level was rumbling along at a terrific pace, and again I found myself daydreaming.

Yet, once more I was snapped out of my hypnosis when I heard a car door slam behind me in the direction of the old dirt road. Pretty soon two old fellows came bouncing down to the beach. For some reason, I knew they were locals. One of them hurried down to the water's edge, and in a very business-like manner, filled up a Coke bottle with water, hopped up onto the dam, and scrambled to join his friend who had already found a good "settin' spot" near the old gate structure. After watching them for a minute or so, I went through the motions of a swallow for good luck and walked out to join them. I just sat down non-chalantly next to the younger man as if we were getting ready to make an illegal transfer of stolen goods, and before long, he was telling me all about river fishing. He was a self-professed, one time hippie-type, forty-six year-old with a big pot belly and a receding hairline.

Occasionally, he would pull out a bottle, take a swig of the water, then one of whiskey, and then chase it all

down with another burst of water. It added a flavor to the things he told me, which went something like this:

"You can stand on the rock there in the summer, man. It's beautiful here in the summer. You can stand there when the water's low and see bass this long." He held his hands about two to three feet apart. "So big it'll scare you," he continued. "Behind the dam there, you can catch some hellacious trout and bream. I tell you, it's better in the summer. See that beach over there — one hell of a party all summer long. So crowded sometimes, you can hardly find a spot to sit. Always a volleyball game going on. One year, old Jerry here cooked up a Brunswick stew — stayed up all night — had deer, bass and turtle in it."

"Right this minute I could pull crappy this long," he said, clapping his arm below his wrist and extending his fingers. "I've caught sixty or seventy in one afternoon."

"This river fishing is real fishing, man. Hell, you're fighting the river, the fish, and your messed up head (optional) all at one time. See there, I bet you wouldn't jump in. Coldest water in America, ain't it, Jerry? Hell, people fall in, they don't drown, they freeze to death."

"Yeah, I hate to see it, I hate to lose my fishing. They think they can get labor for nothing. Hell, I'd rather be unemployed."

I asked him what the folks in Iva thought.

"Well, they don't really like it, lose the best place around to party. No one'll bother you here.

I told him it could be stopped and he said, "Hell, you're up against powerful men and big money. They ain't gonna listen."

Like the passive river that never complained, this man was going to accept the dam as another fact of life and make the best of it while he could. I wanted to shake him and tell him he could help stop it, but who was I to do that? I was saddened by his submissiveness, but he had probably had to accept such things many times in his life, and this was just another injustice he would have to ride out. Those of us who cannot so easily accept this injustice have wondered why the Army Corps is building another dam anyway.

The site of what is to be known as the Richard B. Russell Dam and Reservoir lies about sixty miles south of Clemson between the giant Clark Hill Lake and Lake Hartwell. To be con-

structed by the Army Corps of Engineers at a cost to taxpayers of what will probably exceed four hundred million dollars, the project involves federal acquisition of sixty thousand acres of rich bottom land and mixed hardwood-pine forest in South Carolina and Georgia. Twenty-six thousand acres are to be flooded directly, including, most importantly, the last remaining stretch of the Upper Savannah River.

Modern hydroelectric power projects were conceived in the thirties when the Army Corps of Engineers recommended a group of rivers and streams in the Savannah flood plain that had hydroelectric potential. After World War II, plans for rural electrification programs were carried through Congress, partly to help ward off an expected post-war recession which never occurred and partly to bring cheap federal power to economically depressed rural areas. At one time the Corps actually had plans for a series of dams on the Chattooga River. The Trotters Shoals site, located on the headwaters of Clark Hill, was recommended by the Corps for immediate authorization and funding in 1962.

Due to the objections of Bryan Dorn, the area's representative in Congress and a member of the House Subcommittee on Flood Control, the project failed to receive authorization. However, about this time, Duke was eying the Keowee site for their nuclear plant, a billion dollar investment that Dorn knew would bring a great economic boost to his area. Much to his chagrin, the Rural Electrification Cooperatives, which he opposed at Trotters Shoals, threatened to kill the Duke Power project in court. Dorn was in a predicament. To solve the problem, a little political wheeling and dealing took place and a bargain was reached. The co-ops would withdraw their opposition to Duke's Keowee plant, if Dorn would give the co-ops the green light at Trotters Shoals. In another political move, the project was renamed the Richard B. Russell Dam and Reservoir after the late Georgia senator.

How does the Corps of Engineers

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justify such a great expenditure of public funds? In their analysis of the project, the Corps assigns benefits in the following proportions: Electrical Power 69%, Recreational 19%, Fishing 6%, Area Redevelopment 5%, Flood Control 1%.

Since the benefit of electrical power is so high relative to the other areas of consideration, it is conceivable that, economically, the project could be justified by just this phase alone, and likewise could be shown a boondoggle if the electrical benefits were not substantial. The capacity of the Russell Dam as a conventional hydroelectric facility (as opposed to pumped storage, where water is pumped up and stored in times of small demand and released when demand is high — pumped storage being a net consumer of energy) is to be three hundred thousand kilowatts, which will be distributed to customers of the electrical co-ops throughout the Southeast. In his *Projected Economic Impact of the Richard B. Russell Dam and Reservoir on South Carolina*, Dr. James Stepp of Clemson estimates that the financial benefits to be received in South Carolina annually by customers is a mere one dollar and thirty cents.

But the dam will also serve what is known as a peak power benefit. Under the peaking power capacity, power will be made available to customers of nearby utilities and stored by them for use in times of high de-

mand. According to Dr. Stepp, the benefits of the peaking power capacity will be relatively small for South Carolinians for a number of years into the future. Both Duke and SCE&G have plans for additional pumped storage at their sites to meet the peak power demands. Even though some positive benefits will be gained in the near future, these benefits seem very small in light of the price tag and the alternatives available for investment.

Though 1960 estimates of Southeastern population growth and electrical needs were too high, there is no way around the fact that our energy needs will continue to grow; the complexities of the energy situation are just now being realized. Looking at the Trotters Shoals project as a public investment in a form of energy production, we can easily recognize its shortcomings. Three hundred thousand kilowatts is but a very tiny drop in a great big bucket when long range needs are considered. Though nuclear energy and coal definitely have their problems, and solar energy and wind power are not yet economically feasible, it is only in these forms that the answers lie.

Instead of committing a valuable resource to a plan that may well be obsolete before completion, we should invest our time and money in research of forms that will be of much greater significance to us as a nation in the long run. Hydroelectric projects should not be used as a justification of

the Corps' existence. Certainly the Corps' time could be better spent in more useful endeavors. In fact, President Carter himself has said that the Corps of Engineers should be put out of the dam building business.

On the local level, redevelopment benefits gained by Abbeville and Anderson counties will be extremely small and of temporary nature. Though some labor will be drawn from the area during the construction phase of the project, this labor will fall in the bottom bracket of the wage scales. In addition to this, it is possible that this influx of construction workers to nearby towns will cause an economic loss, for the towns will have to pick up the tab for additional services necessary for supplying the increased population.

None of the counties next to the project are considered to be depressed, though McCormick County next to Clark Hill is probably in the worst economic condition of any county in South Carolina. The citizens of Calhoun Falls, a local town in Abbeville County, can expect short-term benefits. But what happens to the local community when construction is completed and the big companies have left? There is little chance of lake-side development, industrial or residential, considering the three hundred foot shoreline regulation around the lake. In addition, the county will have lost several thousand acres of taxable property. As for the farmers and families that will have to be displaced, a state representative from McCormick has stated: "Most of the land that they (the Corps) acquire is bought at far below its actual worth."

And for flood control — think about it.

Perhaps the greatest point of controversy surrounding the project is the subject of recreation and fishing. The Corps needs a strong benefit in this area to support the rather small electrical benefits and to be able to label their project "multi-purpose." But they have failed to consider many important points. There is considerable doubt whether the capacities of

Hartwell and Clark Hill will be realized even into the next century, though arguments on either side of this issue are inconclusive. But there is little doubt that the life-sustaining capabilities of the low-oxygen water entering from the bottom of Hartwell will be low. Lake Clark Hill has one of the finest two-level fisheries in the South, and it seems quite possible that the deeper bass fishery could be seriously damaged. Without the thirty miles of river to replenish the oxygen supply, the Corps will have to install an expensive oxygen-injection system which has not yet been perfected. Yet they say they will "study the problem."

This last thirty miles of the Upper Savannah contains half of the remaining flowing trout fishery in the state, a resource which cannot be replaced. In addition, a far-reaching 1974 study of Southern recreation values showed that most fishermen prefer fishing in natural rivers and streams. The plea for the river as it is a plea for recreational diversity in upper South Carolina. Another lake simply leaves one with no choice but to use a lake; yet the river in its present state leaves open alternatives. In fact, the Savannah, easily accessible by several highways, offers great potentials for use, not the least of which is some fine river canoeing. The problem is that few people know it's there!

The rich bottom land habitat adjacent to the river contains an abundance of deer, turkey, and small game. This popular hunting area has contributed the largest deer killed in the state eight out of the last ten years. Yet, to this day, the Corps offers no plan to mitigate or replace the wildlife losses. They can't. There exists no similar habitat to support a population in the form and abundance that exists presently along the river.

From the dreamy past of the Indian and buffalo, to the Romantic era of the Calhouns, and to the present, a diverse history surrounds the upland portion of the Savannah River. Yet this last important link with our past and our cultural heritage in upper South Carolina is destined to be



buried, if we do not do something about it soon. I tell people how beautiful the river is, the way it works on and soothes the mind, how it is so wild and yet so peaceful, and that the river should remain as it is simply because of what it is. They tell me I'm being emotional. I say, "You're dang right I'm being emotional." And an emotion such as this, backed up by rational argument and facts, is going to see an end put to this project.

What can we do as "ordinary folks"? Probably the easiest and most effective way to have an influence is to write a letter to Butler Derrick, the area's representative in Congress, and ask him to use his power to see that no more funds are appropriated. No one is more crucial to the issue than the local Congressman, and it has been shown through experience in other issues that a letter will count!

The river's peace had worked steadily on all of us, and though we knew we were soon to see the site where construction had already begun, none of us were prepared for what awaited us. As we neared, a curious mass of brown could be seen through gaps in the trees. The first full view was staggering. Across the river from us there loomed massive mounds of dirt and granite that rose at least a hundred feet high. Sticking out three quarters of the way across the river were two great earthen dikes;

between the two, there was a dredge operating where the two hundred foot dam would eventually be constructed. The complete contrast to what we had just experienced convinced us all, if we had not been so convinced already, that this was just not right. As we sat atop some unusual rock cliffs and watched, a tremendous blast shook the ground and scared the heck out of us all.

Thomas J. Stokes, in the Acknowledgement to his book, *The Savannah*, wrote these words about "the river": "My wife thought that the river would never stop running, but was patient. . . . Nor has the river stopped running, of course, which is what makes living with rivers so satisfying. They partake of the eternal, so that you live with all of the past and all of the future."

Ironically, these words were written in 1951, just a few short years before completion of the Clark Hill Lake.

Sitting there on the banks of the river at the end of that sun-shiny day, these words kept repeating over and over in my mind. The late afternoon's chill was starting to work on my wet feet and hands, and I zipped up my jacket to keep out the cold breeze. As the sun fell and gradually transformed into a red ball, the shadows of the dead trees grew longer and fainter across the sand. The contentedness and inward happiness I usually felt at the day's colorful and glorious end was instead an uneasiness, a loneliness, even a fear. You see, as I sat there thinking about the fate of that wonderful place, I realized that the sun was going down on me, the Savannah River, and all of you in more ways than one. They say that hope springs eternal. So perhaps, if we do care, the Savannah River will continue to watch the sun rise for many years to come, and Mr. Stokes' idealistic words will not be proven totally naïve.



The Love Artist, continued

the upper level and a square bar in the middle of the lower level. The only light in the lower level was from beer advertisements and a lighted clock behind the bar. The only sounds in the bar were the ricocheting of pool balls and the humming of the national anthem by Clancey the bartender. The love artist went in and sat beside the woman who had glanced up and smiled at him.

"Hello," he said.

"Hello," she said.

"You look bored," he said.

"Oh, I am," she smiled.

"You should take up an art."

She laughed. "An art. Are you an artist?"

"Yes."

"What kind of artist?"

"A love artist."

"A love artist. What do you do?"

"I create love in the great tradition of the past."

"You're kidding."

"No, I'm thinking of love in the romantic sense, that only love is worthwhile and that it is all you should strive for."

"You've got to eat."

"Well, a lot of artists have jobs on the side, but their art is still their main thing."

"Do you have a job?"

"Yes, I work as a night watchman in a building at the end of Broadway Street by the docks. The Diamond building."

One of the men playing pool slammed a shot into a corner pocket and knocked the cue ball off the table. It bounced off the upper level and down towards some tables and chairs near the street window. Somebody caught it before it finished bouncing.

"I know," she suddenly said. "You make pomographic movies — the love artist, that's a good one."

"No, no, it's like this teacher explained it to me once: all art is functional or natural in the beginning and through time, it's embellished with tradition and rituals until it's hardly recognizable from its original state. I'm trying to revive the romantic love of the nineteenth century. You know, Lord Byron and all that."

"You're crazy. What's your name?"

"George."

"I'm Jessica, George." She laughed.

Jessica lived in many worlds. By day she worked in a homemade ice-cream shop and called the grumpy proprietor by his first name. All her men customers had secret love affairs with her but rarely asked her out. To herself, she had conversations with concocted characters in between scooping the blueberry plum and lollipop peach ice cream. She traveled to misty English castles with them and whispered "Oh, dearie," when the incurable romantics of her dreams kissed her. The proprietor always wondered about her "dear" ice cream. At night she was a regular customer at Clancey's Bar, the closest one to her apartment in the city. All the regular men customers treated her like a little sister — teased her and pinched her on the behind when she played pool. Sometimes during startling moments of awareness, she listened intently to lonely men's stories of broken hearts and homes left behind. She didn't know what to say, so she prayed for them by crying alone at night. Other times, like some hardened prostitute, she listened to men's banal seductive remarks and turned away, for she had been out with many men and didn't always need them. The love artist didn't know all this, he only saw her quizzical eyes and felt her aloof manner and thought she was some Dante Gabriel Rossetti woman reincarnated into the twentieth century.

"Do you like to play cards?" he asked.

"No."

"Oh."

"No, I'm only kidding. I like them all right."

"Why don't we go play some cards at my apartment. I can better explain my art there."

"I think you just want to go to bed with me."

"Yes, I mean, that's the essence of love, isn't it? I mean, that's the thing love has been built on."

A blue light from a revolving beer

advertisement flashed across her face. A man playing pool slipped his opponent a dollar bill and racked up the pool balls again. Clancey conducted an imaginary symphony with his nose. A couple walked in the door.

"At least you're honest. That's more than I've come across in a long time. Where's your apartment?"

"Just a few blocks away. On Sutter Street."

It was quiet on the streets. Their heels clicked rhythmically on the sidewalk. He listened to his heart beat wildly and she listened to his blue jeans rustle as he walked along. She wondered if she had drunk too much beer. He thought of all the old women he had inevitably met during his explorations of the city. The old women chattered about love and death and were invariably for love and against death.

At his apartment building, he reached in the wrong pocket for his keys and dropped them when he did find them. She laughed and kissed him softly on the ear. He dropped his keys again.

Once inside the apartment, the love artist lighted his candle collection and turned on his clock radio. A Yugoslavian dance program blared out. She was impressed when he leaped across the room to the refrigerator. He offered her champagne and a cigar. She didn't like champagne and took the cigar. On an old box that had formerly held cabbages, he taught her a two-handed spade game. He explained all of the complexities of the game and some of the strategies that only Las Vegas professionals know. She won seven games in a row, but lost the eighth one by forfeit in uncontrollable giggles, after he attempted to drink champagne and smoke a cigar at the same time. He choked on the champagne and put out the cigar. The love artist hoped that, from somewhere in heaven or hell, Lord Byron hadn't seen that.

He knew he was supposed to seduce her, but he just didn't know exactly how. He thought of all the funny stories he knew, but could only think of the time his pants fell down in

the fourth grade. What would Lord Byron do — read poetry or tell war stories of valor and courage? He had never been in a war and the nearest thing he had to poetry in the apartment was some homecooking recipes in the almanacs. Maybe if he acted debonair and suave, she would seduce him. Casually unbuttoning the top button of his shirt and staring forcefully into her eyes, he leaned back ever so slowly. He fell off the stool and scattered the cards everywhere. He knew what Woody Allen would do — reach up and hug her knees and propose to her thigh.

She laughed and laughed.

"Why don't we go to Chinatown and see what's happening down there," she said when she regained her composure.

"Okay," he slowly said. "I know, let's dress up. I've got some of my father's old suits from the 1940's."

"You're crazy. They'll be too big for me."

"Who cares? Besides, they'll go with your cigar."

She laughed. The suits were stylishly tailored for their time — barrel baggy pants with cuffs, padded shoulders, thin coat lapsels. Two hand-painted Japanese silk ties plus the love artist's favorite grey Chicago gangster hat and a tweed cap added the finishing touches to their mock elegance. They looked like a couple of immigrant shopkeepers from Bulgaria transported to America. Flourishing cigars, they clowned their way down the streets towards Chinatown.

In a city where a bearded man calling himself Jesus Christ wandered around wearing a full Indian head-dress and carrying huge flags of the United States and Great Britain before him and where six-foot black drag queens gushed, "Darlin, you're the man for me," at straight-faced executives, they were hardly noticed. Still, a troop of brownie scouts with an exasperated brownie scout mother tittered and pointed at the funny-looking couple with cigars. A real tourist with orange socks and a Hawaiian print shirt insisted they pose for a pic-

ture. They informed him that they were LSD children in search of a magical land. He invited them to his suburban home in Georgia with a swimming pool. They politely declined. The tourist wished them good luck and shuffled off tugging on his green shorts, scanning the city for more memories.

A pensive melody echoed through the streets. They followed its magnetic sounds through a maze of city blocks, until they found him — a vagabond playing his soul out on a piccolo. People just passed by — another street artist. Shivering and sighing, he blew precisely into the piccolo, his fingers dancing along its length. The love artist thought that all the pain of his life went into that silver-plated piccolo. The three of them stood there and when he finished, the love artist gave him his favorite hat and a cigar.

They journeyed from Market Street to Fisherman's Wharf on the open section of a cable car. The love artist watched the street lights. Sometimes they shone hazy yellow, mystical and religious; other times, they shone bright and white, illuminating strangers lounging against building sides or winos staggering down side alleys. The cable car made its own wind as it rattled up and down the hills of San Francisco. He thought this wind caressed him as rain on soft feathers might. The smell of a cigar snapped him out of his reveries, Jessica beside him puffing away contemplatively. He studied her profile as the child watches the sea, as the beggar eyes the crowded street. A quick gust of wind chilled him.

At the wharf they strolled through the crowds making contorted faces at caricature artists and winking slyly at clerks in sidewalk souvenir shops. They listened to "Sitting on the Dock of the Bay" and "Rock of Ages" at a human jukebox featuring a trumpet player inside an imaginatively painted box. Inside one of the fifty world famous wax museums, they posed in an empty display entitled "Count Dracula Goes to the High School Prom." The love artist was Count Dracula and Jessica played the high

school prom.

At a rooftop cafe overlooking the city, they dined on foot-long hot dogs and beer. They sat in silence, for they had just read some unknown poet's epitaph written on a bronze plaque at the entrance of the cafe.

Without Notice

At times,
I am alive and feeling.
So often,
I delay these moments
by perpetuating those of the
past.

Forget the night.
Come with me,
to an endless ecstasy
in San
Fran
cis-co.

A clown in an orange and white checkered jump suit with a painted tragic face serenaded them with a fiddle. He pranced around and yodeled: "Tweedle dee dee, tweedle dee da, the secret to this song is singing it the same way twice. Tweedle say, tweedle hay, twaddle dee da da." The frenzy of his antics contrasted with the quiet gaze of the love artist.

The sky was always the purest color in San Francisco. And at night the stars pierced the pure black sky. The love artist watched these stars twinkle above the bright city lights. He thought of his home far away, his beautiful mother — a beauty of high expectations — his strong, silent father — a strength of reserve and commitment. There was so much to do. His apartment — the clock didn't work, the rug had cigarette burns, and that stupid peacock. Jessica. How long would he feel her softness or hear her laugh? There was so much to read and learn. He wondered if he could ever become truly successful like his father or if he could ever truly give up like the winos of the streets. The wind blew soft and cool and steady and he breathed deeply.



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chronicle

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My thanks to all of those that have helped put this magazine together, and a special thanks to those that read it!



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A Walk Through Clemson Campus

Walking alone
under the hum of street lamps
clothed in bugs
on the wide wide sidewalk
spanning an abyss.

(silent summer bliss)

Wind, attracted like a bull to a maddening flag,
has loosed my shirt
partly exposing my breast
sturdy as fist.

This tile is like hopscotch

don't step on the crack you'll break your mother's back

Sky above me; wild, dark, studious

Concrete steps before me

The thunder above me

still I continue my urgent walk.

curtains crawl out a window

of Strode Tower—behind lights

hands (I see)

hands pouring forth a statement

to a pink dress wrapped about invisible knees.

I wish I could

(could I)

press my hands, my breath to that window

my movements slower, despite the exigency.

someone nods

(at me or the night?)

as we pass each other in the same hastened breath.

Ten tolls from Tillman Hall

(echoes in emptiness)

week ago mown grass

piled like tombstones

(what's that odour?)

my feet faltering

despite the destiny of safety

sweat pouring from my temples

despite the rain.

despite the rain

this freedom apart from self

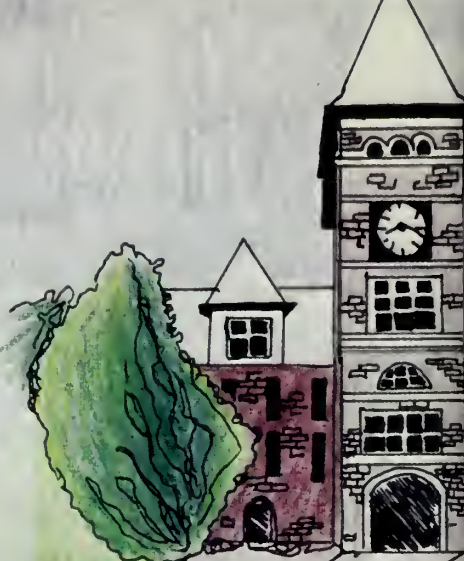
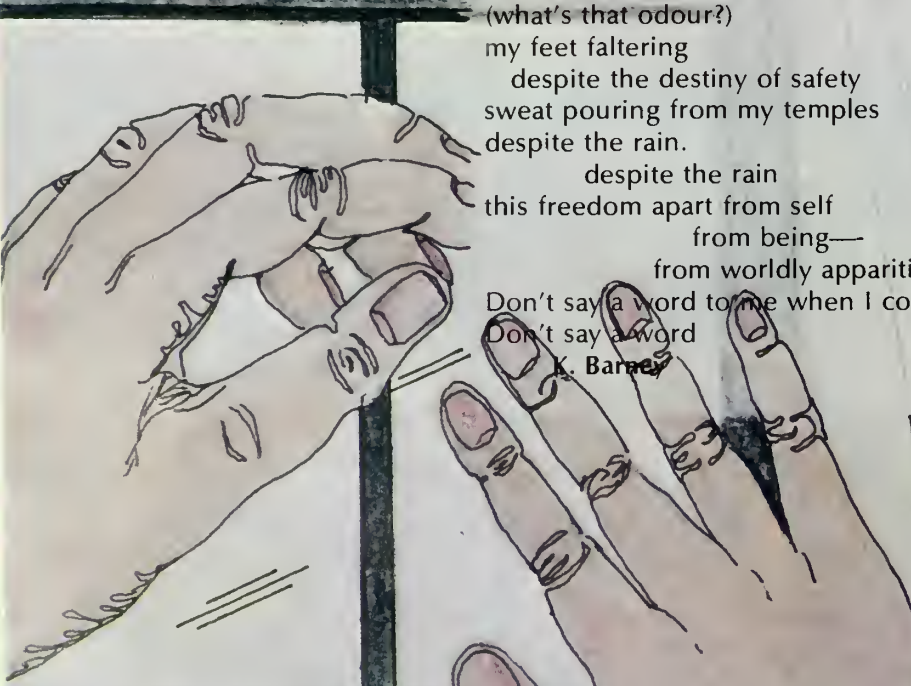
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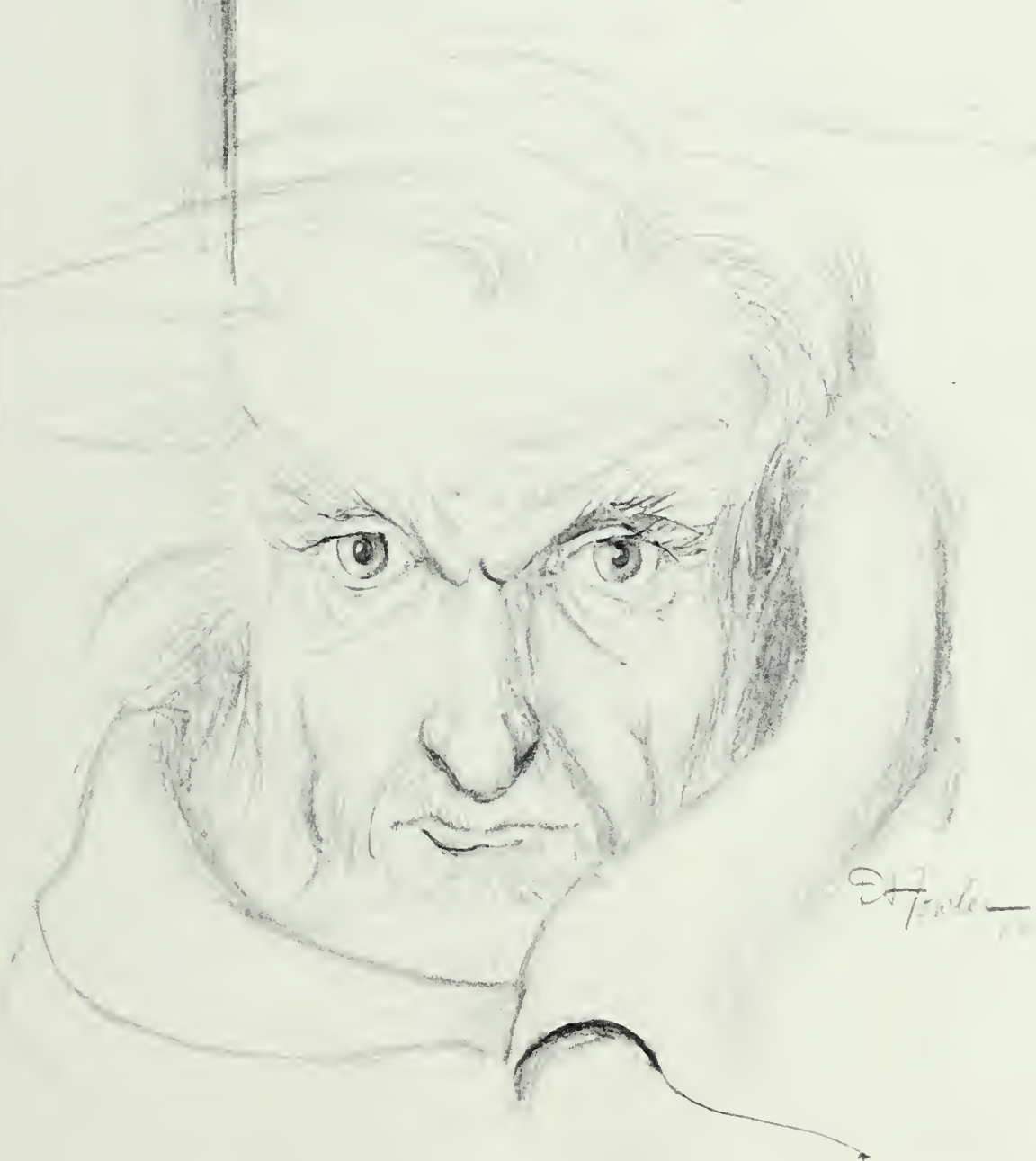
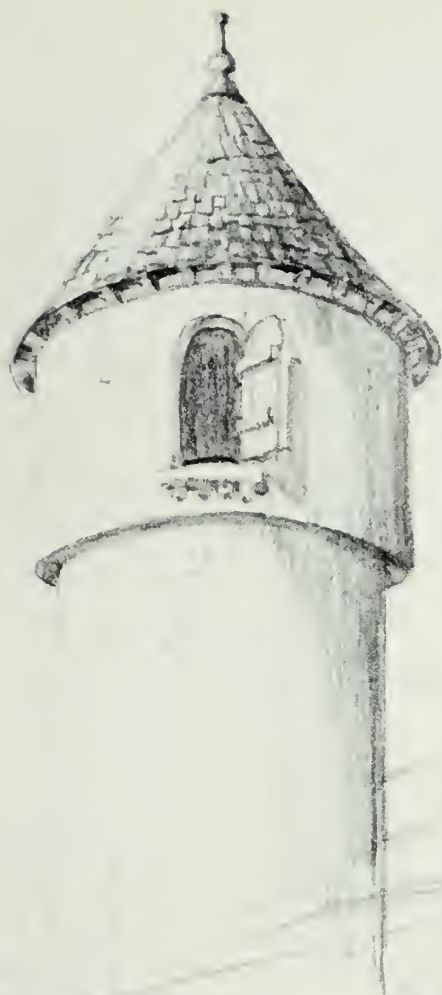
from worldly apparitions. . . .

Don't say a word to me when I come in,

Don't say a word

K. Barnes





Ed. H. Cole

The Tower

James Watkins

The old man trudged through the freshly fallen snow as if warmed by some predestined duty. The streets of the village were deserted. No cough came from the old man's lips, no bird sang, no squirrel stirred to disturb the perfection of the white crust which had encased them all. The man came upon a dark, tall tower of stone, the purpose of which remained only within his memory. He pulled his hand out of his coarse pocket, an ancient, worn key in his grasp. Shaking, he aimed the key toward the tiny matching crevice in the door.

A rank, stale odor met his nose. Fingers of dark warmth tickled him as they groped for his body to draw him inward. But the old man's heart did not quicken. He had been here before. He knew that here, if nowhere else on earth, he was Master.

The door shut heavily behind him. Although he could not see through the thickness of the false night, his feet knew there were stairs running down to meet him. Steep, curved stairs, and narrow walls on either side, upon which the old man rested his hand to steady himself.

At last, panting, he reach the tiny room at the top of the tower.

Meanwhile, the bright sun, which appeared dull through the thick grey skylight in the roof of the tower, had begun to thaw out the village, and the bustling, purposeful chaos that comes with midmorning gave life to the deserted, silent streets. A young woman hurried from the barn with the cow's morning milk. A printer scolded his apprentice for spilling the ink, and a very special small boy yawned and danced on the cold floor of his bedroom.

Gradually, the village slowed down to its normal pace. The shouts of a snowball fight drifted hopefully up toward the old man, but he did not hear them.

The sun was overhead and the snow was melting before the man came out. He shut the door quickly behind him and turned the key as if he

were afraid some of the darkness would escape. He proceeded deliberately to the street on which the boy lived, and stood, very straight, on the corner, waiting.

The boy was just finishing lunch and was about to crash out the door. But his mother stood in his way. "Mind you don't get soaking wet in the snow, Jules and be home by four o'clock. And stay away from that crazy old man."

"Mr. Viator? He's not crazy. You just don't understand him."

"I don't care. you stay away from him, understand?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Jules walked out the door and slowly down the steps, but when he heard the door close behind him, he ran as fast as he could to the corner of the street where he knew Mr. Viator would be waiting.

"Hello, Mr. Viator!"

"Good afternoon, Jules."

"I looked for you this morning. Were you in the tower?"

"Yes, Jules."

"What's the matter, Mr. Viator? Didn't you have a good trip?"

"It was difficult, Jules. Very tiring. I am getting to old. I think today I will teach you my most valued secret."

"The tower?"

"Yes Jules."

"Oh Mr. Viator! If only you knew! I've had dreams about the tower. The kids at school say that there is a dragon in there. But I only smile. I've kept all of your secrets, Mr. Viator. I haven't told anybody. Cross my heart! I have learned them well, too. Know every one by heart. Please, do tell me the secret of the tower. I'll keep it just as good. Better!"

"Yes, I know you will Jules. That was why I chose you. Shall we go into the tower now?"

Jules shrank away. "Inside? Can't you tell me from out here--"

"No. There is nothing to be afraid of. You know that I go in there all the time."

Ye..s, I guess so. It's just that it is so

powerful."

"And it could be fatal to those who don't understand. But I control that power. And today, I will teach you how to control that power. Shall we go?"

"Okay."

Jules followed Mr. Viator up the narrow, dark stairs to the little room with the skylight. In the middle of the room was a white chalk circle, and in the center, a low cushion. In one corner lay a small oak box. The room was otherwise empty.

"What's in the box, Mr. Viator?"

"I'll tell you about the box later. Right now, just watch me. And stay out of the circle."

The old man sat down upon the cushion and stared at the opposite wall. Meaning left his eyes. They became mirrors, reflecting everything, absorbing nothing. His mind recalled a memory—image of—a dove. The dove became sharp—three dimensional in his thoughts. Slowly his mind developed the bird's point of view. Then, slowly, he regained his own. Faster and faster he exchanged views, until he forced his and the bird's to merge. He imagined an open window. Suddenly, he was a dove, flying above all the trees and houses so far below, feeling the muscles in his wings and the rush of the wind beneath them. Three times he circled the tower, then fluttered to the edge of the open window. After a few long seconds, the bird faded away, and the limp body of Mr. Viator began to stir. Substance returned to his deep-set eyes. Panting and sweating, he stood, and walked out of the circle.

"The important thing to . . . remember. . . Jules, is to never let your concentration slip. Go on, now, just like you saw me do. Remember everything I taught you."

"I don't know. . . Mr. Viator. I don't think I can."

"Of course you can. Just don't stay out to long. Getting back is harder, and if you stay out too long, you won't be able to get back. Go on,

now. Just like I showed you."

Trembling, Jules sat on the cushion and turned to Mr. Viator for a reassuring nod. Concentrating on the image of a dove, Jules felt not the warm sunlight from the open skylight, nor the cushion beneath him. As the bird became clearer in his own mind, his eyes took on a mirror-like glaze.

A dove fluttered hesitantly to the window. Its flight once around the tower was faulty, and anything but straight, and when Jules was himself again, he was quite out of breath.

But the old man was full of praise. "You did fine, Jules! Much better than my first time. Birds are more difficult than animals. I was a field mouse the first time. Well, boy, what did you think of it?"

"It's like being a kite! Everything is so small! And I can feel things, too! I didn't know that birds felt things, Mr. Viator! I was afraid when I was flying around the tower. I was relieved when I got back inside. And Mr. Viator, I was so disappointed when I had to get back inside my body."

"Yes, I know. It's always like that."

"Mr. Viator, what about the box?"

"The box. In that box is what gives this place its power. Without it, this place would be just another monstrosity of man. You must never move that box. It was placed here long ago, very, carefully, and were you to move it, the power would be lost forever. You must never, never look inside the box, for the power is too great. It would destroy you."

"Have you ever looked inside the box, Mr. Viator?"

"No."

There was a long contemplation by both the man and the boy. Slowly, the old man pulled something shiny out of his pocket.

"Take this key, Jules. It is yours from now on. Do not lose it or give it away. Do not let anyone else come here, until you choose your replacement. Choose him well, Jules, for if the power is ever lost, it can never be regained. Go now, and lock the door behind you."

"But how will you get out, Mr. Viator?"



As soon as the words were out of his mouth, Jules felt very stupid. Silently, because words were only burdensome, Jules rose and walked down the steps, out into the bright sunlight. After he locked the door, a large, powerful bird, one accustomed to a long journey, caught the corner of his eye as it circled the tower once, then flew off toward the horizon.

Years passed, and Jules became even more adept at the Secret than Mr. Viator had been. One snowy morning Jules was sitting on the cushion trying to decide what to be that day, when he caught a glimpse of a beetle at the far side of the room. Fascinated, Jules watched as the insect clumsily made its way across the room. Jules could almost pity the poor little beast... so cumbersome was his body. Jules noticed that it was heading straight for the box, and his interest mounted. Relentlessly the little fellow marched forward. When it was no more than six inches away from the box, it abruptly stopped, and for all of Jules' actions, remained motionless. Jules gingerly kicked it with his foot. The beetle was dead.

That night Jules could not stop thinking about the box. Demons sprang out of boxes, and beguiling maidens begged him to enter. The next morning his head ached, and he found himself possessed with a longing to visit the tower immediately, de-

spite pressing business elsewhere.

Jules sat on the cushion and closed his eyes. In his mind, he imagined a wolf. But intruding on the image was the memory of his nightmare. The harder he tried to concentrate, the dimmer the image became. Finally, he abandoned the image all together, in favor of a field mouse. In this smaller form he would usually dash off into some mysterious crevice in the wall, inaccessible to his human body. But now, the box took all of his attention. As he approached it, it loomed up menacingly before him, and took on an ugly, wicked look. He scurried toward the opposite wall as he remembered the fate of the beetle. Then he stared at it with two, tiny, unblinking eyes. Finally, the trance let loose of him, and he returned to his limp body, gasping for breath.

For a long time he sat motionless on the cushion, eyes closed, heart pounding, trying vainly to put the obsessive thought of the box out of his mind. Gradually, he gave in to the sickening thought that he would be plagued as long as he remained ignorant of the contents of the box. He reached out a trembling hand, but stopped short as he thought of how bitterly disappointed Mr. Viator would be in him. But his dream came back to him, taunting him, and he recklessly grabbed the box and snatched off the lid.

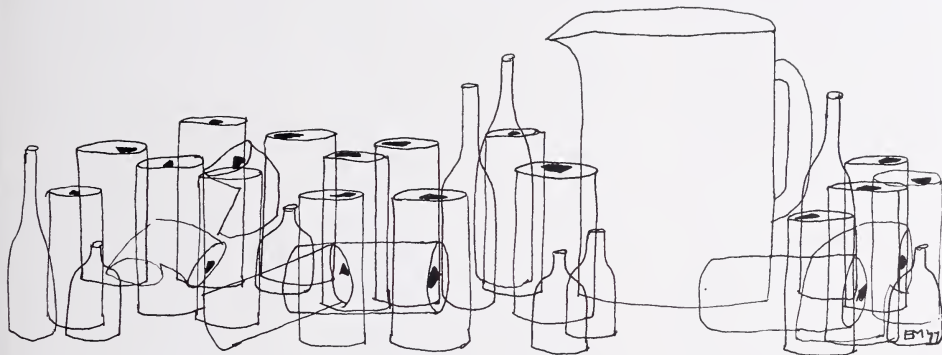
Inside was a multi-faceted spherical mirror. Jules tried to look away, but his mind was caught. He could see his face a dozen times, and his mind split into a dozen images of himself. Suddenly there were twelve Juleses in the tower. He fought hard to get back into his own body, panicking because he did not know which one was his true self. His dozen images fought each other, and in the confusion, Jules dropped the mirror. It shattered, and with it shattered all twelve images of Jules.



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History of Beer

Baylus Morgan
& Joe Clayton

"What'll it be?" "Beer," words heard quite often around Clemson -often enough to make it necessary for five distributors to send (together) 27,000 gallons of beer here each week. Believe it or not, that comes, at 14oz. a can, to 246,857 cans a week or 22 cans a student, if you assume students drink it all. Sounds impressive doesn't it? Maybe, but beer is an old and honored college tradition and almost required at every social event on, and off, campus. Of course, beer drinking doesn't always require a party. Maybe you just want to sip one at a bar, while you concentrate on something better-looking, or get mildly intoxicated while you scream at the boob-tube on football Sunday. What better way to celebrate an interception by Charlie Waters, ex-Clemson Tiger, than with a nice, cool beer? It helps to be a Dallas fan though. The point is that we do our share of drinking here. It is an en-

thusiastically accepted part of life at Clemson.

**The strength of bread,
the fire of wine.
O noble barley juice are thine.
Tivdi**

And exactly what is this liquid that commands so much fascination? The very ancient Egyptians made beer from crumbled barley bread mixed with water, refined into something palatable-barely. The Kaffirs of southern Africa made their brew from millet. Further north, Nubians, Sudanese, and Abyssinians developed a beverage they called bousa (origin of the word "booze", perhaps?) Angles, Saxons, and Normans drank a very earthy beer, flavored with bark and leaves of oak, ash, and tamarish, which were also used in tanning animal hides. Sounds delightful doesn't it? But Shakespeare's father, the official ale taster of

Stratford-on-Avon, had a much better drink to sample. They replaced the bark and leaves with hops, imported from Germany by way of Flemish immigrants settling in the county of Kent. Actually, it was technically ale, not beer, but there isn't much difference: ale is fermented at a higher temperature, and its yeast stays at the top, instead of sinking to the bottom of the vat..

The staple beer in the U.S. today is lager beer. It arrived here in the 1840's, with a mass of German immigrants. The beer gets its name from the process it goes through: as the beer ferments, it is "lagered" or stored, giving off gas that is later reintroduced, giving it its carbonation.¹

Today, and throughout recent history, beer is taken seriously and manufactured with care. There are regulations to insure that only the best water (spring water, of course),

grains, yeast, bark and leaves are used. If we have to use bark and leaves, they might as well be the best.

Religion and beer have had a rather unique relationship -they could never decide, for good, whether they loved each other. The grand old Egyptains (bless their hearts) thanked -with a slight wobble- Osiris, their god of "beneficent principles", for the wonderful invention of beer. The Al-lemanni, a large German tribe that lived between the rivers of Main and Danube, attached great importance to their beer. Their priests never allowed it out of their sight (for as long as they could still focus) while it was brewed. They even had to bless it with many solemn(?) rights before it could be used. In the thirteenth century, the monks were the primary brewers, and it was in one of the monasteries that the process of "under fermentation" (i.e. lazy yeast), which distinguishes beer from ale was developed. Christians have been associated with beer from almost the thirteenth century. The monks were really kind of attached to it; they even went so far as to brew two different kinds of beer. One for the head honchos (grade A leaves), and one for the peasants (grade lousy bark). Martin Luthers' fondness for beer is also well documented. On the evening of that eventful day in Worms in 1521, the Duke Erich Von Braushweig sent Luther a pot of his favorite beer.²

Work is the curse of the drinking class.
Oscar Wilde

On their search for religious freedom in the New World, in 1620, the pilgrims, headed for Virginia, cut their trip short. They had food and water, but they, unfortunately, ran out of beer. In other words, you can't find freedom without beer? There is little need to describe the present mood of the church towards beer today.. The greatest friend of beer in the past, is its greatest enemy today. Gracious, that's one hell of a hangover! Of course, the church is not beer's only old friend. Such inconsequential fools as pharaohs, kings, government and military leaders have all voiced (in the

wee hours, and a bit loudly perhaps, but...) their praise of beer. One pharaoh even got so excited he gave his subjects an annual allotment of beer. They were sorry to see that one go!

Unlike our popular pharaoh, the Romans considered beer a luxury that only leaders should be allowed. Yes! but remember, the Roman Empire fell. Julius Caesar had great feast where he served beer in golden goblets, while his guests-as all beer drinkers seem to do eventually- sang songs praising beer. The seventh and eighth century Saxons, when in council, would only consider questions of importance after drinking beer in common from a large stone mug. They didn't accomplish much, but they sure spent an awful amount of time in council! Charlemagne placed great importance on his beer also -he gave personal directions on how it should be brewed for his court, and was as picky about his brewmasters as he was about his counselors and leaders. To celebrate his defeat of the Saxon at Paderborn in 777A.D., he held a great feast, baptized thousands of Saxon warriors, and then served them beer he had brewed.

Somewhere around then, a detestable concoction called coffee snuck in to upset the beer drinkers. They thought it was being drunk too often. Fredrick the Great erected huge coffee roasting houses, and gave them a monopoly on the coffee market, to ensure that only the nobility were allowed to roast coffee beans. "Coffee smellers" or, spies, were used to sniff out unholy breakers of this law. On September 13, 1777, the king issued his celebrated "Coffee and Beer Manifesto," which read as follows, "It is disgusting to notice the increase in the quantity of coffee used by my subjects, and the amount of money that goes out of the country in consequence. Everybody is using coffee. If possible, this must be prevented. My people must drink beer. His majesty was brought up on beer, and so were his officers and soldiers. Many battles have been fought and won by soldiers

nourished on beer, and the king does not believe that coffee-drinking soldiers can be depended on to endure hardship or to beat his enemies in the case of another war." Apparently, good Fredrick never had to bring himself and his date home sober! But, his wishes were obeyed -coffee sales decreased, while beer sales increased. Thanks to Fredrick, Prussia became a jolly Prussia, as more people got drunk, and less got sober.

In the United States, such infamous people as George Washington, William Penn, Samuel Adams, and James Oglethorpe were all beer brewers. Penn, a good Quaker, (religion was still in love) was a big beer man -there was never any lack of it in his home. At regional country dances and fairs, his beer was the beverage used. Under Penn's leadership, the Pennsylvania colony established regulations permitting beer to be sold without license, and this continued, under state law, until 1847. Temperance was around in the 1800's to give drinkers a conscience, but beer wasn't included then. Government and religious leaders considered its alcohol content low enough for it to be exempted. So people were forced to get drunk a little slower (it's called "effective legislation").

Those who drink beer, will also think beer.
Washington Irving

Enough history already. Now let's get down to the good part -drinking it! Try to imagine the oceans of beer that have been consumed since the first belch, and the time and effort that's gone into the act. Throughout history (don't ask me how that snuck back in here), beer drinkers have invented all sorts of sadistic little social customs for drinking beer, so that you either die laughing at each other, or drown, literally. If you like to get beer all over you, as well as in you (might as well be consistent), then go to Germany. They have a great little custom they call "boot of beer", where they drink their beer out of a ceramic boot, everyone taking his turn at chugging. As the beer level falls, things get interesting, because when it reaches the toe, the vacuum holding the beer in

there breaks, and out flows the beer -all over you, very cute. And you have to buy the next round, unless you have a mouth like a whale and can swallow it all very quickly. Then the cat before you with his mouth hanging open gets to buy the next round (you just belch and smile contentedly). The English have a similar custom called the "yard of beer", which operates the same way. Once again returning to Germany, we find the "German Competition Beer Mug". With this competition you get a large beer mug, the larger the better, and everybody chips in to fill it for the first round. The mug is past from person to person, and each drinks as much as he can then passes it on. As the mug is emptied things start to get interesting, because the person that passes the mug to the individual that empties it has to pay for the next round. As the mug is emptied you have more and more chugging in an attempt to finish it off so that you won't have to pay for filling it up. In a competition a good

chugger can get drunk for nothing.

Despite the crazy little twists people come up with, drinking beer doesn't get too complicated. But choosing which beer to drink can. There are only 25 to 35 different kinds of beer sold in this area alone. Take 'em one at a time, and you could get very drunk before you found the "best" beer. By then it all tastes good.

So the *Chronicle* decided to do the work for you (that's our excuse), and hold a beer tasting session, inviting students to come sample free. Would you believe no one showed up? We had to send the National Guard home in one piece. But we tried again, and this time, we enlisted the help of some of the Greeks, and we wrote the names down, (in case of no shows). For tasters, we had 16 people, both Greeks and civilians, with representatives from the major distributors present. Now, the original ale tasters in London, called Connors, knew how to judge beer properly: they used leather trousers. To test the brew,

they poured a little of it on a wooden bench and sat on it. If, after three minutes, their trousers stuck to the bench, the beer was proclaimed "good for a man's body in lawful measure". However, the *Chronicle* preferred to stick to drinking it, and let the Connors sit on it. So we divided the 16 people into 4 groups, and gave each person either 3 or 4 brands of different beer, in unmarked glasses. Each group choose the two beers it liked best, and the total of eight beers were tested as finalists. Everyone sampled all eight, and voted for the one they liked best. "The ballot please. Thank you. And the winner is. . ."

- 1st. Old Milwaukee
- 2nd. Miller Lite
- 3rd. Schlitz Lite

The above beers were chosen from the following.

- Budweiser
- Michelob
- Miller High Lite
- Pearl



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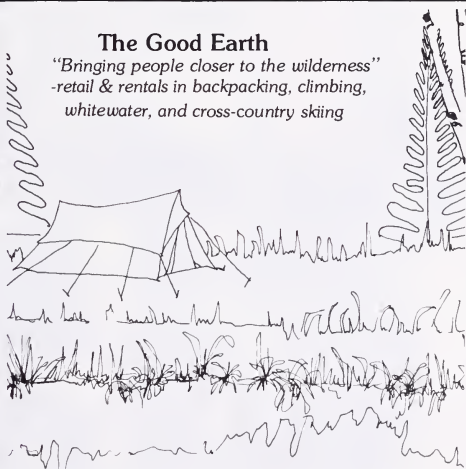
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 Stroh's
 Lowenbrau
 Pearl Lite

The *Chronicle* would like to thank the Study Hall and the distributors for making the beer tasting contest possible.

Until later, cheers! Bottoms up!
 And pass another beer, writing is hard work.

1. *Penthouse*, May, 1975, pages 131, 133, 142, & 143.

2. *Beer: Its History and Its Economics as a National Beverage*, F. W. Salem, Arno Press, A New York Times Co., New York, New York, 1880

3. *Playboy's Host and Bar Book*, Thomas Mario, Playboy Press Book, Chicago, Illinois, pages 104-110



Untitled

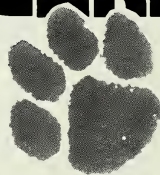
Words form and leave, taking with them
 troubles and cares,
 You feel the sand melt at your feet,
 and stare into the blackness that was the horizon.
 A step into the void,
 and the voices recede into the distance;
 In your solitude you examine your cares,
 and they are gone.
 You are alone in the blackness,
 and you gain from your solitude.
 Your companions are the stars, and
 the oneness you feel
 with the heavens.
 Strength is gained from your solitude
 and your emptiness is filled.
 At the edge of the universe you pause,
 and step back onto the world that bore you.

Doc Holliday



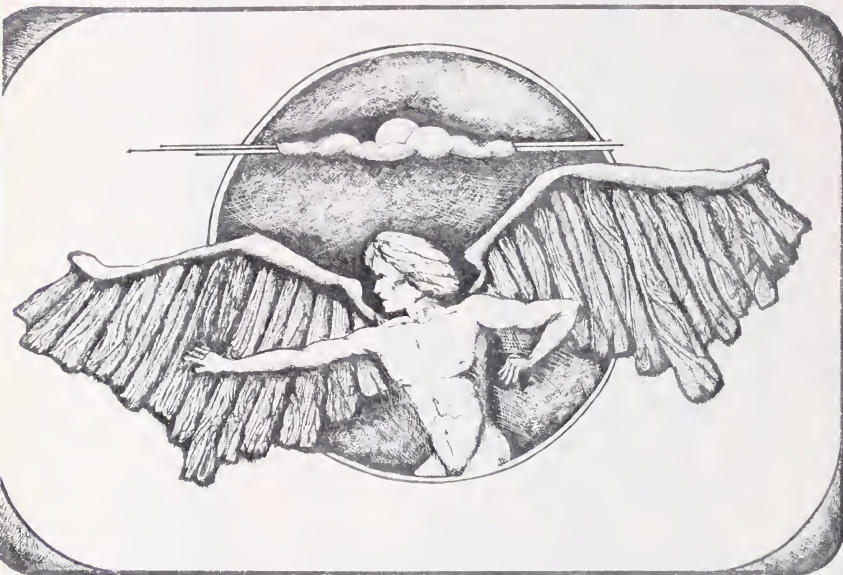
HAVE A PEPSI DAY

GO TIGERS



**Pepsi Cola Bottling Company,
 Anderson, South Carolina**





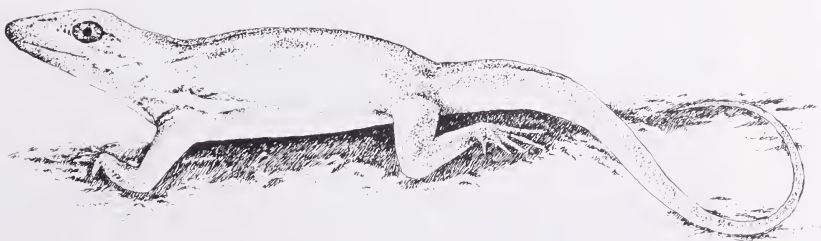
1 2

- 1 Ksiazewski
- 2 Susan Maurin
- 3 D.L. Fowler
- 4 Lo Anne Lee
- 5 Kathy Gettys



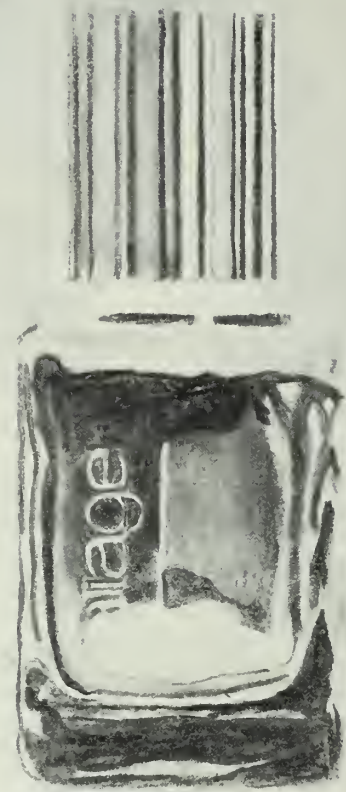


4



5

- 1 Linda McCloskey
- 2 Gillespie
- 3 Ksiazewski



1



2



Low Tide
Sitting high---

washing up on a sterile beach behind glass,
smiling wickedly into the silence.

My emotions draw back

and leave me gasping, floundering
in the ebb.

At this point,
without air---

I could hurt anyone after I'm through with myself.

The sand dries with the tears,
is ground into the glass
to protect me here---

a high austere lover that I've known before.

The tide may not return,

it's slower in coming each time.

the warm beach embraces my twisted shape.

Here I'll make my summer home,

Breathless.

Jeanne Malmgren

Torn

to smaller and smaller pieces,
my words of love

become jumbled, out of order, out of sense,
no longer tragic phrases.

Cradled in my fist,

they're given ---one by one---

to the loving tongue of flame.

Jeanne Malmgren

How a 19-year-old college sophomore can become a 21-year-old Army officer.



The Army offers college sophomores the opportunity to earn an officer's commission in two years.

It's tough, but the people who can manage it are the people we want to manage the men, money and materials of the United States Army.

You apply for the special Two-Year Army ROTC Program during your sophomore year. Then attend a six-week Basic Camp, with pay.

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| 1 Old Stone Church | 12 Blue Ridge Pk'wy |
| 2 Tobacco Falls | 13 Fish Hatchery |
| 3 Ornamental Garden | 14 Gandy Rock |
| 4 Tockey Lot | 15 Chattooga River |
| 5 Kaseowee Turnway | 16 Highlands |
| 6 Sykesmore City | 17 Sliding Rock |
| 7 Table Rock | 18 Star Fort |
| 8 Stumpkovee Tunnel | 19 Helen, Ga. |
| 9 Whitewater Falls | 20 Isaqueena Dam |
| 10 Looking Glass Falls | 21 Toxaway Falls |
| 11 Isaqueena Falls | 22 Dry Falls |

A

It was fun. My curiosity led me around campus, away from Clemson, and then back again. I logged my adventures—come, travel with me. . .

Entry 1. At the door of Hanover House, I was greeted by the hostess Vera Cantrel. In answer to my questions, she explained Hanover House had been named in 1716 by Paul de St. Julien, a former occupant, in honor of King George I.

The house hasn't always been at Clemson. It was located in the Low Country of South Carolina, but was moved in the 1940's when a group of interested Clemson citizens wanted to save this landmark, which had been in the Ravenel family for 138 years, from destruction. It was in the path of a proposed hydro-electric plant.

I was amazed to discover that every "handmade brick, window, door, mantle, and piece of framework" was scrupulously "marked, photographed, and replaced in its original position—250 miles to the north".

Later in the day, taking swimming gear and a towel, I began my attempt to conquer the challenge offered by Isaqueena Dam. After a quiet, scenic ride, my senses were awakened by the sounds of crashing water and by voices screaming, "Geronimo!". I soon discovered the source of all this noise: a thirty foot dam and ten insane people sliding down this monster.

Somewhat reluctantly, I entered the water and approached the edge of the dam. With a deep breath, a short prayer, and a small heave, I felt myself fall helplessly over the edge and down the side, finally submerging into the backwaters of Lake Hartwell. Proudly, I made my triumphant exit from the water, eager to slide again.

Entry 2. Imagining ourselves to be Lewis and Clarke, charting an unknown waterway through an unsettled land, my father and I paddled the Chattooga. We floated past trout fishermen, complete with waders and hats that jangled with lures and flies.

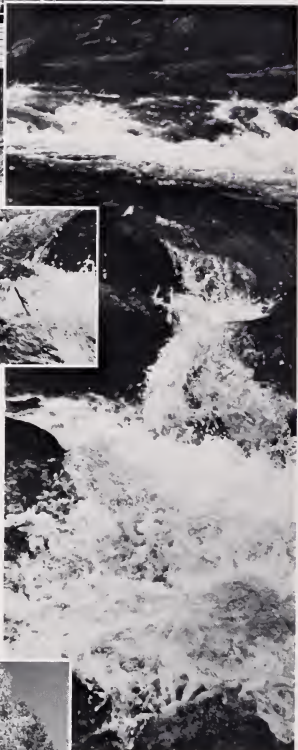
We viewed the banks of the river as landscapes drifting by the window of a droning train, until an almost imperceptible quiver in a mountain laurel



Hanover House ▲



Chattooga River ►



▲ Chattooga River

◄ Isaqueena Dam



There and Back Again



combat so we propelled our canoe into the rapids in acceptance. Murky forms lurched from beneath the river's surface in an attempt to impede our charge.

Once through the rapids, we halted to thaw our frozen nerves. We laughed tight, high throated laughs, and wondered if the 'murky forms' were disappointed in our victory.

Entry 3. My nephew and I went to Keowee Toxaway Center. After walking through a tunnel-like corridor, we

were shown examples of basic and natural energy. The audio visual portion of the tour explained the history of man's search for energy. The tour concluded with possible means to secure energy for electricity in the future.

We were fascinated with the demonstrations (small scale, of course) of the nuclear reactor. Before we left the center, we stopped to look at the three highly guarded reactors. I thought of the devastation a reactor could cause if it exploded, but an authority assured me that the chances of this occurring were nonexistent.

My fears allayed, we left.

Hungry after our tour, we ate a picnic supper in the pagoda at the Clemson Horticultural Gardens. Squirrels scampered under the benches and sampled tidbits from our fare.

We tried to teach ourselves Braille while reading the accompanying signs identifying the various flora. We also threw bread crumbs to a beautiful white duck and her brood of sixteen ducklings.

Shadows lengthened, and I expected to see someone come from the Early American tool shed or grist mill to gather produce. On our way home, we stopped by the caboose and scrawled our names in the register, letting all who would come after us know that we had been there.

Entry 4. Motoring through a mountainous area in northern South Carolina, I stumbled across a most unique niche. The hiking trail near the U.S. Fish Hatchery took me through lush greenery along the East Fork of the Chattooga River. I was calmed by the cool, damp valley floor; the water

Fish Hatchery ▲

▲ Horticultural Gardens

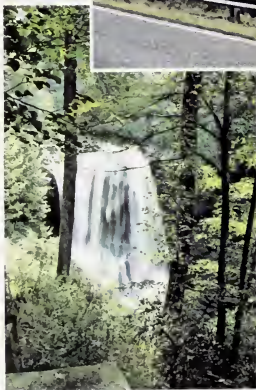
Keowee—Toxaway ►





Looking Glass Falls ▲

Blue Ridge Parkway ►



▲ Dry Falls

tempted me to wonder on and on into what seemed a world forgotten by time. I trekked inward, amazed by the profusion of sounds, colors, and life. Finally realizing that my travels must end or I would be engulfed by darkness, I turned towards home.

Entry 5. Reflecting the beauty of nature around it, Looking Glass Falls is aptly named. My friends and I headed for Pisgah Forest today to look in the "glass". We stood aghast

at the sight. Looking Glass Rock, an outcropping of granite, cast its shadow upon the plunging water, which lightly sprayed our jackets. The roar of the Falls was so loud, it drowned out our words. Inspired, we decided to continue to Toxaway Falls.

Indians named it Tojax or Tocax, but the Spanish, when they explored the region, changed the spelling and pronunciation to Toxaway.

Imagining that we were those Spanish explorers, we roamed about and viewed the Falls from every angle. Our adventurous spirits began to lag, our minds to boggle, our bodies to fatigue, so we headed home.

Entry 6. My uncle and I visited Dry Falls where it is rumored trolls lurk in among the rocks. My uncle explained that trolls are a sign of good luck, so we sang "troll-luring" songs. While hiking the wooded trail, we hummed our songs and hoped to catch a glimpse of the creatures. Instead we came upon Dry Falls, framed by tree branches above and the footpath below. Momentarily, we forgot about trolls as our attention was drawn to the intriguing water fall.

Hastened by the encroaching darkness, we left, slightly disappointed in having only found one good luck charm -the Falls.

Entry 7. At Brevard, North Carolina, I found the Blue Ridge Parkway! I carefully drove, and gazed at the fields and towns nestled in the valleys below me. Sunlight sparkled on reds and yellows and filigreed the forest floor and parts of the road. I stopped the car and watched as one by one, Monarchs migrating from winter, dropped lightly around me like rusty leaves.

Entry 8. A new day! A new place.



▲ Toxaway Falls

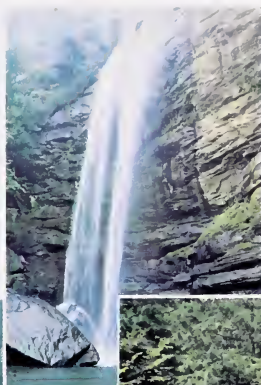
Onward, down a shady lane at Toccoa Falls, we walked, though many of us found skipping appropriate to the morning's freshness.

Easily we sifted through a mountain gift shop, then crunched on down a pebbled walk which was followed on on the left by a bed of crisp, autumn-dried azaleas and zinnias, and was following on the right a rocky, songful stream, hinting in its song of a change ahead. Suddenly, unexpectedly, the rocky bottom was no more, and the white ribbon unraveled itself gracefully down one hundred and eighty feet into the confines of its own clear pool. Truly, this was but a feminine little lady compared to the uninhibited ruthlessness of Whitewater Falls.

An hour and a half later we arrived at the famous Sliding Rock. In the summer, people don bathing suits or old jeans to slide down the rocks to end up in a soaking splash. For the more adventurous persons there is Gaudy Rock which is steeper, faster, and therefore more dangerous. Lurking at the bottom of it is a dark, still pool with t-h-i-n-g-s in it.

Rather than "experiencing" Gaudy Rock, we decided to go to Table Rock. There, the trail frolicked easily up and around trees and rocks, and we didn't mind the climb because

▽ Whitewater Falls



Toccoa Falls



▽ Sliding Rock



our senses were busy absorbing the brilliant oranges and golds of dappled leaves. At the summit, we let our strength catch up with our soaring emotions for a moment before challenging the stinging wind on the open face beyond. At least a thousand feet below us, a lake, cupped by the val-



Gaudy Rock ▲

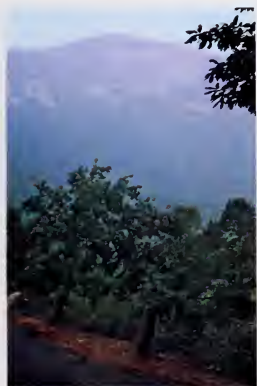


Table Rock ▲

Fort Hill ►
▼ Old Stone Church



ley, was so azure and crystal we fancied it touched only by our gaze. Regretfully the freezing air forced us from our rough haven.

Entry 9. What a windy day it was! A friend and I went to Fort Hill, plantation home of John C. Calhoun. The hostess, Mrs. Revelie Brannon, told us a brief history of the mansion while we signed the register. We learned that Clemson University was not here 100 years ago, but Fort Hill was. The plantation luxuries gave Calhoun the time he needed to develop the logical arguments he was famous for. Envisioning the grand parties - talk of cotton, slaves, "Old Hickory", and Webster echoed in our minds as we ambled through the halls. We spent our time playing "trivia" with the information on the plaques. Almost every item or piece of furniture has a unique history of its own.

Having learned that the oldest part of the house had been built by James McElhenny, a pastor of the Old Stone Church, I decided to make the church

my next stop.

The heritage of the South is buried deep within the walls of the Old Stone Church, as well as in the cemetery behind it. Once I passed through the doors, serenity settled in me as I gazed at the cool fieldstone walls. Days of slavery were reborn as I fancied I heard low, rhythmic voices singing "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" from high in the balcony. The song pursued me into the somber graveyard, where I pored over General Andrew Pickens' headstone.

Entry 10. My roommate and I began the day exploring Stumphouse Mountain. Fearing goblins, we tiptoed into the entrance of the tunnel. We were drawn deeper by a circle of light on the ground ahead. It fell from an opening in the roof of the cavern. From this point the passage grew much darker. Having no torch, we retraced our steps.

Outside the entrance, we noticed a worn path up the side of the mountain. The path led us to that same

opening in the roof of the tunnel.

Anxious to break the spell of the cavern, we hiked down a vertical trail, trying to sidestep the roots as they grabbed for our feet. From this vantage point, the water of a stream that we had been following bounced over stone tiers and concluded its flight only inches from us. We relished the splashing water over our dirty, sweat soaked bodies. We were rejuvenated for our return.

Entry 11. The sounds of the battle reverberated in my head. I looked up, startled, to see nothing. The star-shaped earthen fort had held its secrets and sufferings from me, now it seemed ready to spill. As I listened intently, it was revealed to me that the very ground on which I stood was the site of the first land battle, in the South, of the Revolutionary War. I learned that James Birmingham, a Long Cane Militia Volunteer who was the first South Carolinian killed in the war, met his death in that battle. And the path I had followed was once a much used trail connecting this post to others at Charleston, Columbia, and Keowee.

After digesting these facts, I retreated along the path while images of fire-spitting cannons hurled through my mind.

Entry 12. We found Sycamore City, a reminder of the "Old West", hidden in the small, bustling town of Seneca. Built entirely by Seneca resident D. Land, this community was intricately designed to show every aspect of the pioneer period. We adventurers relished this retreat into the past, this experience of an era gone by.

Winding our way over a path

flanked by a well and a goldfish pond, we soon were amazed by an assemblage of old wooden buildings: a jail, a general store, a blacksmith shop, and a dancehall. Any minute we expected to hear the sounds of a gunfight or see the loser of a barroom brawl crash through the saloon window.

This little-known town captures the spirit of the "Wild West", an unforgettable part of our history.

So long, Sheriff.

Entry 13. After a short drive from Walhalla, we ventured into the lazy mountain community of Highlands, N.C. Beckoning to us were a number of varied shops, quaint inns, and mammoth golf courses. The shops provided us with a chance to purchase oriental objects of art, and good ole American crafts.

Talking and rubbing elbows with the genteel, pleasant folk gave us the feeling of relaxing on a porch in a rocking chair and watching the world pass by.

We surely found it hard to return to the hectic pace of Clemson after being lulled by the leisurely atmosphere encountered in Highlands.

Entry 14. On a drive through the

rolling farmland of Anderson County, we turned from the two-lane highway into the parking lot of a large open-air market. People from the surrounding counties of S.C. and Ga. had crowded into this former cow pasture to find bargains.

A multitude of gewgaws and trinkets were available: every kind of rusted spring brackets, and hubcaps, and eight track tapes which promise in fine print to be "authentic reproductions of original artist", and chickens, and record albums, and collections of comic books, and antique furniture, and...

Money all spent, we headed home from the "South's largest flea market".

Entry 15. Armed only with cameras and a sense of adventure, we reached Helen, Ga. after a pleasant, quiet ride. Gay, Barvarian music greeted us as we entered the Alpine village.

The shops in the picturesque village caught our attention, and some of our money as we exchanged currency for more lasting treasures. We routed through most of the shops, discovering novelties ranging from eight gallon beer steins to 100 lb. clam shells, from lederhosen to hand-

crafted doll furniture, from Christmas chimes to trolls.

The sun danced across the sky and brought more and more sojourners into the welcoming village. It was becoming crowded. Staying meant opening ourselves to disappointment: we left, our illusion intact.

Final Entry. My special place...

I was alone there. Only alone do I wish to be there. Yes, the waters teased and danced over my naked figure lying in this marvel of creation, but that in itself is not unusual. The sun warmed and dried me, but



▲ Star Fort



▲ Isaqueena Falls



◄ Stumphouse Tunnel

everywhere the sun is available to warm and dry. I mean, rocks are rocks, and sun is sun; in fact, there is nothing particularly great about the place (though there could be). Except.. it is my place. I reaffirmed the fact of my existence there, I was "I" there. I proclaimed my individuality to myplace and it proclaimed itself to me. I lived. I was ready to die.

Yes, it's wonderful, my place. I won't tell you where it is, cause, remember, it's my place. Sure you may find it by accident and borrow it for a while, but it's mine. You may or may not be impressed -I don't care. Probably, you'll walk right over it cause you'll have a waterfall to see, and you must get those pictures for Mom or your lover or your scrapbook. There is the chance that you could be struck by the spot, however, and though I could then still say that "in-my-heart" it's my place, it wouldn't be my place *really*. So I'll be extra careful not to hint, just in case. Oh, I rejoice over my place! So, go -run about and get your snapshots and have your nice Sunday afternoons in the mountains, with everyone else in the world. When you



◁ Jockey Lot



▽ Jockey Lot

have a little time, though, a free day maybe, find yourself a spot (a spontaneous "this is it" -I hope) and, in your heart, love it, claim it. Then don't tell anyone so it will really be yours. Perphas then, you will understand my seeming selfishness.



△ Sycamore City



△ Helen, Ga.



△ Highlands, N.C.

Helen, Ga. △

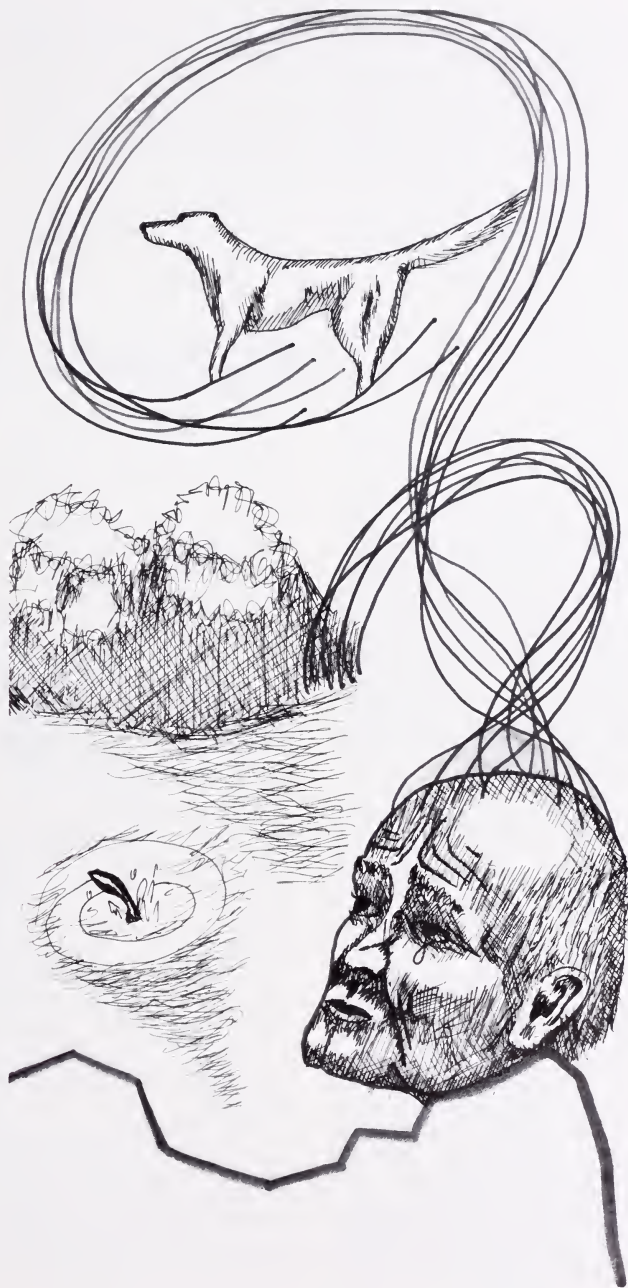
The Old Man

Charles W. Davis

The old man couldn't get around like he used to in his younger days. At eighty-five his life was beginning to reach for its last spark. He didn't do much anymore, just sat in the shade and daydreamed, while the squirrels and birds danced in the yard. Even though he was old and his sight was less than sharp, he still enjoyed sitting and squinting through his tired eyes at the naturally beautiful surroundings. He often wondered why he had to grow up so fast, and grow old even faster. Longing for his greener days he remembered what a fine young man he had been in his prime. Tall and muscular, he stood like an oak. He looked much like an outdoorsman, as indeed he was.

Many of his daydreams centered around the adventures that he had as a youth, growing up in the backwoods of the Carolinas. He often thought of the weekend hunting trips that he and his lifelong friend, Bill, used to take. There were days spent in complete solitude floating the river. Yes, the Edisto still flowed, black as ever, just as when the Indians first named it Black Water. He could see that black water as it flowed past his mind's eye, complete with catfish jumping, squirrels cutting acorns on the bank, and an old gator lying peacefully in the shade. Soon the tears would cloud the beautiful memory. The tears always came. He couldn't help himself. How he ached for another chance to run through those cool swamps, float that black water, or spend an hour in quiet anticipation of that big buck. He could feel the lump building in his throat as the tears trickled down his cheek. He knew it was only a dream, but it was all he had left.

He lived in the city now, not by choice, but by necessity. His wife had died a few years before, and he, being



unable to get about, had gone to live in a retirement home.

The old man had one son that lived out at the homestead. His son often visited on Sunday morning. He would stop by and pick the old man up after church, and they would ride out to the farm for dinner.

His son hunted and fished quite a bit, but the old man never made his hidden desires known to his son. He loved his son and didn't want to burden him by asking to go along.

One Sunday after dinner in the late fall as they sat on the porch of the ancient farm house and recalled the days of yesteryear, his son happened to mention that he was going coon hunting the next night. Now maybe it was just the light, or maybe it was a tear, but the old man's eyes twinkled like two beacons on a clear winter night. The son noticed, and deciding that this could be his last chance to be with his father, asked him if he would like to go along. The old man sat there, unsure. His body was saying "no", but his heart and soul were thundering "yes". As the "yes" won the battle, his tired old eyes gained forty years of youth. Again they twinkled that deep piercing blue, like a thousand stars all rolled into one. His son just smiled.

The next day, after work, the son stopped by and got the old man. He was like a young child ready for a pony ride. He moved more like a man of sixty than a man of eighty-five. As they bounced along the dusty road to the farm, the old man thanked his son for inviting him. He hoped that he wouldn't be too much of a burden.

The night turned off cool and crisp. One could almost shatter the air it was so crisp. There was a quarter moon easing its way up over the black eastern skyline, while the last pink ribbons of the setting sun were dyed black by the encroaching darkness. It was so beautiful that the old man just stood by the truck and stared.

They were at the farm now and his son was busy loading the dogs onto the back of the truck. The smell of the night air and the dogs caused the old

man's nostrils to flair as he breathed deeply to fill his lungs with the country air. His body surged with new strength, and his insides quivered with anticipation of the night to come. Could he recapture the feeling of his youth? How he hoped and prayed that he could.

The night air laid a blanket of early frost. He nipped at the old man's ears, and he pulled his hat a little farther down on his head.

As they rumbled along the rough path in the truck, he and his son talked about the days that he used to take his son coon hunting. The roles were reversed now.

The dogs barked and scrambled around as the truck came to a bouncing stop at the edge of a piece of woods where the old man had hunted many years before. The corn in the nearby field had already been cut and the old man could see where the coons had dragged several ears into the edge of the woods.

They got out of the truck, the old man a bit more slowly than his son. He stood by the back of the truck as the dogs were turned loose. He didn't say much, he just stood and nodded approval.

After the dogs had begun to mill around in the woods, the old man and his son built a small fire of corn stalks and cobs to cut the chill of the evening air. The night was perfect; a light frost, a crystal clear sky, and not too much moon. Nothing could go wrong.

They sat around on the ground, talking quietly so as not to miss the sounds of the dogs if they struck a trail. The old man prayed that the night would be a good one. He knew that this was probably his last hunt. His old body just could not stand much of the bouncing torture of the backroads.

His son was in midsentence when he suddenly stopped and turned his ear towards the woods. Sure enough, Old Red had struck a trail. The sound of the dogs brought a lump to the old man's throat. It had been years since he had heard music as sweet as the

sound of those dogs. Even to his worn out ears, the dogs were yelping a symphony. He could hear Old Red, with his deep booming howl and Pixie and Blue with their higher "yooow".

They sat like two granite statues, listening as the dogs ran the coon up one side of the creek and down the other. The old man knew that the dogs were running a wise coon by the way it crossed from one side of the creek to the other, trying to lose the dogs. But these were smart dogs. They were used to the ways of coons.

After running the coon for about an hour, they finally treed him surprisingly close to where the two men sat. The sound of the dogs made the old man's hair rise on his neck. It fed his hunger.

The two men rose and put out their fire. Armed with two high powered flashlights, they slowly made their way down into the woods. Within a few minutes they made their way to the dogs, which were growling and howling like they had treed the Devil himself. They got to the tree and shined their lights in the upper branches. Sure enough came the bright reflection of the coon's eyes.

As the son stood and wondered out loud at the size of the old coon, the old man knew that he had seen his final dream come true. He had, if just for a little while, returned to his youth. He knew the price would be great.

The young man suddenly felt a tug at his arm. As he turned he caught his father as he collapsed to the ground. The excitement and stress had been too much for him to take. As the son cradled him in his arms maybe it was the moonlight, or maybe it was the last of the old man's tears, but something twinkled in his eyes. And as they twinkled, he smiled his last smile.



Quality of Education??

by John Madera



Before the turn of the century, several men got together at a farmer's hall for a "bull session" of sorts, concerning the founding of a new college. South Carolina was a peaceful, sparsely populated land where cattle, poultry and cotton sustained the average citizen. Here, the industrial age was slow in coming. But once it did, this technocratic revolution swept the South like a stampede. Changing times brought changing ideas, especially for women. And then came 'post-industrialism'...

And the dynamic symptoms of futurism bend and contort the educational system like never before. The Clemson College, in the midst of all this fury, grows into Clemson University. This university and education in general have undergone tremendous changes in the past few decades, so the *Chronicle* decided to conduct a survey among the professors here concerning the present and past levels of education, both across the country and at Clemson.

BREEDING GROUND

It has been argued that the worth of a degree depends of the worth of the professors. Professors of the departments interviewed (Education, RPA, Math, Geology, Agricultural Engineering, English, Political Science,

Zoology, Architecture, Sociology, and Mechanical Engineering) place general praise upon their colleagues, although they note that by and large, with the possible exception of math and the physical sciences, Clemson does not have an internationally renowned faculty. A professor in Architecture sees a flaw when rating Clemson against other schools, "It's absurd to compare. . . a Clemson with. . . a Harvard or a Yale." He points out that the quality of education at any school must be examined within the context of the history of that particular institution. For instance, to compare an eighty year old land grant university against a four-hundred year old privately funded, church-supported college would be like comparing bananas and squash. And schools, like fruit, do not all ripen at once.

A few professors claim that there exists too much inbreeding, that is, too many professors at Clemson hold Clemson degrees. An English professor comments, "A university thrives on a variety of points of view and too many professors from one school tend to stifle this variety. We need more new ideas." Clemson was also described as a "breeding ground" for respected professors. It was pointed out that there are five Deans of Architecture Schools throughout the country who began their careers at Clemson.

A prevailing feeling is that Clemson has a dedicated staff in humanities and the behavioral sciences, but the administration pays closer attention in hiring for those areas for which Clemson College was founded: science, engineering, and agriculture. The English Professor pointed out one obstacle to hiring is "Our full time professor's wages are only in the seven-tenth percentile of the nation's colleges. We didn't even reach the twentieth percentile, much less the fiftieth." *The sine qua non* of building a reputable degree rests in the question, "How do we attract and keep respected professors?"

IT'S ADVERTISING

Many seem to think that one way to attract professors is to become famous. And what better way is there to go public than on the sports page? "It's advertising," says a professor in the Education Department. The survey split into two distinct factions: half think too much emphasis is placed on athletics, the other half view sports as a way to become known. The latter half argues that once Clemson gets its name before the public, it can, like some West-Coast schools, begin to ignore athletics and focus directly on academics. Others are not so enthusiastic. Rather than providing an economic base for education, the money spent on athletics detracts from other cultural and educational events, according to a Political Science Professor.

A survey conducted by an outside agency recommends that the University, to attract a competent faculty, should raise salaries and improve the physical environment. The present faculty seems to agree with the last item wholeheartedly; most professors do not think too much money is spent on buildings and grounds. Visitors rarely leave Clemson without commenting on the unusual beauty of the campus. Yet, it takes more than a beautiful campus and a good sports department to assure the University of qualified professors which are necessary to achieve the level of excellence sought. Something more is needed, and that "something" is facilities for research.

RESEARCH AT CLEMSON

Most scholars thrive on research. Clemson does not have the most conducive atmosphere for research, say most researchers. Although lab equipment in the physical sciences appears to be adequate, and the facilities to carry on studies in agriculture and forestry seem enormous, behavioral scientists and artists are having a hard time. Some complain that a free exchange of ideas cannot exist at an isolated place such as Clemson. And although the library has adequate holdings in science, en-

gineering, and agriculture, there is not enough material for research in the liberal arts. The library is definitely lacking in some subjects, but one opinion of the librarians is standard among the faculty. "They will go out of their way to order anything you need". On a rating scale of from one to ten, with one being low, the library received an approximate average of six. A professor in Architecture points out that aside from dealing with a tight State Legislature, the library has its own unique problems. Just as entire universities do not ripen overnight, neither are great libraries instant creations. Inflation ceaselessly raises the price of books, and the costs of replacing old periodicals because of "vandalism" are unbelievable. This University, as do other institutions of higher education, expects professors to do research in addition to teaching, but is rarely willing to sponsor them (the weekends of one professor of sociology are spent in his living room writing reports to be published). In fact, research projects are often required to bring in revenue through private research grants (usually about sixty percent of the grant). That they do; a Mechanical Engineer earned for the University more than his income last year. It is also the private research contract which supplies cash for research equipment. Private industry is always seeking new technological ideas; not so in the behavioral sciences and humanities. It is easy to see how these areas are the first to feel the effects of a budgetary cut.

A professor of any field needs time for research. This is sometimes accomplished during a sabbatical, or leave of absence from a university. Clemson has just reinstated the sabbatical, after having it suspended. For a while, the faculty was kept in the dark; a vague memo was circulated which read that the State had suspended all sabbaticals at every State-supported school. In reality, this was a purely local event. Politics and a lack of funds were given as the reasons for such a policy. Pressure by the Faculty Council finally caused the sabbatical to be restored. This event exemplifies

the need that most professors here feel for a more open administration. Many professors cry for more say in academic matters. Practices such as changing a student's final grade without the faculty member's approval have professors outraged. Others wish that instead of trying to keep a perfect record, the administration would be more responsive to innovation.

Aside from grappling with administrative shortcomings, professors may face a more serious problem—the eroding level of student capability.

STUDENTS WHO CAN'T THINK

Professors think that too much emphasis is placed on grades, but by students. Grades have always been a questionable means of measuring a student's knowledge, but students seem to want them, and they want good ones. Jobs, and graduate and medical school standards may be causes. Students are demanding better grades, and they seem to be getting them. Changes in grading policies, among other factors, seem to partially account for a near consistent rise in the average G.P.R. at Clemson from 2.10 in 1967 to 2.58 in 1976. The largest jump occurred during 1969, when the "forgiveable F" was initiated. This past year, for the first time in a decade, the average G.P.R. dropped; it is now at 2.56.

Several attitudes toward this issue were given. On one hand the S.A.T. scores of entering freshmen at Clemson have risen, as opposed to the downward national trend. Many liberal arts professors note an improvement in the quality of students, which could reflect some increase in attention given these departments at Clemson. For example, a professor from the English Department said, "Compared to ten years ago, the student now tends to be more industrious and serious. I attribute this to a change in the job market. Now there are not as many jobs for college graduates as there used to be. Today they seem less frivolous".

On the negative side, laments over lost communication and analytical skills were heard. Not only has the ability to communicate declined, but students seem loath to offer their opinions at all. One professor concedes general improvement in the caliber of students, but wishes "they would participate more in open discussion, maybe this is not all their fault!", he continued, "Are we encouraging them to think or to just learn what the professor says and then give it back on tests?" A professor of Mathematics expresses the majority opinion, "Students today can't synthesize knowledge as well as they could in the past". She also attempts a reason; the amount of knowledge which exists has expanded so greatly, teachers must teach more facts, thus giving students less time to chew on really difficult problems.

Probably the most negative comment was given by a professor of the Political Science Department, "Some students are an absolute glee to have, while other students—I can't understand why they are here. I don't find a generalized pursuit of academic excellence. I looked at some of the Homecoming displays and I could tell they took a lot of effort to plan and build and they were well done. I have had students who put more effort in those displays in three days than they put in my class all semester".

How do the students themselves justify their presence at college? From an un-scientific sample, talking informally, most students are here in pursuit of a particular type of job—and at least one did not know why he was here; few are here out of curiosity for a subject.

CLEMSON: THE ENVIRONMENT

Clemson is a different place than it has been. Cultural events are now available, as are many new majors. One professor believes that Clemson has been hurt by the introduction of women; they have created a demand for new majors, which the University must offer at the expense of other departments. Several acquaintances

of one professor, including the former president of AT&T and a "big wheel" from General Electric agree that they "would hire a Clemson graduate over a MIT man any day".

These may be extreme opinions. Clemson still has many problems which need to be solved. Still, a totally negative attitude also lacks foundation. Rather, the following comment may best describe the quality of education at Clemson, "A Clemson degree does well in South Carolina and in the South. It does well compared with other land grant colleges. It doesn't compare with an Ivy-League school, Top Ten, Vanderbilt, and like schools. *We need to let a lot of people know how much we've improved*".



'My Kitty'
black furry
round on my belly
feel the hearth of her
purring.

'Night Sky'
dark veins
Pulsing with the power of the
moon.

K. Barney

Thoughts

... You
are a world
and a thought
away.
There will be no love today
just empty day.
heavy
leadened-dul
day

sinking
falling sway. . .

J. E. Clayton Jr.

F/STOP

- 1 John Hatfeild
- 2 Fred Toulmin
- 3 Ray Smith
- 4 Fred Toulmin
- 5 Doc Holliday

1



2





3



4



5



1 2

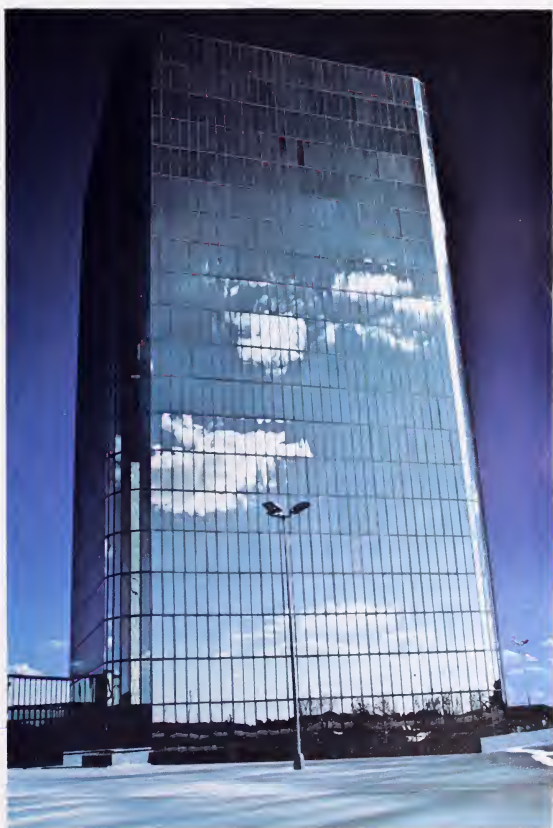
F/STOP

- 1 Donnie Lee
- 2 Ray Smith
- 3 Richard E. Hunton Jr.
- 4 Donnie Lee
- 5 Fred Toulmin
- 6 Fred Toulmin





4



6

I feel the kinship of my ancestors as I don my shabby armor, and prepare for the futile day ahead. The dangers faced will leave scars, and wounds of the mind that will not easily heal, as one day blends with the next. I leave my sanctuary and prepare to do battle. I mount my little burro and ride forth to joust with my windmills. The battle is doomed to the failure that I know awaits me. My only hope is that the battle will not embitter me as it has those that I follow. No, I'm not the first, and I most definitely will not be the last. I go to battle a tiger, and not the type of tiger that you call to mind. This is no noble beast of the jungle. No, not a beast of flesh and blood, but rather one with many heads, and claws that come from areas least expected. This tiger's means of attack is not open. It chooses instead the small scratch that tends to slowly bleed the life blood of its victim. And yes, we are being bled to death, and yet others do not seem to notice our plight.

This is not my first ride. No, my battle has been long, and it has been a battle of survival. But wait, I assume too much. You do not know my story, or the reason for my fight. I will tell it to you as it has been passed down to me. Then you will know my cause. In times long past there was this child, and this child was kept by a tiger. A most unusual tiger. You see the tiger cared for the child, at least in the beginning it did. Yet the good graces of the tiger were to pass. The tiger began to feed the child only barely enough to stay alive. As the child grew the tiger even tried to reduce the amount necessary to sustain the child, but the child still grew! And as it grew its need for more nourishment to carry it to adulthood grew. Yes, this is the slow starvation that the child was subject to. The slow pain caused the child to cry out "Why?", and the tiger answered. But the answer said nothing, and the starvation continued. In its death cries the child was almost ignored, and its cries almost went unanswered. The cries were heard, but not by the tiger. The cries were heard by my ancestors, and the cries were the cries of my ancestors. This treatment is the treatment that causes are made of, and, as those that I have followed, I am assuming it as mine. I try on the mantle that I have chosen, and I am well pleased with it. This is my cause!

In its name I go forth to meet the tiger. Its attack is real and the blood that it draws is not just mine, but yours as well. Do you not remember its sort into your ranks these past few months, and its demand for its blood payment to feed its growing hunger? Our tiger can not be reasoned with. It can hear. It can understand what we say. It can even speak, but its words are as empty as the wind. Yet, in its words lie its greatest danger! The words will lull you into a false sense of security, and then it attacks that little attack. You come away from your encounter damaged and weak, but not really sure of the battle. The beast gets its pound of flesh with great speed, and then it dissolves into the mist.

Into the mist I ride to meet my foe. As I enter the mist the old foreboding returns. The memories of unsuccessful encounters return, and my mind rebels at the thought of still another confrontation with my impassionate enemy. What surprise will the tiger have for me this time? As my palladium is left behind, and the mist consumes my form, I feel the presence of the tiger. The danger presses in with the mist, and the desire to turn and face a sensed danger is upon me. Yet that desire must not be allowed to prevail. My mind must stay clear, and my senses alert, but the alertness must be to real dangers that await me, not those of my imagination. To the side I hear my foe, and I realize that it has been with me for sometime. The tiger's quiet pad shifts from side to side. From time to time on the edge of my hearing I can perceive the deep throated rumble of the tiger, and it rakes against my nerves. Why does it not do something? These thoughts force me to cry out, "Show yourself!" With this challenge a form begins to take shape at the edge of my vision. Before me stands my old adversary. Once again we face each other. The menace crouches and slowly twitches its tail to and fro, and asks, "What do you want of me? Why do you come to my lair in such an angry mood?" "It must be so. I have to face you and we must do battle, until I drive you off, or you strike me down." With my response the mist surrounds the tiger, and he is gone. With every nerve alert, for I know the tiger has not been so easily driven off, I advance to where the tiger had been. With my move comes a roar, and the charge. I slash out as I turn and duck. Flesh on my arm parts as the claws do their damage, and I expect the end. The roar of rage that follows my swing tells me that my blade has been faithful. Neither of us has had a killing blow, but the damage has been done, and we each return to our sanctuary. On my return the arm bleeds freely, and I realize that the tiger has once again drawn the blood of my line.

The bodily damage is light and it will heal, but more and more I dread my meetings with the tiger. One day I will hand my task to another, as it was handed to me. The tiger controls our destiny, and he is still starving us. Despite my dread I will once again go out and fight my futile fight. I'm not the first and as long as there are editors to fight administration to prevent the medias' starvation, I will not be the last!

A Moment

rising, and falling
ever so slightly,
changing, and rolling
following
where the wind has gone
touching the water.

Tiny lights,
here
and there
over here
and over there!
Moonlight seen in fleeting flashes and winks
a random rapid pattern
Like special effects with absent sound.

Tender breeze,
tingling, and cooling
hardly felt; a sense of
moving and sighing.
Like a soft caress
It cools without chilling
moving the grass, or the man.

Standing here,
The music carries. . . .
Can it be heard that far?
Enough to disturb the sleeping
And insensitive, dulled minds?

A smile.
Truth: (my friend)
by God, or chance,
this is real.
This is man
Always, here.

The moon, and its moment of peace—
deep emotion
stirring thoughts
calmly
felt.

Truth is a 'terrible beauty'
And, the world of 'day'
is but half the way.
(here, my friend)
Man was born to dream,
to feel,
and cry.
we were born to think,
and love
to be,
and die.

The blind in eye,
live to hear
and to feel the world.

The blind in heart
and mind
die a sad and desperate death.



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An Attempt at Editorial

it's times like this that i wonder why i wanted to be editor. now i have to try and come up with some kind of editorial, and i don't know where to begin. if it wasn't dark out i would begin by watching all the people walk back and forth to classes, but at night you can't see anything. you would think that after spending three years on the *Chronicle* staff that i could come up with something that is really relevant or earth shattering, but it ain't so. right now all that i seem to be able to come up with is finger exercises with this typewriter, and that ain't good enough.

what should this editorial be about? if i knew that the rest wouldn't be so hard, but it's the idea that always gets you. i could write the standard thank you to the staff, and tell everybody how much i appreciate the help that they have been. but, rossie, baylus, leonard, donnie, ray, anne, angela, barney, john, jeff, richard, susan, jamie, rusty, and tim don't want me to. so i won't get to tell everybody how all of these people whose name you see on the staff page are a lot of help, or at worst a little help. and how all of that help goes to put this mag together. but, they don't want me to say anything about that, and that takes away the possibility of using that time honored tradition as a last editorial. well, so it goes.

the time is getting later, and still the ideas won't come, but my mind keeps wandering to the thought of a pepsi and french fries. one thing that i have always found amazing, and that is how many typing mistakes i can make in just a few lines of type. luckily most of them are caught and corrected before the mag gets to the printer. as i read back over all of what i have written (or is that written, i could never keep them straight), i can't help but think that i have to come up with something. . . and fast.

i could always tell about the times when during paste up, during my first year on the *Chronicle*. that the then editor would go to pieces with laughter when he heard the commercials, "do you know where your children are?" on the radio. there seemed to be something funny in that at the time, or maybe it was just the time (usually around 4 o'clock in the morning). the mind starts doing unusual things during the wee hours of the morning. if only this office could talk, but i suppose that you have to be part of the staff to understand. yea, i guess you do. so i can't write about that, cause most people wouldn't understand.

well i don't seem to be able to get anything going right now, so i might as well get some sleep and see if i can do any better in the morning. my mind has failed me, but i don't guess that that should surprise me, cause its not the first time.

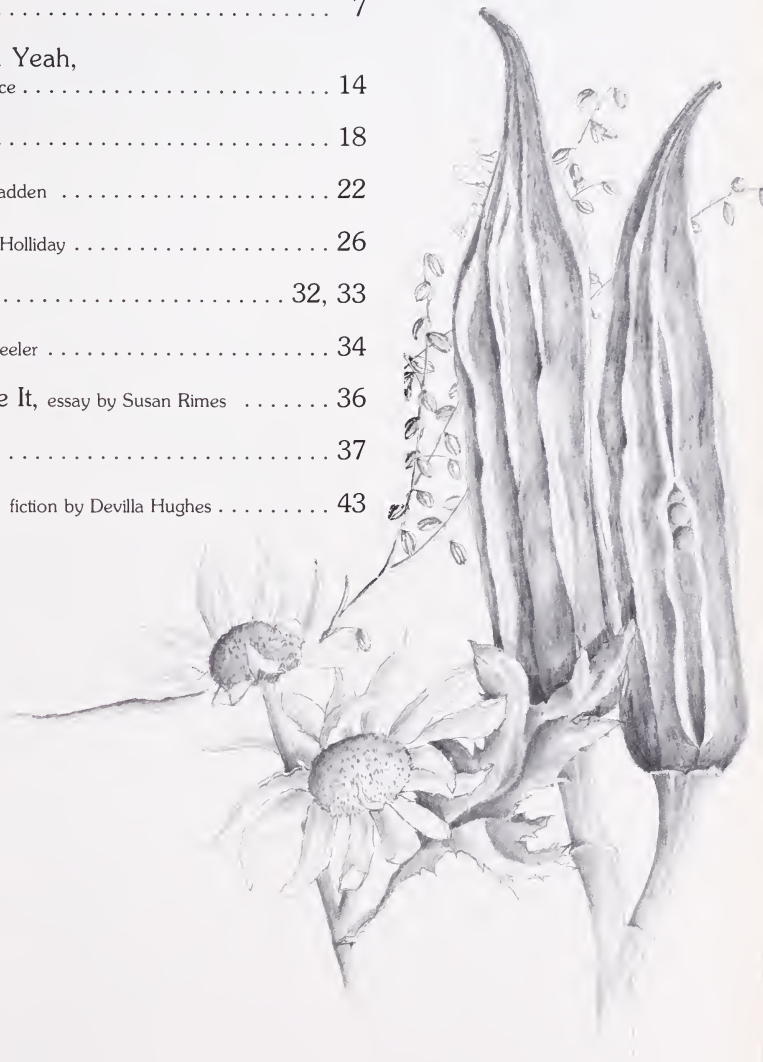
well, it's morning and i'm back at the typewriter. don't have any new ideas, but at least i'm not standing at the window wasting time, or at least not too often. as it has been since my birth, time is running out. i can almost hear some of you say, "yes, but not fast enough." now is the period for the hair pulling and nail biting, the deadline approaches. oh! what will i do. ah, i've got it, i'll thank my wife for her tolerance with me and the organization that has made her a *Chronicle* widow for the past few years. i know what you are thinking, and no we did not just have a fight, and this is not just an attempt to get back in the house. just think about it, how many girlfriends would understand the amount of time that working on a magazine can take. and, everyone knows that wives aren't suppose to understand anything, but mine does. all you hen pecked guys, eat your heart out. but should i write about my personal life this way, and will anybody believe it anyway? i don't guess so, so maybe i should cast my net for another idea.

yet, why do i have to come up with a good idea? i never said that i was smart, at least not when i thought someone would take me seriously. my mind is still a blank. so many things to say but not knowing where to start, that's my problem. why say anything? why try to leave with a bang? the thought of leaving brings mixed feelings. maybe i should just turn and walk away. yeah, that's it. how's that for a great ending, "the job done, and the hero (come on use your imagination) just turns and walks into the sunset." kind of gets you doesn't it? well it's been nice not talking to you. remember there is good with the bad. so it goes.

doc

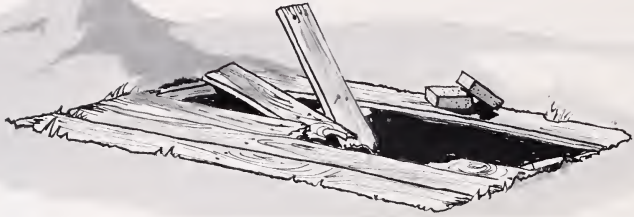
The staff of the *Chronicle* says, "This editorial ain't our fault."

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Beginner's Luck

Alex Robinson



He emerged from the shadow of the old house, into the light of the full moon. It was one in the morning, and he decided he'd feel a lot better when he was home in bed. His heart pounded wildly, as if it knew something he didn't. There was no reason why he should be scared. He had arrived at the old Reynolds' place well after dark. No one had seen him go in through a dining room window, which he had jimmied a few months ago. He had used a flashlight with a red filter, so that he would not be observed from the outside, and so he would have his night vision if he were surprised.

He had made two previous visits to the old house. It had not been occupied since 1962, when the last of the Reynolds sisters died, and at that time it had been more or less cleaned out by distant relatives from the lower part of the state. The three sisters had never married, so there was no one to care about what happened to the house. As they grew older and less able to keep up the buildings and grounds, the place increasingly took on the appearance of a ghost mansion. It was a spacious, turn-of-the-century home, with four bedrooms upstairs, a great semi-circular staircase, and a kitchen in the back. There was also a separate two-car garage of the same white clapboard, and a large barn stood two hundred yards back, hidden by magnolias.

The magnolias were the pride of the three Reynolds sisters. The house was situated on a street corner, and three large, thick magnolias provided

the privacy. One stood on the corner and actually blocked the sidewalk, one guarded the front of the house, and the other, the tallest, stood to the east of the house, on the left. Each sister had a tree named after her: Sarah, Mary, and Betsy.

The burglar was now standing under Betsy, the biggest tree. He was not moving: the dry, brown magnolia leaves made too much noise when he walked. Behind him was the wide front porch, which stretched around to the front of the house. The swing creaked faintly behind him; it was as if someone were in it, napping. No one used the swing any more, because one of the chains had rusted out and broken. The burglar had been scared over to this side of the house when a police car went by, shining its search light down the driveway.

He listened and trembled, sensitized to every sound around him. He could see well on this cloudless night, but he was right now relying on his ears. He heard brushing, scratching noises above him in the tree. He noted the quiet groanings and squeaks of the house. He could hear faraway cars and an even farther away train. He heard other indistinguishable night sounds.

The burglar realized a car was coming up the street in front of him, a side street. To his left was Main Street, and that had been the only one of concern to him before. He hadn't expected anyone on South Second. The station wagon turned right, heading downtown. The Reynolds' house was the last house on the left as one went

out of town, toward the mill communities. The sisters owned the surrounding forty acres, which were bisected diagonally by a creek, and the whole estate would have looked more at home in the country. He watched the car until it went out of sight. He listened and thought. He had left the dining room window open on the other side of the house when he was running from the police car lights, and now he would have to go back and close it. He stood with the comfortable weight of the booty in his backpack pulling him slightly backwards—he guessed that it weighed close to a hundred pounds—and planned his moves.

He had first broken into the house last winter. It was stripped almost bare with a few old rags scattered here and there downstairs, and some bundles of discarded clothes upstairs. All the furniture not bolted down was gone, except for a three-legged chair in the kitchen and a wicker clothes basket in the pantry. Drawers, cabinets, and shelves were empty. Vandals had not yet hit the place, except for one or two broken windows. In one of the upstairs bedrooms the burglar had found a dummy practice grenade that had been used to knock out an enemy window. The burglar had had no luck during his earlier invasions of the house. He had spent a total of about six hours going over every conceivable square inch of the place. His methodical search of each room, beginning upstairs, had, up until tonight, left him empty-handed. He once thought of using a metal de-

tector to check out the floors and walls, but he reasoned that there would be too much interference from pipes and wiring. The last time he was here, Mr. Threatt, who bought the property from the estate of the last sister, had seen him snooping around outside and had accused him of breaking into the house. Threatt had no evidence to back up what he said, and he was a cranky, stingy old man anyway, so the burglar dismissed him as harmless and told him that he was just looking at the house because he was thinking about buying it. The old man was immediately interested, but the burglar said the house was not big enough.

He told Threatt that he was an out-of-town real estate man named John McDonald who wanted to turn it into a boarding house. It was obvious that the old man was aching to get rid of the place, if not at a reasonable price.

"I know the house needs a lot of work, but you'd have to do it anyway if you were going to turn it into rooms for rent."

"It wouldn't be practical. There's not a stick of furniture in the place. I'd have to furnish it all."

"It stays cool all year long, and there's a well out back so you'd have free water."

"Too many problems. I was hoping

it'd be in better shape. I need to be going to look at another. . ."

"Of course I'd take that into account. This is a fine old place."

"I left my car at the gas station. It's getting dark, so I better be heading back. Thanks anyway."

"I'd be willing to clean the place up, turn the lights on so I can show it to you good."

"So long, Mr. Threatt," the burglar said. "You better remember what you paid for it before you go asking for that much money."

"Is that so? I may have gotten a bargain, but that was fifteen years ago. A man's got to make a living."

"You'll be dead before you get sixty for that eyesore. See ya later, old man."

"You're no real estate agent! Come back here, son!"

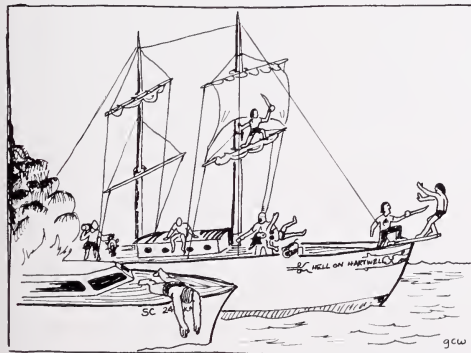
He laughed a little, thinking about Mr. Threatt. His legs were tense and he was tired of standing. He crept back to the open dining room window and silently pulled it down. The weight on his shoulders began to make his movements sluggish, so he walked around to the back porch, lowered the knapsack to the ground, and sat down on the second step.

The burglar had entered the dining room at ten and it was now fifteen after one. His heart had calmed down some and he figured there was no

reason why he should be in a hurry. It hadn't been easy, but it had paid off. He had never done anything like this before, but he thought that he had been pretty good at it. It would have never happened if he hadn't overheard those two old ladies in the grocery store. One of them knew the Reynolds relatives downstate and she was saying that the family never did find out what had happened to all that fine silver they had. They were as proud of it as they were of the magnolias.

At first the families involved suspected each other of having made off with the collection of services, bowls, and dinnerware, but it later became evident that the silver was missing. A thorough search of the house turned up nothing. Nobody really knew how much the sisters had, and the most satisfactory solution that anybody ever came up with was that the silverware had been stolen. But the mystery was never resolved.

At first he didn't think that much about it, but it soon dawned on him that someone simply hadn't looked in the right place for the lost treasure. He began to look at it as more of a challenge than anything else, as if he were competing with someone to find it first. But it had not been as easy as he thought, and his frustration drove him on more frantically. He had to have



THE SAILING CLUB FINALLY PURCHASED A CRUISING BOAT, BUT THEY GOT CARRIED AWAY.



IMMEDIATELY AFTER GRADUATION, PRUNHILDA RE-APPLIED BECAUSE SHE DIDN'T GET A HUSBAND THE SECOND TIME THROUGH, EITHER.

that silver. And now it was on the ground in front of him. When he discovered the hiding place, he knew that the missing silver had to be in it, and he let out a yell when he felt the handle of that tray, but by the time he had cleaned it out he was a little disappointed in the size of the cache. He had expected a chest full of priceless antique silver.

It was all he could do to get everything to fit into his backpack. The silver pieces were wrapped in part of an old quilt that had mostly rotted away. The sisters or sister had hidden it all in the upstairs bathroom that faced the east and served two bedrooms. There was a tall, rusty standing closet in one corner, a kind of medicine cabinet painted white. The only thing in it was an old straight razor, broken in half. With some effort he managed to shift the cabinet over so he could look behind it, and it was then that he found the hiding place. After he removed the board that covered the hole up, he found that an eight by sixteen inch section of the wall had been cut out. The cavity was larger than he would have suspected, and the only thing in it besides the quilt and the silver was a bundle of letters.

He carefully removed everything except the letters: after having some trouble getting the tray out, and packing it all in his bag, he put the quilt in the cabinet and pushed it back up against the wall. He couldn't imagine why anyone would want to put all that stuff in a hole in the wall. He guessed that the last surviving sister did it for peace of mind, or something like that. It would have been funny, he thought, if she had done it to mystify her relatives. Maybe she knew they would squabble over it when she died. Maybe she intended for it to be found when the house was demolished, years later.

It occurred to him that there might be other stuff squirreled away somewhere, but he had no way of knowing. He would have to be content with the silver.

He got up and was putting the backpack on when a car pulled in the

driveway and cut its lights off. Then the engine cut off. He knew he couldn't be seen from where they were, but that didn't comfort him any. The burglar nearly panicked and ran. But no one had gotten out of the car yet. So he quietly made his way back to the barn. He was nearly there when he heard the car door slam. One person maybe.

He was heading around to the left side of the barn when he heard a sharp crack. It seemed to him as if he tripped and hit his head, and then he remembered falling and tumbling downward. When he came to his senses, he was upside down in a crouched position; his neck felt as if it were strained forward to the breaking point. He was mired up in thick mud and it was closing in on his face. He awkwardly managed to right himself, and when he looked up he knew that he was in the well.

He had once heard a dog fall into an uncovered well. It was a dry well and the fall had injured it. It moaned and wailed as if it were trapped in hell and wanted to get out. Two police cars and a fire truck arrived after someone called them, and the dog bit one of the firemen after it had been hauled out.

There would be no calling the police for the burglar. Nor would there be any way for him to get out by himself. He thought about hollering, but he rejected that for the moment; there had to be some way out. He turned his flashlight on and saw that he was knee deep in red mud. The silverware was apparently unharmed.

It was then that someone shouted down to him.

"Are you all right?"

"No, I'm in a well." He didn't know if he should have answered. He was terrified.

"What are you doing on my land? What is that red light?"

"I don't think I'm hurt. Could you get a rope?"

"Shine that light on your face, son."

"I was just taking a short cut through the yard and then I stepped on a rotten board and fell down here. I'm all right."

"I've seen you before. You're that smart-ass real estate guy. What's that you got there?"

"If you just get me out I can explain. I was just taking a short. . ."

"Show me what's in that bag you got there."

He was stuck. Threatt had him cornered. He didn't have a gun and even if he did it wouldn't have done him any good.

"I'll make a deal with you Mr. Threatt. If you get me out I'll split this with you. It's the silver that the Reynolds sisters had that they never could find. I just got it tonight."

"So that's why you were poking around here. I knew you weren't what you said."

"How about it?"

"I got any reason to think you won't knock me over the head when you get up here?"

"If I did you'd tell 'em what happened or they'd find you, and then they'd look for me."

"I'll get a rope. I guess I'll have to get you out anyway. You know I don't like people poking around here."

Threatt was gone for a couple of minutes. The burglar didn't know what he'd do when he was out of the well.

"Here. I'll pull that bag up first and then I'll tie the rope around the tree and you can climb out."

After Threatt had gotten the silver out, he went into the barn and came back with a couple of bricks. The first one missed the burglar, and before he knew what was happening the second one knocked him out cold. Threatt made many trips to the barn and when it was all over he had counted a hundred and thirty bricks. As he was leaving, a low-hanging magnolia branch broke the antenna off his car.



HOWEVER DERANGED, A MOST INGENIOUS ADVERSARY

BY HENRI DE ROOFE

"We got another one, Low," Bakersfield said over the phone. "Better get down here right away."

"Locator Street?"

"Right, Forty-two sixteen."

"All right, be right down." Lieutenant Marlow Ludlow slammed the receiver down on the phone, snatched his trench coat and hat from the rack, and left the office, banging the door behind him.

When he arrived at the scene of the crime, there was the usual crowd of reporters and curious passers-by. "All right," he said. "FBI. Step aside. Step aside."

The on-lookers divided, leaving the reporters still blocking the doorway. Cameras and tape recorders clicked on and note pads rustled. "What's going on in there, officer?" asked one of the reporters, and half a dozen microphones attacked the lieutenant's face.

"FBI, I said. Clear the way."

The mikes recoiled and the equipment clicked off. The barricade parted, and Ludlow entered the apartment.

There were two uniformed policemen in the living room with Ludlow's partner, Fred Bakersfield. The policemen

saluted when Ludlow came in. "At ease, men," he said. Then looking at Bakersfield, he asked. "Where is he?"

"In the kitchen."

Ludlow followed Bakersfield to the kitchen door, then he led the way in. There was a man sitting naked on the water heater with his arms wrapped tightly around his shins and his face buried between his knees. He was rocking slowly back and forth, moaning and sobbing. Lacerations covered his legs, his buttocks, and his hands.

"Same marks," Ludlow said.

"Yeah," Bakersfield said. "Exact same."

At the sound of their voices, the man's head jerked to attention, and his body began to quiver. "Chick?" he said. "Chick?" He looked at Ludlow. "Chick," he said. "I'll do anything you say. . . Anything. Whatever you say, Chick."

"Chick again," Ludlow mused. "Was there a message this time?"

"Yeah," Bakersfield said. He took a piece of paper from the inside pocket of his jacket and gave it to Ludlow. Written in blood, it read:



photo by Julian Lombardi

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イ

イ

Who I am,
is who I
am.
signed,
Chick

"Who I am, is who I am," read Ludlow.

The man on the water heater shrieked, "I know who you are, Chick. I'll do anything you say!"

"Let's get out of here," Ludlow said to Bakersfield, and they went back into the living room. The policemen saluted again.

"At ease."

Ludlow took another look at the message. "Just like the others," he said. "Written with the same instrument he used to make those lacerations."

"Yep," Bakersfield said.

"Well," Ludlow said, "Run it through the routine, check the blood. Make sure it matches his. What did you say his name is?"

"Petri Davison."

"Editor?"

"Yeah, poetry editor—*Muttlantic Monthly*."

"This his place?"

"It appears to be," Bakersfield said. "We found a file cabinet in the back room, full of papers with his name on them. Found some letters addressed to him at this address. Clothes look like they'd fit him."

Ludlow looked around the apartment for a few minutes.

"Have you called an ambulance?" he asked.

"Yeah," Bakersfield said. "Right after I called you. The City Vice Squad is on the way too."

"Well, I'll leave you with the mess," Ludlow said. "Meet you at Salina's?"

"Right," Bakersfield said. "Eight o'clock."

Ludlow left the apartment, paying no attention to the reporters on the front step. He got into his car and drove across town to his own apartment where he shaved and showered. When he had gotten dressed, he sat down to make some phone calls.

"Lorraine?" he said. "Can't make it tonight, Honey. Got a big case on my hands." There was a minute's pause, then, "How about tomorrow night?" Another pause, "Okay, Baby, see you then." He kissed the telephone mouthpiece then hung up and dialed again.

"Glady's? Hi, Sugar. Can't make it tomorrow night. Got a big case on my hands. What about the first of the week?

Tuesday night? Fine. I love you, Baby." He dialed another number.

"Porky? Can you meet me and Fred at Salina's about eight o'clock? Good. See you then." He hung up the phone, and tried once again to put the pieces of this strange case together.

Nothing like this had happened in San Francisco in a long time. This was the third editor of a major magazine in four weeks to be reduced to blubbering idiocy by this madman. There had been seven murders in the same four weeks—all veterinarians. "Vets," he said to himself. He couldn't make the connection.

He and Bakersfield had spent hours upon hours going through the files down at headquarters. Of all the "Chicks" they'd come up with, only two were on the streets. Chico "Chick" la Honnesto had been in for automobile theft and interstate distribution of illegal whiskey, and Naylimp "Chick" Peterbone had been convicted on one of forty-six counts of rape. Chick la Honnesto had not been seen since his escape in a California Highway Department dump truck three years ago, and Chick Peterbone had been released on good behavior after six month's service on the maintenance crew at the California State Correctional Institute for Women. Neither had a murder record, nor for that matter, a background of violence.

Records on the mafia had been searched and re-searched. Murders and maimings of this type were solid indications that organized crime was piddling around with some new ideas, but from the files, Ludlow and Bakersfield couldn't get a single lead. Perhaps Porky would be of some help on the mafia matter. He'd been the pro veterinarian down at Bueno Dingo race track for nearly thirty-eight years, and was a close friend of one of the murdered vets. Ludlow had known him ever since he could remember, as Porky had long been a friend of the family, and Ludlow had always felt him to be a straight shooter.

The phone rang, and Ludlow snapped from his *pensée*. "Ludlow speaking," he said into the phone.

"I'm a witness to this afternoon's incident on Locator Street," said the quivering voice. "Meet me in half an hour at booth seven, Bar del Rucus, Pock en la Cara Avenue." Then he hung up.

Ludlow sprang from the sofa. Thirty minutes was just enough time to allow him to get there.

At Salina's, Lieutenant Bakersfield and Porky waited for Ludlow. They were sitting at the usual table near the back. Bakersfield signaled the waiter to bring another beer.

"It's been twenty minutes," Porky said. "Think Marlow has run into trouble?"

"I don't think so," said Bakersfield. "I'd have got a beep."

"Oh, so you'd have got a beep, huh, Sonny?"

"Yeah."

"Do you mind telling me what a beep is?"

Bakersfield reached for his shirt pocket, but retracted his hand when he saw the waiter approaching the table. When the waiter left, he reached again and pulled out what appeared to be an ordinary fountain pen. "A beeper," he said.

"Looks like an ordinary fountain pen to me," Porky said.

"Well," Bakersfield said, "It's a beeper. Bureau just came out with 'em."

"Is that so?"

"Yeah. If one of us gets in a bind, just beep the beeper."

"Then what?"

"You vets don't know much about law enforcement, do you?" Bakersfield said. "Then you go help your buddy out of the jam."

"How do you know where he is?" Porky asked.

"You don't."

"You don't?"

"They haven't figured that part out yet."

"Then what good is the damn thing?"

"Clam up old man," Bakersfield snarled. "You ain't supposed to know about this anyway." He signaled the waiter for another beer and fixed his gaze on the front entrance. Porky sipped his Martini then craned his neck to see if he could catch a glimpse of Salina, backstage.

Meanwhile, Ludlow had checked out his lead and was leaving the Bar del Rucus when he was accosted by an old friend.

"Low?" she said.

"Why, Louise," he said. "It's been months."

"Yes it has, Low," she said. "Are you well?"

"Couldn't be better," he said. "What are you doing on this side of town?" he asked, slinging a disgusted glance over his shoulder at the Bar del Rucus.

"Well," she said, looking at the toes of her shoes, "I'm living with a poet now, and it's kind of hard to make ends meet."

"Love, love, love," Ludlow said, slowly shaking his head back and forth. "What humble beings it makes of us."

Louise said nothing.

"Would your poet friend mind if you had a drink with me?" he asked.

"I don't think so," she said. "Besides, he's not home right now."

"Hop in the car," he said.

They went to a little, out-of-the-way club called Lure Amour on Mar Vista Boulevard where they talked about the past and how things had changed.

"You know, Louise, I came that close to falling in love with you," Ludlow said, touching the first joint on his index finger with his thumb.

"I know you did," she said. "But I knew from the start that you'd regret it if you did. That's one of the reasons I went to New York."

"Well, Kid," he said. "I still like you a lot."

It was seven-thirty when they left the Lure Amour for his apartment, but Ludlow didn't notice. Louise had always been an extreme distraction for him.

He took a bottle of Christian Brothers from under the bar and poured two glasses.

"It's not Bordeaux," he said. "But it will do."

She smiled and took the glass of wine. "I'm sure it will," she said, "but I'm high enough just being here with you."

"Now that's poetic," he said. "Here, why don't we sit on the couch?"

He turned a dial at the bar, dimming the lights, and they snuggled up on the sofa.

"You know," Porky said, "there ought to be a woman like Salina in every man's arms, every day of the week."

"Bull," Bakersfield said.

"Well, I guess you wouldn't know about that anyway," Porky said.

"I can tell you one thing," Bakersfield said, his head beginning to sway. "There ain't a woman in the world worth the trouble she'll cause."

"I'll bet it's been ten years since you've even touched a woman," Porky said.

"Listen here, old man," Bakersfield said, "I got more affection for my .38 than any woman—ever." He signaled the waiter for another beer. "Besides," he said. "What would you know about a woman's touch? The closest thing you ever got to it was a sick filly."

"Filly, indeed, my good man," Porky said, firmly setting his chin. "I've courted many a high-spirited lass, not the least of whom was Salina herself."

"What?" Bakersfield said.

"I said, I've courted lots of women, and Salina was one of the best."

Bakersfield turned up his fifth glass of beer and burped as the waiter set his sixth on the table. "Put it on the tab," he muttered. "Used to go out with Salina, huh?"

"Years ago," Porky said.

"Broke your heart, didn't she?"

"She did not," Porky said. "A woman with a good singing career ahead of her can't take on the responsibilities of love. I understood that."

"Bull," Bakersfield said. "You're a damned old fool."

Porky ordered another Martini.

"Oh, Low!" she said. "You're such a man. Put your hand here," she moaned, placing his hand on her breast. "Kiss me, Low. Kiss me low."

By eight forty-five, the wine had swept all inhibitions under the rug and a passionate struggle had begun to batter the sofa. Lieutenant Ludlow and his love-starved mistress rolled and tumbled from one end of the sofa to the

other—at one moment, stretching the length of it, at the next, tangled in a burning convolution at one or the other end. Such intense expression of emotion is often the case with long-parted lovers. It's enough to cause a man to accidentally sound his beeper.

"Oh, Louise," he said. "I was a fool to let you leave."

Salina was wrapping up the first set with a Hogie Carmichael number from the early forties. The tempo was fast and the band was cooking.

"What's that I hear?" asked Porky.

"Some people call it music," Bakersfield slobbered. He sat up straight in the chair, as if he might have had a knife in his back, but the dull expression on his face would have discounted that theory. He could not have seen the waiter, but he called for another beer.

The number ended and as the applause tapered to a single pair of hands clapping and to general moving about, Porky asked, "What's that I hear?"

Bakersfield didn't answer, but about the time the waiter arrived with his beer, Bakersfield's eyes popped open in wide, vacant ovals. "Oh," he said. "O-o-o-oh!" he shouted. And he began to jerk. There was a small cloud of smoke seeping out from the lapel of his coat. He began to jerk more violently and fell to the floor flapping like a fish. "O-o-o-oh!" he shouted. "My beeper's got a short in it!"

Porky stood up and stared in amazement at Bakersfield.

"Oh my lord!" a woman from somewhere nearby screamed. "That man's gone berserk!"

For a time, Salina's Opulent Oasis was in an uproar, but thanks to Porky's quick thinking, the beeper was removed by using a pair of rubber gloves from the kitchen.

"Listen," Bakersfield said, as he came back to his senses. "Ludlow's in a stew."

Porky helped him up from the floor. "What do we do?" he asked.

"We'll go by his place first. See if there's any clue to his whereabouts."

Ludlow and Louise were rolling on the floor when the door burst off its hinges and Bakersfield and Porky came in.

"Low!" Bakersfield said, as if he'd seen a ghost. "What! . . . You're here. . . the beeper!"

Ludlow sat up with his back against the sofa. "Fred," he said. "Fred, Fred, Fred. What have you done to my door?"

"Sorry, Low. . . the beeper," Bakersfield said. "Where have you been?"

Ludlow ran his fingers through his hair and rubbed his face. "Let's see," he said. "There was a witness."

"A witness?" Bakersfield said.

"Yeah," Ludlow said, then he turned to Louise who had stood up to tuck in her blouse. "Honey, you better take a taxi home. I'll meet you same place tomorrow at noon." He gave her a fifty dollar bill. "And buy yourself something pretty."

She took the bill, kissed him, and left, eyeing Bakersfield with contempt.

"Yeah," Ludlow said. "There was a witness, but he turned out to be a loony. Make some coffee will you?"

Porky went to the kitchen.

"What about this witness?" Bakersfield said. "What did he say?"

"Said he saw a chicken leaving the rear entrance to Davison's apartment."

"Damn," Bakersfield said. "Should've run that screwball in."

"I would've but he looked like a junkie, and I didn't feel like hassling with it."

"What else did he say?"

"Just crazy things. Said the chicken was wearing a tux and a top hat. Said he was smoking a cigar—scratching around the doorstep. Said he evacuated a time or two, then left through the alley."

"Evacuated?"

"Yeah," Ludlow said. "Hey, Porky." Porky stuck his head in from the kitchen. "Come here. What's the mafia doing down at the tracks these days?"

"Nothing, Low," he said. "At least not that I know of."

"Then why veterinarians?"

"I wish I could say, but the tracks have been straight since that bust three months ago."

"Well, you dig around and see if you can find out if any of the horses are being doped."

"All right, but I think I'd know about it by now if anything was going on."

"And if anybody approaches you about it, play along with him, and get in touch with me as soon as you can."

"Right, Low. If that's all, I think I'll go on home. This night has been a little too much excitement for me."

"Okay, old friend. Take care of yourself."

"Fred," Ludlow said. "Check out that back doorstep first thing in the morning."

"You don't think there's anything to that, do you?" said Bakersfield.

"No, but check it out anyway."

"A chicken," Bakersfield scoffed.

"Let's get this door back up before you leave," Ludlow said.

Next morning, Ludlow started going through the back issues of the magazines whose editors had been intimidated by the killer. Nothing, absolutely nothing, within those pages seemed so defamatory as to warrant such a bizarre retribution. From eight until eleven he studied them until suddenly it dawned on him that perhaps the new issues would reveal some useful clues. He looked at

his calendar. The *Muttlantic Monthly* was probably already on the stands, and some of the others would be too. He got his coat and hat, and left the office, deciding to pick up the new magazines on his way over to meet Louise.

She was waiting on the curb, so he pulled up and reached across the front seat to open the door. "Hop in." "Hi," she said, as she got in. "Where are we going?" "I thought we might just go down to Bay Park. We can get sandwiches there and eat on the lawn."

"Oh that sounds lovely," she said. "I see you bought the new *Muttlantic Monthly*." She picked up the magazine and went straight for the table of contents. "Poulet has a poem in here this month."

"Poulet?" Ludlow asked.

"My boyfriend. Or as you say, my poet friend."

"Oh," he said.

"Want me to read it?" she asked.

"Maybe later," he said. "When we get to the park."

On the lawn, they spread a quilt under the shade of an oak and had lunch.

"Are your friends always so abrupt?" she asked.

Ludlow chuckled. "That's just Fred," he said. "He's highly excitable at times."

"Highly excitable, huh," she said raising her eyebrows and exploring the inside of her cheek with her tongue.

"My beeper must have gone off last night while we were . . . um . . . messing around."

"Your beeper?" she asked.

"Yeah," he said. He looked to be sure that no one was around, then he showed her his beeper.

"My, my," she said. "What an interesting looking instrument. Looks like an ordinary fountain pen, except it's bigger."

"We all have one," he said. "Well, anyway, mine must

have gotten rubbed. I guess it went off and warned Fred that I was hot."

She smiled: "You certainly were," she said. "You are the most fantastic man I've ever known, Low."

He took a drink of cola. "Tell me about this poet friend of yours," he said.

"He's a very intelligent man," she said. "He's studied at Vanderbilt, Yale, even Oxford in England, but he's not at all like you, Low."

"Well, we can't all be the same, now can we?" Ludlow said.

"I guess not," she said.

"I don't know. He's so loving and tender at times that I'd marry him in a flash. But sometimes, he is such a brat."

"What do you mean?"

"He's a people watcher, I guess you could say, and sometimes he's very snobbish and condescending, as if he were more important than anybody else."

"Well, we're all that way sometimes," Ludlow said.

"Don't you think?"

"Yes, but he's so cold and bitter about it. I think he's really disappointed with himself. He must feel inadequate—but he won't admit it." She looked out toward the bay, then back to Ludlow. "He's an intellectual lion, but he's a physical chicken. For the time I've known him, he hasn't done a thing. He just doesn't do anything but think and write."

"I guess if he's a good poet, it doesn't matter."

"Oh, he's good—I think. Let me read this poem, and you tell me what you think."

She read:

I Am Only Myself

by

Poulet Pen Warden

I never know what I have lost,

or what I have found.

I am only myself,

and that's all.

Continue to walk on the world.

Oh people, I love it!

I continue to walk on the world.

"Well?"

"I am only myself, huh?"

"Unhuh."

"Sounds like he's satisfied with himself to me."

"Well, you might say this is his ideal self."



THE PSYCHOLOGY DEPARTMENT HIRED A NEW PROF, REPORTEDLY OBTAINED DIRECTLY FROM THE STAFF OF A WORLD-FAMOUS SANATORIUM.

"I am only myself," Ludlow said again. "Something about that line. What did you say his name is?"

"Poulet Pen Warden."

"Poulet, that's an odd name."

"French, I think, for chicken," she said. "His friends call him Chick."

"What does he look like, Louise?"

"Oh, you know. . . average," she said, her face flushing slightly.

"What does that mean? What's average?"

She hesitated. "Well, he may be a little smaller than average. He's a sharp dresser."

"I want to meet him," he said in a hurry.

"Oh you can't possibly mean that, Low."

"Sure I do," he said, standing up.

"The two of you wouldn't get along well at all."

"Why do you say that?"

"You just wouldn't, Low. He's very eccentric."

"Oh, I don't mind. I think we might have something in common."

"What could you possibly have in common with Poulet?"

"A thorough knowledge of a certain subject, you might say," he said. "Let's go."

He offered his hand and helped her up, then he began folding the quilt.

"Well at least not today, Low," she pleaded.

"Why not?"

"He's been sick lately and very hateful. He's been to several veteri. . . uh, doctors. . . here in San Fransico and none of them has been able to help him."

"You started to say veterinarians didn't you, Louise?"

"No, Low. Well, that was just a slip of the tongue."

"Come on," he said. And they headed for the car.

At Poulet's flat, they found him reciting poetry, perched on a roost high in the far corner of the bathroom just over the toilet.

"Chick," Ludlow said. "Lieutenant Marlow Ludlow, FBI. You're under arrest for murder."

Louise screamed. "No, that's impossible," she whimpered, her eyes slightly crossing.

"Oh no you don't," Poulet said. "I'm a great poet."

"You may be a good poet," Ludlow said. "But you're not a great one. And your time is up."

"No way, Baby," Poulet said. "I'm gonna fly this coup. Now get out of my way."

"Chick, let's do it my way and I'll see if I can't get the judge to go easy on you."

"I've killed seven veterinarians because they can't cure me of rabies. I've driven three editors insane to get my poems published. You think a judge would go easy on me? Get out of the way, fuzz, or I'll give the rabies to you."

With that, he flew directly toward Ludlow. Louise screamed again, and in a maneuver unsurpassed in human physical coordination, Ludlow stooped, then

quickly reached up and clinched Poulet by the throat and started swinging him around in a broad circle. He snapped his wrist and let the chicken fall to the floor.

Wiping the rabid foam from his lapel and sleeve, he walked over to Louise who was sobbing on the floor in the hall.

"It's going to be all right, Honey," he said. He helped her up, and they went into the living room.

"I knew he could be cruel, Low, but I didn't know he would murder anyone," Louise said.

"I know, Honey. It's all over now."

Ludlow was drying her eyes with a handkerchief when suddenly, the door burst off its hinges, revealing Bakersfield holding his .38 solidly with both hands. Seeing Ludlow, he relaxed and walked in over the door.

"Your beeper went off," he said. "Saw your car out front, and heard a commotion in here."

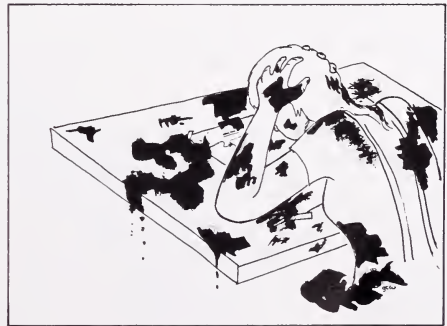
"Fred," Ludlow said. "Fred, Fred, Fred. What are we going to do about all these doors?"

Bakersfield muttered something incoherent.

"Call in the boys, Fred. I'm going to take Miss Stroak over to my apartment and calm her down. I'll write up my report in the morning."

Louise gathered a few clothes together and they left.

On the street, a warm breeze was blowing off the Pacific, and a marching band was playing the *Star-Spangled Banner*. No one was aware of the justice rendered by the man who hopped in his car, and drove away with the girl who had captured his heart.



MARY JANE HOPWHISTLE FAILED ONCE AGAIN TO PASS GRAPHICS DESIGN.



In a culture that thrives on the sensual disco sounds of the Bee Gees and Earth, Wind, and Fire, organized dance forms are also coming into their own. Box office receipts for movies such as *Saturday Night Fever* and *The Turning Point* not only indicate the growing popularity of dance as a participatory, but also as a spectator sport. Man has danced his way across the stage of recorded history in many ways and forms and to greater and lesser degrees. A look at our own university scene today reveals an upswing in the interest in dance, both organized and free-style.

According to Bill Mandicott, Assistant Program Director of the Student Union, the interest in dance has increased tenfold in the last year, even though there seems to be a few obstacles in the stream of interest: "The main problem with Clemson is the inadequate facilities for dance, because the interest is there in the college and the community. Money is also a problem, since the agricultural programs and sports programs seem to take most of it." Mandicott also stressed the importance of making the administration aware of the interest in dance: "I feel that the students will push for less money going towards athletics and more towards the arts."

WE SHOULD BE

DANCING

...YEAH
by Anne Pearce
& Lisa Marsh

So, what dance opportunities are available to the student? Few realize the possibility of dance outside of the Corporation, and the Book Store, though there are several.

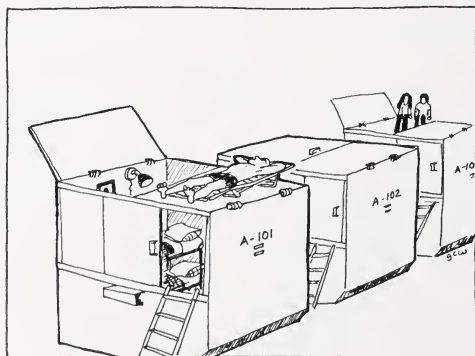
While the university curriculum does not list a regular ballet course, the Leisure Studies program does offer a class for modern dance at 9:30 AM on Wednesdays and Fridays and at 8:00 AM on Tuesdays and Thursdays for those who have their mornings free and are willing to sacrifice sleep and breakfast for good exercise. Dance instructor Mabel Wynn feels that there are two possible avenues for the student through modern dance: the classically trained dancer can expand his or her cultural horizon and the beginner can develop a basic introductory or background "dance vocabulary."

English professor Dixie Hickman who helped choreograph *Once Upon A Mattress* says she likes to teach modern dance best because it pulls together all sorts of disciplines: "A lot of people are interested in dance in a lot of surprising ways, and I wouldn't be surprised if a lot of these people have talent. A lot of coaches have dance classes for their players—stretching exercises are especially good." Agility and control are some of the many assets that can be gained from dancing classes, Ms. Hickman said.

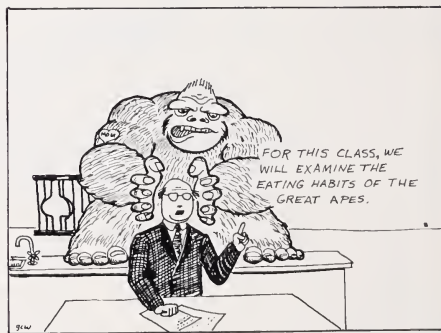
Students Leslie Flint and Cindy Gaertner recognized the need to form a group to bring together experienced dancers to exchange ideas and to teach those who wanted to learn the techniques of formal dance. As a result of their interest, work, and persistence, the Clemson Dancers became an official group funded by the student government in the spring of 1977. Membership since that time has gone from twelve to sixty-five — most of whom assist in shows, workshops, and classes sponsored by the Clemson Dancers. The group was going strong enough last fall that it was able to put on "Kinetic Collection," a dance production featuring folk, modern, and ballet dances and including a thirty-five member cast. Classes held by Jennifer Smith, Cathy Gaertner, and Leslie Flint help fill in some of the gaps a lack of university dance classes have left.

Another form of organized dance, clogging, has been going strong. Bill Brown, Director of the Wesley Foundation, started teaching clogging in short courses for the Student Union two or three years ago. He now teaches it on Monday nights at the Wesley Foundation. Brown noticed that people who enjoy bluegrass also seem to enjoy clogging. As he put it, the two go together as a cultural package. His description of clogging boils down to a basic picture of robust and good old-fashioned fun.

No matter what the dance is done in — whether it be in skimpy tights with bare feet, heavy boots, pink satin ballet shoes, or the "polyester look"— dance is beginning to take a bigger place in student life. What could this trend mean?



A BRILLIANT MAN NAMED DEMPSEY
CAME UP WITH AN ANSWER TO THE
CAMPUS HOUSING SHORTAGE.



THERE WAS A GREAT DEAL OF EXCITEMENT
IN ZOOLOGY ONE MORNING.

One explanation could be that dance is ultimately not just physical movement; it is not simply an art combining music, athletics, and intellect; it is not only good exercise—it is also a means of escape into music, into the self. Once over initial inhibitions, many people have discovered the simple satisfaction of self-expression that can be found in dance. Dance is and always has been a universal language, whether of the self or of the community. Perhaps the essential need for such a unifying element in the splintered world of today explains the rising trend of social dancing such as the disco “Walk” and clogging and the growth of interest in organized dance. Whatever the case may be, we should be dancing. Yeah!



FOR SOME INEXPLICABLE REASON, THE STUDENT NURSES WENT ON A RAMPAGE. CHAIRS WENT UNUSED FOR SEVERAL DAYS.



STRANGE GOINGS-ON OCCURED IN BIOCHEMICAL RESEARCH.

F/STOP

Ray Smith



David Fisher





John Hatfield

Tim Chamblee







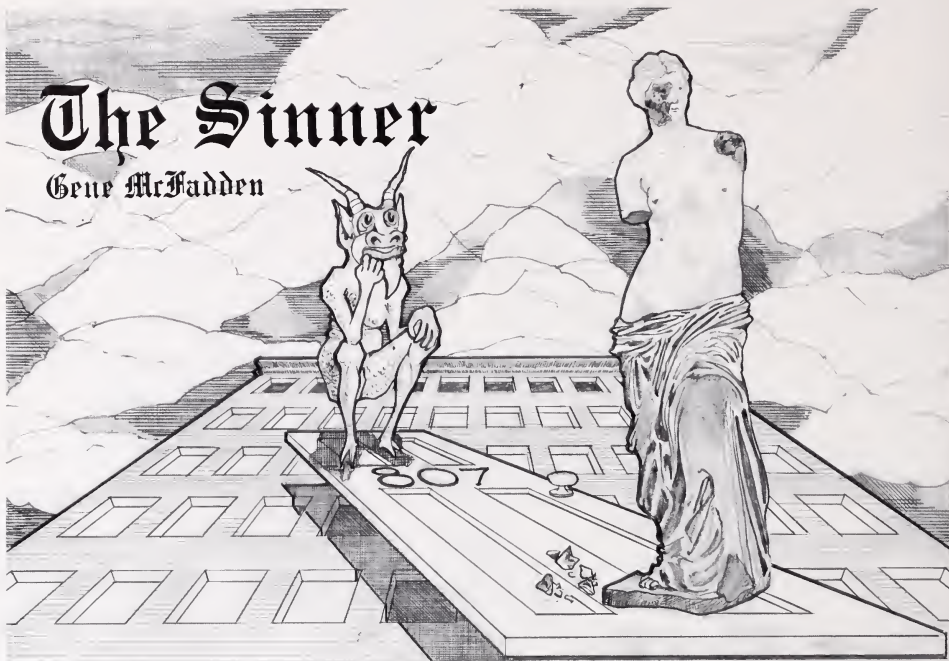
Tim Chamberlee



Fred
Toulman



John Hatfield



"For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

Romans 3:23

It is raining again, just as it had that night three years ago. I don't like the rain anyway, especially when it's cold. I hate it when my hair gets soaked and sticks to my forehead. Warm rain I can stand, but cold rain drives me crazy. Cold rain has a way of seeping through my clothes and making me miserable, particularly my back. Umbrellas don't help any, they only turn the drops into a fine mist.

It happened on a Sunday night. Reverend Hendricks had given an inspiring sermon, one that prompted Mrs. Waterby to go into a series of "amen's" as he reached a climax. Art Poole, who ordinarily slept from the opening scripture until the invitation hymn, was wide awake. I was emotionally moved by the sermon and

decided that the time was right to talk to Melinda. I had talked with her about her life in general before, but I had never seriously talked with her about Christianity. I understood her unwillingness to talk about the subject, because she thought the death of her parents was some sort of punishment from God. She had visited the church several times, but after each visit she became depressed and confused. I tried to explain to her that God didn't punish people like that, but she wouldn't listen. For some reason I felt that night would be different.

I drove to the Dixie Pride Hotel, a filthy, condemned wreck. The concrete pillars, added to give the hotel a Roman-palace look, were supported by wooden braces and the white paint was peeling. Several lights were out in the sign and if you looked at the building long enough it looked like it was leaning a little. Inside it was even worse. The chandelier, with only three bulbs burning, cast a dim glow

through the lobby and the coat of dust on the defaced Venus statue indicated that the room hadn't been cleaned in ages. There was an empty coat rack in the corner leaning against the wall and the mail slots behind the desk were filled with cobwebs. Melinda worked in the restaurant next door and she didn't make much money. The landlord of the hotel had made a special deal with her. He gave her a discount for living on the eighth floor, the top, because none of the older occupants liked to climb that many steps. The elevator had been out of order for years and nobody ever bothered to fix it.

I walked to the stairs breathing carefully; I didn't like to breathe air I could see. I started up. Each and every board in the wooden stairs creaked as I went up. The handrail wobbled and was out in places. I was relieved when I reached the top. The hallway was nearly dark and I had to squint to see the "807" on her door. I knocked and heard running inside

and a door slamming. It seemed odd to me, because Melinda lived alone and the only guest she ever had was me, but I didn't let it bother me. The door opened and a sweating, shaking, blond haired girl stood in front of me. It was not the Melinda I was used to seeing. She was wearing a blue bath robe that covered her to slightly above the knees and her face had an ugly yellow tint. She looked much older than twenty-two and I could tell she was afraid.

"Melinda, are you alright?"

"Yes, what do you want?"

Her tone was cold and she was almost in tears.

"Melinda, what's the matter?"

"Nothing, listen. . .I'm okay."

"Can I come in?"

"No, I'm sorry, Ed. I'm really busy."

"I want to talk to you."

"Ed, I can't talk right now. Can you come back later?"

She never called me "Ed", but "Mr. Hinson" and this bothered me.

"Melinda, something is wrong and I can tell it. I wish you would tell me."

"I'm just depressed and I don't want you to see me like this. Please, come back later."

"I need to talk to you about something very important. It's been on my mind for a long time."

"What's it about?"

"I can't tell you."

"Then I can't listen."

"I mean I can't tell you out here."

"I can't let you in."

"Why not?"

"I just don't feel like talking right now. Please, leave me alone."

"Melinda, that's not like you at all to. . ."

She started to close the door, but I stopped her. She had a funny look on her face. It was an angered, confused look and I didn't like it.

"I came here to talk to you for your own good, young lady."

"I don't want to hear it."

She was crying now and pleading with me.

"I wanted to talk to you about Christ's place in your life."

"Get out of here. Get out and don't

ever come back."

"But Melinda. . ."

"You're a hypocrite. Leave me alone. I don't ever want to see you again."

She slammed the door in my face. At first my pride was hurt. I was there to talk to her for her own good and she wouldn't listen. I was the good one and she was the bad one and she wouldn't even listen. Then I realized that something had to be wrong. She would never have acted like that unless something was wrong. She was so pale and afraid. I knocked again. The door was opened by a black man. He was tall, with bull shoulders and weight-lifters' arms.

"The lady doesn't want to see you."

"Who are you? What are you doing here?"

The black man grunted and shook his head.

"Where's Melinda? What have you done to her? Melinda, are you alright?"

I saw his hammer fist leave his side. He pulled it back in a smooth motion and I saw it as it came toward my face. It was black and shining and I saw the curly hair around the knuckles, then I saw nothing. I remember waking and wobbling to my feet. The room was empty. The curtain on the window was pulled out by the draft and it was raining in, soaking the wooden floor. I stumbled down the stairs and through the lobby. Outside a large crowd had gathered in the alley. I was dazed and confused, but I was also curious.

"Get back everybody!" I heard a man wearing a tan raincoat shout. I saw the veins in his neck stick out and him motion frantically with his arms. He pushed a fat man with a white tee-shirt in the stomach, then jerked his collar with his index finger and stretched his neck. The crowd moved back for a minute, then pushed forward. They strained their necks and bobbed their heads for a glimpse of anything.

"Frank, see if you can get those people out of the way before the ambulance gets here," the man said. He brushed the soaked strings of hair

from his eyes.

Frank moved into the crowd on the other man's orders and was bombarded with questions.

"What happened, officer?"

"Is she dead?"

"Was she robbed?"

I was afraid, but my curiosity pulled me deeper into the crowd. Frank bumped into me, but walked on.

"Back everyone. . .make way for the ambulance. . .step back please, sir. . .everyone back please."

Flashing red lights sent a fresh murmur through the crowd.

"The ambulance is here, Jim," Frank yelled.

The crowd parted as Frank moved through it. An uncertain path was left in his wake as he reached the street. The ambulance backed into the alley with Frank walking ahead making sure the way was clear.

"How is she?" Frank asked.

I was close enough to reach out and touch her, if I stretched. Blood was puddled around her, but her face, except for the red in the corners of her mouth, was washed clean by the rain. Her skin looked transparent and her soaked hair looked almost brown. Her eyes were open, but they didn't blink as the rain hit. Her left leg was folded under her body. Jim was hunched over her, lifting her head from the ground with both hands.

"She's dead."

The ambulance attendants picked up the girl and put her on the stretcher, covering her head with the sheet. They lifted the stretcher and rolled it into the back of the ambulance.

"I'm gonna ride with her, Frank. I'll make a positive identification of the body and file a report."

He pulled at his collar with his index finger again and stretched his neck.

"Do you need me?"

"No, why don't you stick around and see if you can find out anything from the crowd. Maybe you can find an eyewitness or something."

I saw the ambulance drive away, its red lights flashing on the walls and the people. I had a funny feeling after it left and Frank started questioning the

people. What if somebody had seen me at her door? I thought at first maybe I should speak, but as I picked up bits and pieces from the crowd I changed my mind.

"It was horrible! Eight stories down. . ."

"I think I saw her fall."

"...and she was pushed, she had to be pushed."

"I heard this scream and I ran out of the restaurant and there she was."

"...and this guy went up to her room and I heard a lot of noise. I think they got in a fight."

"I've seen him here before. I don't know who he is though."

"Do you remember what he looked like?"

"Not exactly, but I remember a little about him."

They were crazy. They thought I did it. I remember a fat lady with greasy hair standing there picking at a scab on her elbow. She said she had seen the whole thing. I should have hit her right between the eyes. She deserved it. She hadn't seen a thing.

I didn't know what to do. I was scared and confused. Why hadn't anyone seen the black man? It didn't make sense. I decided that the best thing for me to do, the only thing for me to do, was to tell the truth. I waited

for the crowd to thin. I hung around out of the way till the photographers finished and went upstairs. I stopped the officer as he started up the hotel steps.

"Officer."

"Yes."

"I'm Ed Hinson."

"What can I do for you, Ed?"

"I don't know exactly how to say this, but I think I'm the man you're looking for."

"You mean you pushed the girl out the window."

"No, but I'm the man all those people were telling you about."

"Maybe you should explain yourself. Do you want a lawyer?"

"No. Listen, why don't we get out of the rain and I'll tell you the whole story."

It was raining harder and little rivers were forming along the curbs. On the street I could see "D xie ride Ho el" in a slippery reflection. We ran up the steps and into the lobby. We sat in two battered chairs with a coffee table between us.

"Okay, Mr. Hinson. Give me the whole story."

"A black guy did it. . .he hit me in the face..see. . ."

"Tell me everything, please."

"Well, it all started after church

when I decided to visit Melinda. Her parents are dead, so I liked to drop in and see how she was every now and then."

"Do you remember what time it was?"

"I'm not sure. . .church was over at seven. . .it must have been about seven-thirty."

"Seven-thirty."

Frank was scribbling in a note pad.

"I knocked on her door and she came, but she wouldn't let me in. It was strange. She was sweating and rude. She never acted like that before. And she called me by my first name, she never did that, she always called me 'Mr. Hinson.'"

"Always called you 'Mr. Hinson.'"

"He must have been in there then or she wouldn't have acted that way. Anyway, I knocked again and there he was, this big, black guy. He said she didn't want to see me and I asked who he was and he hit me."

"He hit you. With his fist?"

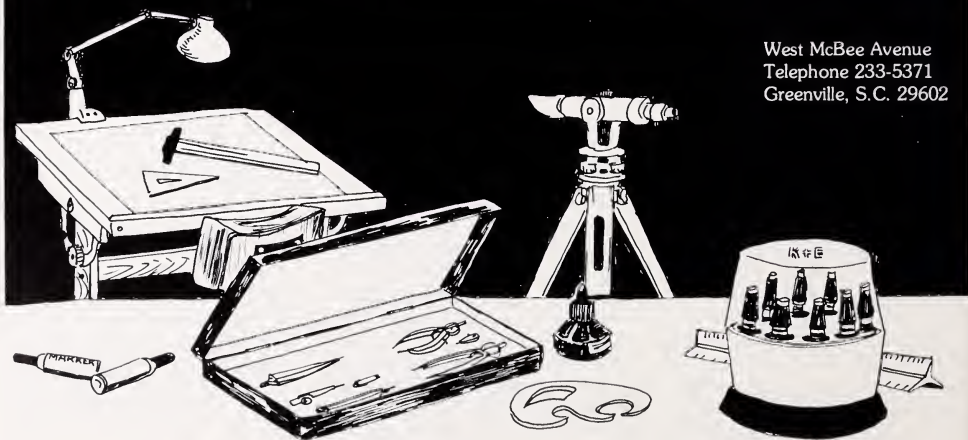
"Yeah, it knocked me out. I woke up and went downstairs and saw the crowd."

"Why didn't you speak up sooner?"

"I was scared."

"Mr. Hinson, we'll have to go down to the station for some more

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questions."

"Are you going to put me in jail?"

"I don't think so, but it's not my decision. Do you have your car here?"

"Yes sir, it's out front."

"Why don't you lock it up. I'm gonna run upstairs and see how things are going, then we'll go to the station."

The rain was lighter when I went outside again. I could see the chalk outline of the body as I walked to my car. I thought there was a slight indentation in the pavement, but it could have been a reflection. I got in on the passenger side and leaned across to lock the door.

"Crawl in and drive."

I looked over the seat and into the barrel of a gun. I recognized the fist on the gun and decided I had better cooperate.

"Where to?"

"Just drive 'til I say stop."

I started the car and pulled out.

"Hey look, there's a cop up there waiting to take me to the station. If I'm not there I'll be in trouble."

"When they find you they won't need an explanation."

"Don't shoot me. I'll never tell a thing. Please don't kill me."

"It's too late. It's either me or you, and it ain't gonna be me."

"Listen, I'll do anything. I'll leave town. . . start a new life. . . they'll never find me and I'll never tell a soul."

"They'll find you when I get through with you and the only ones you'll be telling will be souls."

"Why did you kill her?"

"There don't have to be a reason."

"Why do you have to kill me?"

"That's a stupid question."

"Look, if you want money you can have every penny I've got."

"All I want is to see you dead."

"What did I do wrong?"

"You showed up at the wrong place at the wrong time."

I drove on without saying anything. Trying to reason with the gorilla was useless. I was driving down a dirtroad in a place I had never been before.

"Stop."

I slowed and pulled the car over.

"Get out and turn around."

I did as he said. I was shaking all over and my palms and underarms were soaked.

"Please, for God's sake don't kill me."

"You sure do talk a lot."

"God, please save me."

"Sorry, honkey."

The doctors told me I was lucky to be alive, but I already knew that. I was shot twice in the stomach and once in the head. I was shot in the stomach first and fell forward. The shot at my head grazed me over my left eye and cracked my skull, but no serious damage was done. If the shot had been a little bit more to the right either I would have been dead or a vegetable. I was in the hospital for a long time. One of the shots in the stomach temporarily paralyzed me from the waist down. Even after I got out of the hospital I suffered. Knowing he was still free worried me. Many nights I dreamed of Melinda and the black man and woke cringing in pain. I checked with the police regularly, hoping somehow they would find him, but they never did. I kept a gun in my glove compartment and under my pillow and even practiced at the pistol range until I was fairly good. Time never lessened my anger, instead it grew stronger. I found myself fighting a losing battle with my job and friends, because I became obsessed with hatred. Since the black man was not around to concentrate my hatred on, I took it out on all black

men. I was rude and discourteous to all blacks in any circumstances. It was satisfying for a while, but eventually even this was not enough.

Tonight it happened again, almost just as it had before. After church I ran to my car, trying not to get too wet in the rain. I jumped in the car and started it up.

"Drive."

I recognized the voice and didn't argue with the cold steel I felt next to my neck.

"It's been three years. I thought you had forgotten about me. At least I was hoping you had."

"I ain't never forgot, not since the day I saw in the paper you was alive."

"Where have you been?"

"Underground. They would never find me."

"Why did you come back?"

"I never leave unfinished business."

"I don't guess it would do much good for me to plead, would it?"

"Nope."

I was driving down the same dirt road again.

"Stop."

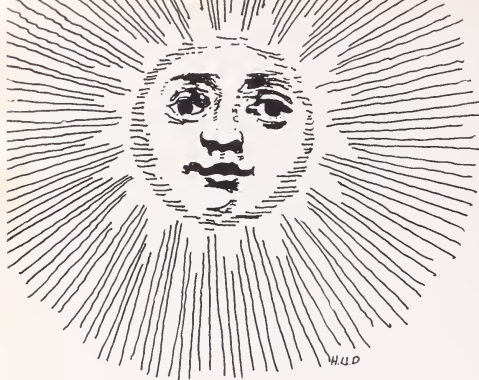
I slammed on the brakes and the car skidded sideways. I braced myself, but the black man didn't. He hit the back of the front seat hard and I dove for the glove compartment. I fumbled with the latch for a second, then pulled the gun out. The black man sat dazed on the back seat. I didn't hesitate.

Now I have victory, sweet victory. He is lying at my feet next to the car still with that dazed look on his face. The blood is beginning to form frothy, pink puddles and the rain is making his hair wet and matted. There is a hole in his forehead over the right eye, an insurance shot, and three more in the left side of his chest. If he was white he would be pale like the girl was. He got what he deserved, the sinner.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU DON'T LIKE GRASS!



by Julian Lombardi



SOLAR ENERGY

A PANE IN THE ROOF BY DOC HOLLIDAY

In this country today there is great concern about energy. This concern was brought on in part by the oil embargo of the OPEC countries during the Arab-Israeli war. This and the continued increase in oil prices passed by OPEC countries have made Americans more concerned with the "energy shortage". The question has been what to do about it. There is no single answer that satisfies everyone. Some suggest letting the prices of oil and natural gas find their own level, assuring us of an adequate supply of this form of energy. Yet, this does not face the basic fact that this energy source is running out. What can be done about the situation? I don't assume to have the answer to a question as difficult as this one, but I do have a suggestion as to how the impact of the problem can be lessened. Solar energy can be important to America in meeting the problems that we must face.

The use of solar energy for heating our homes would be a major help in itself. The amount of energy used to heat homes is emphasized in the following quote;

In the United States, apart from transportation, the largest single use of all energy forms is

for space-heating buildings. About 20 percent of our over-all maintenance energy supply is devoted to this one need. Much of the energy used for this purpose today is inefficiently supplied by electrical generation plants, which burn fossil fuels at an average efficiency probably no greater than 25 percent; this means that about three fourths of the precious stock of fossil fuel used to generate electricity (a very high grade form of energy) is wasted as "thermal pollution" after which an additional 10 percent of the converted electricity may be lost through the inefficiencies of transmitting it to where it is needed. The electricity at the point of use is then reconverted to heat at temperatures below 100° (very low-grade heat). Thus, at the generating plant, coal or some other fuel was burned at temperatures higher than 1,000°F to generate electricity that could be applied a few miles away to heat buildings to temperatures considerably less than 100°.¹

Although solar heating cannot

solve the total energy problem, it can help control the waste of our high grade energy sources. Heating with solar energy is logical; through the use of solar heating you remove the need for the large central generating plant, and make use of an energy source that is much more suited to space-heating. There is no justification for using high grade energy sources such as coal or oil to generate electricity to heat homes, when abundant, cheap energy provided by the sun can be used instead.² The use of the sun to heat homes is not a new concept, despite the amount of attention that it has been recently getting.

Throughout history man has used the power of the sun. The earliest mention of this use is when Archimedes, in the third century B.C., concentrated the sun's energy, with the aid of curved mirrors, to burn the sails of the Roman ships during the siege of Syracuse.³ During the 1600's experiments were performed by Athanasius Kircher (1601-80) and Georges Buffon (1707-88) to support the idea that Archimedes' legendary feat could have worked. They used mirrors to set wood on fire, and Buffon even used the sun to melt lead and silver.⁴ These were not the only

experiments done during this time. Nicholas de Sausure (1740-99) constructed a hot box which was used as an oven for cooking. With this box he was able to obtain temperatures as high as 320° F.⁵ In 1880, *Le Journal Soleil* ("The Sunshine Journal") was printed. This newspaper used a solar powered steam engine to run the printing press.⁶

Man has also used solar powered engines to irrigate crops, and to operate pumps to keep mines dry. In 1913, a solar powered boiler was used to pump water to irrigate land near Cairo, Egypt. The collector area was 13,269 square feet, and the collectors powered a 100 horsepower engine. The project was a success, but World War I was responsible for its demise. This project demonstrates that solar energy can be effectively used for more than just space heating. As in the past, solar energy is being used to melt metals. The French have lead the way in the use of solar heat to do metallurgical research. This tradition was started by Antoine Lavoiser and has been recently continued by Felix Trombe. Lavoiser used a 51 inch diameter lens filled with alcohol to reach a temperature of 3,190° to melt platinum.⁸ In the 1950's Dr. Trombe used mirrors to develop 50 kilowatts of energy. With continued work on his design he has been able to develop temperatures in excess of 6,000°F. Three-eighths inch steel plate melts in less than a minute under this amount of heat.⁹

Solar heating is no longer in the theoretical stages; rather, the solar heating problems—cost, appearance,

construction methods, are practical problems. Much early theoretical work was done at locations all over the country. Arizona, New Mexico, Massachusetts, and Delaware, to name a few, sustain solar homes. These locations have shown that solar heating has the potential to provide a major portion of the heating for homes and businesses.¹⁰

Solar heating can have an effect in this country now. It has been calculated that if 75 percent of the homes in the United States used solar hot water heaters, the United States could save 250,000 barrels of oil a day.¹¹ In addition, if all homes (over 1,500 square feet) built in the U.S. between now and the year 2000 have between 600 and 800 square feet of collectors, solar heating would provide at least 4.5 percent of the energy consumed in this country.¹²

Before examining the various types of collectors — and the savings they can provide the home owner — we need to see what else comprises a solar house.

You can not expect solar heat to perform its function in the same way as conventional heating methods. For a home to be an effective solar home it must be constructed so that it needs the least amount of energy for heating, and it must also have a good *passive* solar heating system.¹³ It should be well insulated and draft free, and should make the maximum use of *sight orientation*.¹⁴ South facing windows should be used to collect any sunlight available, and the possible use of interior masses for heat storage should be considered. The

Trombe Glass-Wall house utilizes these concepts. A south-facing wall of glass collects the heat of the sun, and a masonry wall just inside the glass stores the heat. There are vents at the top and bottom of the wall that allow the warmed air to circulate into the house.¹⁵ As the sun shines on the masonry, the wall is slowly heated. This stores the heat for use at a later time. The vents can be closed during the warming cycle to allow the wall to heat faster. The vents can be opened any time that warmth is needed, and the warm air will circulate into the house because of the *chimney effect*. During the summer months, too much heat may be a problem if this passive method is used. This problem can be alleviated with shade trees, or the use of long overhangs (which allow a low winter sun's rays to reach the glass, but not a high summer sun's). The plant trellis has also been used as a solar screen, in much the same way that trees are used.¹⁶ During the summer, the leaves of the plants absorb the light, and in the winter when the light is needed, the leaves are gone and the energy can enter the house.

The active solar heating system is quite different from the passive system described above. It has several different parts, which usually change from system to system. But there are similar parts found in all types of systems. These parts are: the collectors (for collecting the heat), a storage system (for storing any excess collected heat), a distribution system (for circulating the heat from the collectors or storage to the interior spaces of the

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home), and a type of back-up heating system (for when there is not enough energy available from the collectors or storage). Of these four subsystems, the only one that is usually already present in a house is the circulation system. Any home that now uses duct work or radiators for circulation can be retrofitted with solar heating. The collectors and the storage system are usually custom designed.

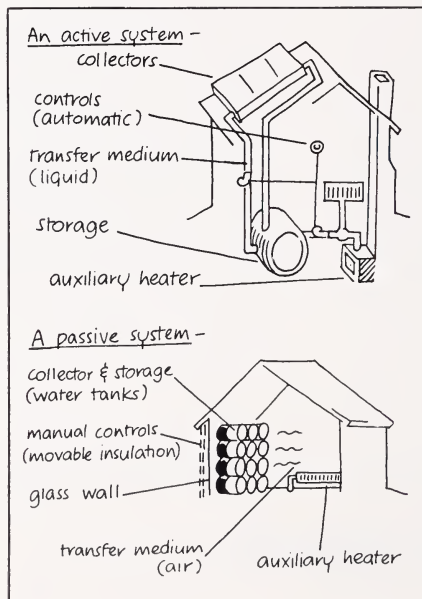
There are many types of collectors used at the present. The vast majority of them are variations of the flat plate collector. The two basic types are the air collector and the water collector. Water is an efficient collector of heat, and a good storage medium. It also needs less electricity to be moved through the collector. Water is also the best medium to use if the collected energy is to be used for heating water. The storage space needed for a water system is considerably less than the rock storage presently used with most air systems. But, water does pose a problem in that it corrodes many of the components of the heating sys-

tem. Water also has to be protected from the possibility of freezing. The use of antifreeze to correct this problem leads to the chance that the collector fluid might leak into the storage supply, and most antifreezes are toxic. Air, although not having the same problems as water, supports its own set of disadvantages. Air is a difficult medium to move through a system. Baffles, used to increase the efficiency of the collectors, and rocks, used to store the heat collected, act as restrictors to air flow. To move the air around these usually requires large fans.

The next subsystem that must be dealt with in the total heating system is storage. Of the systems that have been devised, two—water and rock—are the most widely used. The bulk of rock that is necessary for effectiveness as a storage system can be a problem. A volume of 1400 cubic feet would be needed to store the same amount of heat, in BTUs, using rock, as could be stored in 600 cubic feet of water.¹⁷ Water must have a water-

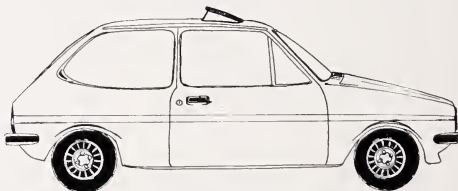
proof container to act as a storage container. Water and rock are not the only methods that can be used to store any excess heat that is collected. Eutectic salts, liquids that change state at relatively low temperatures, can also be used as a storage medium. They have the advantage of requiring even less volume than water. The volume required is only half that of water.¹⁸ There have been problems in the past with the use of this efficient storage medium. With the heat collected and stored, the next problem faced is the distribution of that heat.

The main distribution systems are hydronic, forced air, and radiant grid distribution. Two of the systems are attractive because of their ability to be retrofitted to existing systems. The hydronic system distributes the heat through radiators. The disadvantage of this system is that you have to supply high temperatures to the radiators, and this high temperature can be difficult to achieve and store. The radiant grid system overcomes this disadvantage. The grid usually



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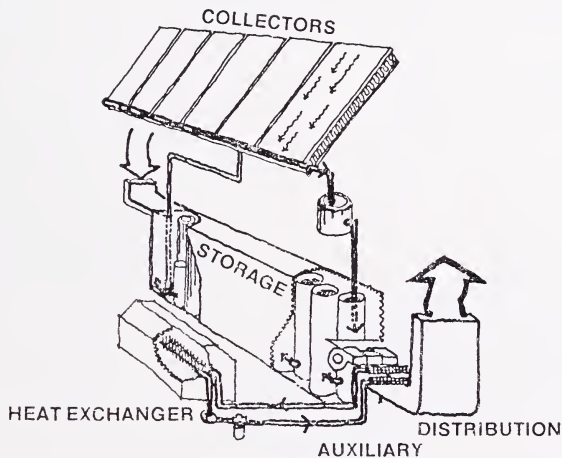
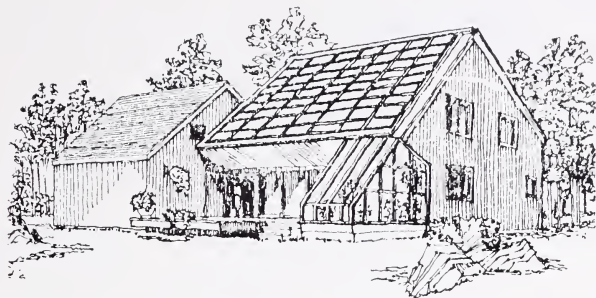
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consists of pipes implanted in the floor. The floor system usually used is concrete, and the concrete radiates the heat directly into the room. The disadvantage is that there is usually a several hour time lag between the initial demand for heat, and the time that the mass of the concrete can be heated to the necessary temperature. The next alternative method of distribution is by forced air heating. Forced air heating requires installation of ductwork to carry the air. This is attractive because the heat distribution system can also be used for air conditioning distribution. Larger than usual ducts have to be used for this method of heat distribution because the air flow is less than with conventional systems. The forced air system allows the use of a lower supply temperature than the hydronic distribution system, yet it requires a higher heat supply than the radiant grid system. The most commonly used system today is the forced air system, simply because it can also be used for air conditioning.

These circulation methods all allow the use of a back up system, if the correct type is chosen. Conventional heating systems can be used as back ups. Each can be adapted to the solar heating system as needed, but the forced air system of circulation is probably the most convenient to tie into. In addition to the traditional systems, there are a few new methods.



(for Oreita) Welcome April
I look down the corridors of my garden
and see royal crocuses wave at me,
Smug pansy smiles,
And enchanted roses.

Baby's breath bows as a carpet for my toes,
And obstreperous snapdragons become cordial;
Chartreuse daffodils are graceful as birds.

Outside my garden's gate
A bell-necked cat creeps upon fat robins
Pecking into their marriage of virgin seeds.
An escaped breeze dances between branches
Of renovated, filigreed trees, under which boast
Stout mushrooms and elastic mosses.
The artist fumbles hastily for pen or brush,
But I am content to wear the corsage of my garden's breath.

K. Barney

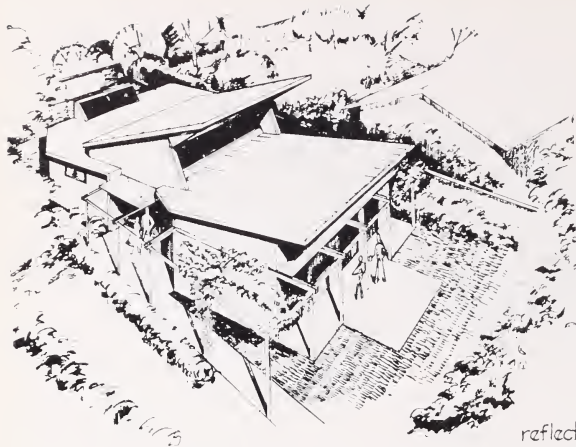
Repast
Massive clouds hovered
around the horizon
and licked their lips
in anticipation.

The sun flavor looked akin
to the dark rosiness
of peachskin—it needed no spices,
no sweetner.

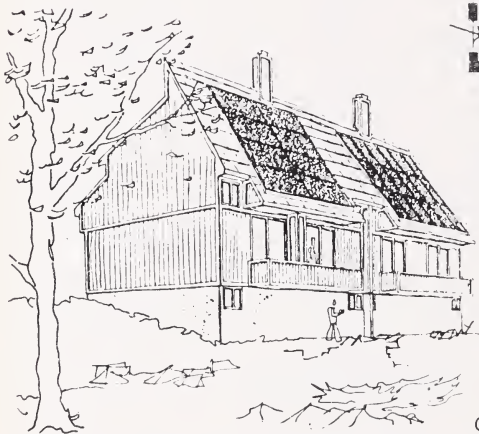
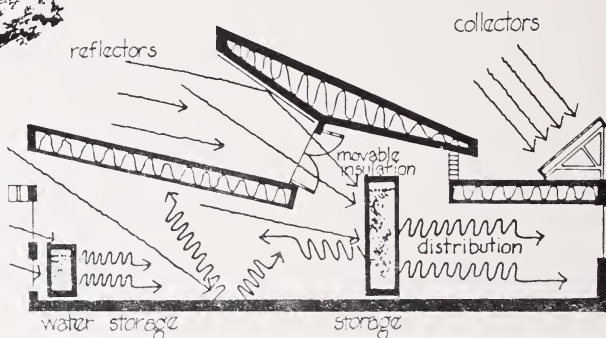
The clouds savored the first bite,
slowly tasting
and feeling
all of the mature flavor.

Then with a gulp, the clouds devoured
the remains, but not soon enough;
The smirk on the face of the sun
was evident.

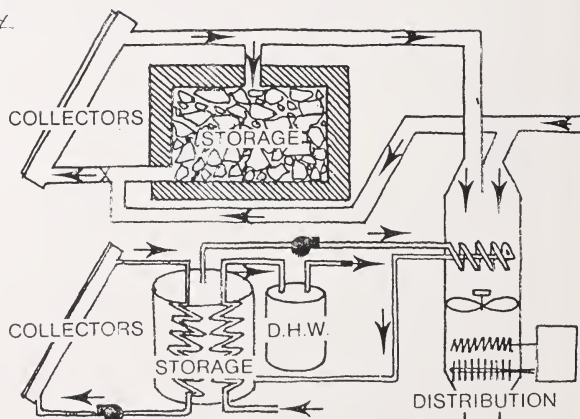
Rossie Lamar



passive system



active system



that are becoming popular. The method with the most potential is the heat pump, a very low energy consumer. It is also being studied for use in the gathering of heat for the solar heating system. The wood burning stove and fireplace have been also reintroduced; they are efficient supplements to the solar heating system.¹⁹

With the reasonable use of back up systems and use of the sun to heat our homes, we should be able to help this country combat the energy problem. With savings in the neighborhood of 1 1/2 trillion barrels of oil a year by using solar heating, our task is clear. The change will not be easy. The life styles we are accustomed to must undergo a slight change.²⁰ Zoning changes will have to be made to protect peoples' sun rights.²¹ The developed use of solar energy may also cause a decentralization of industry and housing, a move which should clear up some of our inner city problems.²²

The challenge is now; part of the solution is the sun. It has powered this

world, either directly or indirectly, since the formation of the earth. It is the only non-renewable resource that is not running out.

For additional information call, toll free, the National Solar Heating & Cooling Information Center. ph.800-523-2929.



¹Wilson Clark, *Energy For Survival, The Alternative to Extinction*, (Garden City: Anchor Books, 1975), pp.468, 469

²Ibid.p.469

³Donald Wilson, *Designing and Building a Solar House*, (Charlotte, Vermont: Garden Way Publishing, 1977), p.11

⁴*Energy for Survival*, p.362

⁵Ibid., p.362

⁶*Designing and Building a Solar House*, p.11

⁷*Energy for Survival*, p.366

⁸Ibid., p.362

⁹Ibid., p.378

¹⁰Ibid., pp.370, 372

¹¹*The Complete Solar House*, p.52

²²Government Institutes, Inc. *Energy R & D Present and Future*, (Washington: Government Institutes Inc.), p.168

¹³*The Complete Solar House*, p.21

¹⁴Ibid.,p.81, 113

¹⁵Ibid.,p.17

¹⁶Ibid.,p.113

¹⁷Designing and Building a Solar House, p.78

¹⁸Ibid., p.78

¹⁹Ibid., p.124

²⁰*Energy for Survival*, p.373

²¹Ibid., p.468

²²Ibid., p.468



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Communion

Matthew Hogan

My moon is made of calcium, deep and alive,
Its craters vulnerable, like an open hive.

I study every shade and shadow just to see
What is this woman, delicate monstrosity

Of pain, bearing steel and rivets and planet's might,
Feels the heaving tide within, dying with delight.

I hear the sun within her break like tulips
Bleeding butterflies and bees when I kiss her lips.

Thus I would assume hysterical sensation
And accuse you of my own imagination—

Yet now I hear a buzzing in my breast,
Dark calcium blossoms ignite inside my chest—

Your true name then I never could have known
The night in Spring when we sucked honey from the comb.

What was familiar once will never be the same,
My heart is pregnant with an amber flame.

I told you all along.
I never win anything
I'm a loser
This can't be real.
But you reassured me
You said you loved me.
And then-
Just as I was beginning to believe
In you
And in myself
I lost again.

Jamie Aiken



Words ignite from our mouths,
explosive reality hits close to home.
Dodging the shrapnel we both scratch
deep into each others psyche.

Tears, blood, and grief of years gone
by oozes to the surface.
Bandages are abandoned as we continue to
struggle for survival. (giving up only in death.)

But, with our energy supplies low,
the evening being late, we collapse into chairs.
We are reduced to two battle weary fighters
ogling the opposition from across the table.

With that slow death before death strength
my hand inadvertently rises to touch your face.
Fueled by your muscles relaxing (almost into
a smile) my hand grasps yours.

Then, with tears of unexplainable grief and
joy, we embrace.
In a hold that only enemies, realizing their
love for the opposition, can hold.

We embrace: symbolic of all lovers committing
themselves to the rocky path of constant resolutions.
Stumbling along the path together, learning each others
strength, knowing each others weaknesses.

Jerome V. Poynton

Sleep Happy

I stayed up till three last night and got up at six.
I feel WOW-WOW ug-ah-wah.
Jennifer dated Robert again.
I stayed up to punish the world and all the people.
WOW-WOW ug-ah-wah.
Zombie tripping over a dozen chairs going to my seat.
Zombie feel nothing and think less.
My eyelids weigh a ton and my face is expressionless.
Friend say something and I giggle grin.
Sleep happy!!
WOW-WOW ug-ag-wah.

Julian Fields Jr.

I have a cynical weariness, an overdefined sense of audience;
Yes I dream of glory,
but I can't help but worry
about the way I perceive reality.

I see the wall fall back into the moat,
fire high in a dead grey sky,
mountains crumble to the sea,
if this is so how can a love be?

I see the question of being a father or a son,
of trying for love or being born to run,
some say a man's love is monkey do as monkey hear,
and it's true such talk makes it more clear,
But do these people think it to be actuality,
no matter: whatever they think it is.

One day I'll find out for sure and me and her will ponder the romantic ideal
a realistic possibility,
we'll float out of and above our barriers and paint over the empty holes
in each others skies,
and wonder about what we covered up until the wish is gone.

I say I've lived twenty years;
does this part of me have to die so I can stand twenty more?
No, I'm a dreamer, not some engineering tool,
I'm a schemer, but always turning out the fool.
You see I gotta chase that dream,
really, it's easier than it may seem.

Doug Russell



Forever Inside

Seeping its way in,
like the winter's cold.

Pulling her down.
down to its depths.

Nibbling at her heart,
pulling her inward.

Forever wearing away,
like the mountain brook.

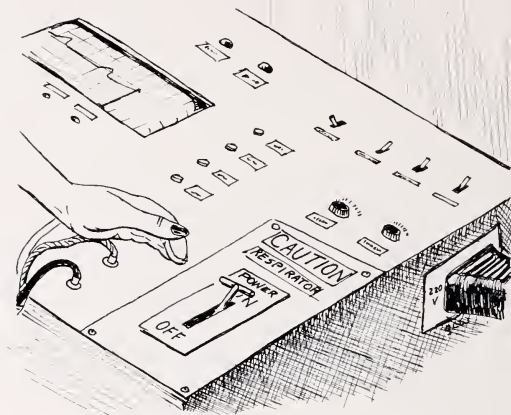
See her waiting— for someone
to fight their way in.

Creeping, like water into a dam
then bursting through, raging forward.

Struggling, yet lapsing
into its relentless grasp.

Melancholy - here nor there
Forever Inside

Donnie Lee



TWIST OF FATE

by Cliff Wheeler

Tuesday began like any other day for Helen. She woke up at seven-thirty without the aid of an alarm clock, something that she had done for most of her life, and got up to let the dogs out. She watched as the pair of springers tore away from the house toward the field out back before she began making herself breakfast. She ate alone, something that she still was not used to. Henry, her husband, had always eaten with her and she missed him. He had not been home for eight months now, since the accident that put him in the hospital disrupted forever the harmony that the two had shared.

Helen finished her meal and put the dishes in the sink to be washed later. She stood at the window and watched the dogs frolicking in the early morning sunlight, and felt sad at the prospect of giving them up. The pair had come to the couple as puppies six years ago, and by now were very much a part of the family, especially since the children were all grown and living their own lives. However, the hospital bills were mounting steadily

and the bank account was dwindling just as fast. Insurance had run out the month before and Medicaid could not make up the difference, nor could what little help the children could offer. The small house was now up for sale, and an apartment was the only alternative as a place to live. There would be no room for the lively animals in such a place and no money to keep them in a kennel, so when the house was sold, the dogs would have to go too. She had resigned herself to that fact, but she did not like it. It seemed so unfair.

The dogs ran off around the house, and she turned from the window, went upstairs and dressed herself for the drive to the hospital, forty miles away.

Helen arrived at the imposing building a little after ten o'clock. It was a huge structure, dominating an entire city block. It was built of cheerless gray brick set with white window frames. She despised it and wished that she did not have to go there. It offered no comfort to her, instead it made her feel helpless and alone.

She walked into the main entrance and exchanged greetings with the nurses at the front desk, who she had come to know in the past months. The elevator took her to the third floor, where Henry lay in a private room. The cool, antiseptic white hallway echoed her footsteps as she walked to his room and went in.

In the room, arranged around the bed that held her husband, stood a formidable array of machines and other hospital paraphernalia that seemed to watch over the bed. The respirator worked steadily, its black rubber bellows rising and falling as it breathed for the man, and the EKG machine registered his heart rate on an illuminated green screen. Two bottles, one for each arm, fed clear fluids into him, providing his wasted body with its only source of nourishment.

Helen went over to the bed, stepping quietly as if to avoid disturbing the comatose man, and whispered in his ear, "Henry, I'm here."

There was no response. She was not disappointed, for she knew that he could not hear or see her. Al-

though his body was very much alive, for all intents and purposes his brain was not.

She sat down in her chair next to the bed and looked first at her husband, then around the room at all the machinery that hummed and clicked and beeped steadily. Seeing that all was in order and that nothing had changed, she settled down to her long, lonely vigil over her still husband in the bed.

The night of the accident was still vivid in her mind many weeks afterward. The rain on the curving, leaf-covered road in the fall of the year before stood out graphically as if it had only been yesterday. She had mentally gone over every foot of the way time after time. She saw in her mind's eye the oncoming headlights on the wrong side of the road, the out-of-control spinning of the car and the sudden crash, head on against a huge tree. All these things appeared crystal clear to her each time she thought about it. Henry had been in the passenger seat with his seat-belt unfastened, and he had been pitched through the windshield as if launched out of the car. He hit the tree head first, nearly killing him by the impact alone. His tongue slid to the back of his throat when he was knocked unconscious, cutting off his air supply. He would have suffocated if Helen had not been able to get to him and pull his tongue forward with her finger as she had learned in the *Reader's Digest* only a couple of days before. It was later estimated that he had been without air for nearly five minutes, long enough for anoxia and some brain damage to set in. The accident left her miraculously unscathed except for a few minor cuts and bruises, for which she felt guilty for months. A passing traveler called the ambulance that transported both of them to the hospital, where the doctors worked the rest of the night rebuilding Henry's fractured skull.

A doctor told her the next morning that there was little hope for her husband. His skull had been badly broken and there was much bleeding inside the cranium. In cases like these, he told her, there is just too much

damage for the victim to live through, although he was surprised that Henry had lasted as long as he had at that point. He assured her that everything was being done to keep him alive, and that there was always hope. At that point the running memory of the incident ended, for she had collapsed from the strain and emotional exhaustion.

As she sat and watched him, kept company only by the heartless machines with their continuous hums and clicks and an occasional attendant. Helen wished that he would just wake up and climb out of bed to go home with her, making everything alright again. That would surprise the doctors even more than his surviving at all, she thought. When he did survive that night and many days after, it became clear to them, by evidence of electroencephalogram readings, that the damage to the brain was massive and irreversible. He would not wake up, they said. Well, they had been proven wrong once, and she still had hope, even though she knew that they were right this time. Still, she imagined what it would be like to have him back again. They would go out to dinner again like they had done so often before, and then perhaps to a movie. She thought about how nice it would be to sit with him in the grass of a field and watch their dogs romp, and how they would talk and laugh together again. She thought about how much she missed him in bed at night, his hands gently caressing her, and of the now lost joy and pleasure of marriage that they had shared in for so long.

Yet all of these fantasies were torment for her, because she knew that none of those things would ever happen again with Henry. She felt both remorse and resentment at that. Remorse, because he could never be with her again as he was before, and resentment because he refused to die and release her from the prolonged agony of having to see him in that state. She hated him for holding on to his life and to hers as he did, forcing her to watch as his once robust body withered away before her eyes. She glanced at the rolls of gauze that the

nurses had thoughtfully placed in his hands to prevent his finger nails from cutting the palms as his muscles and tendons contracted from disuse, and thought about how those hands had once held hers. She resented his clinging to life, and the doctors and the hospital for prolonging it.

"You should have died that night," she said quietly. The machines hummed and clicked in response, and Henry made no reply.

Her feelings became more intense as her husband lay there, not moving and not hearing her.

"Please. . . let go," she said. "Release me. Die. If you really love me, you'll do that," but there was no response.

She felt herself unable to stand it any longer. Standing up slowly, she reached toward his face, touching it lightly as tears filled her eyes.

"I'm sorry," she whispered, and turned to the respirator. She easily found the large switch marked "ON-OFF". She watched for several seconds as the black bellows moved rhythmically up and down, and then reached for the switch that would send her only love into eternity. She hesitated, and her hand trembled as it reached the machine. Then it dropped to her side. She couldn't do it. In spite of all her suffering, she could not throw that switch.

Helen sat back down, with her face in her hands, crying. There was no alternative except to just wait and let fate take its course. He could linger for months, years even, she thought, but what else could she do?

She did not hear the nurse enter the room.

"Mrs. Carlin, visiting hours are over," she said gently. "It's time for you to go home. We'll take good care of him, and we'll see you tomorrow."

Somewhat bewildered and shaky, Helen got up and went slowly out, saying good-bye to the other woman and Henry.

"I'll see you tomorrow," she said.



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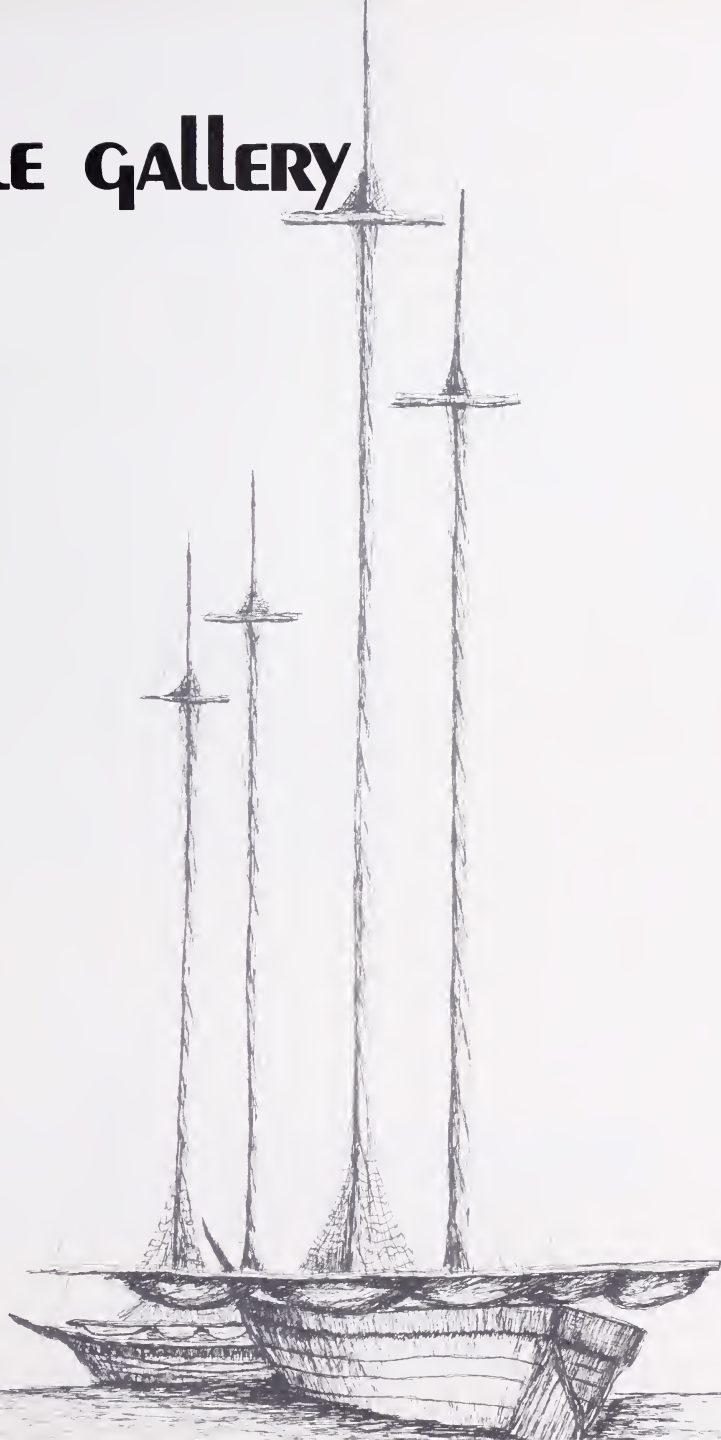
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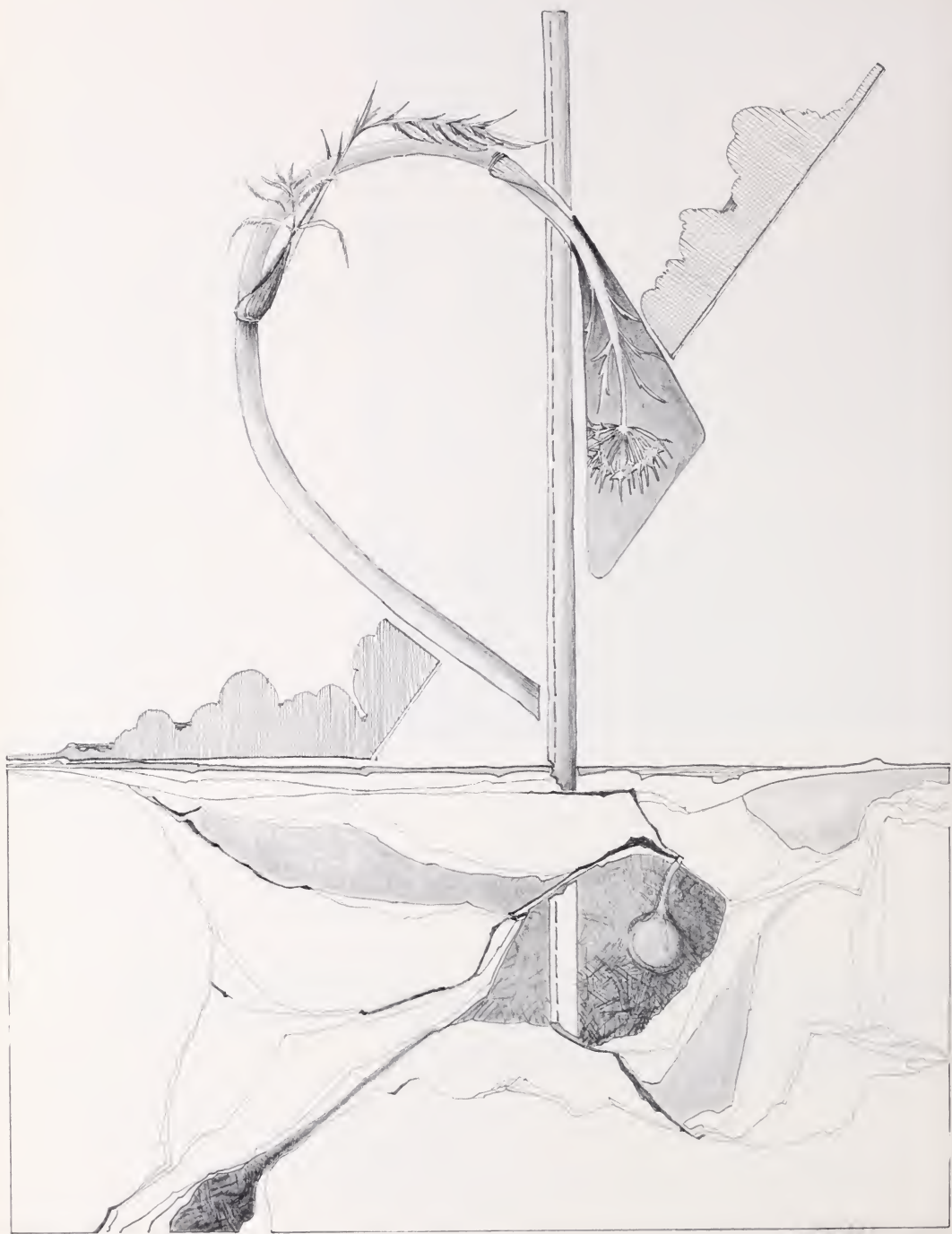
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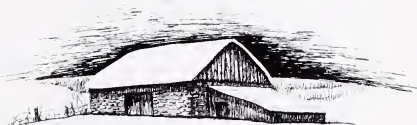


Rick Clanton



Gerry Wallace





How To Win Love and Lose It

by Susan Rimes

Leading experts in the field of tennis have said that one important factor of the game is sportsmanship. This is undervalued by many — and overvalued by many more. Actually, it is not important at all — it is simply a device that some guy on Wall Street dreamed up to make the frustrating game of tennis even more challenging.

There are guidelines by which you must govern yourself in order to achieve the ultimate in this field. As you walk onto the court with your opponent, you must say such things as, "Boy, I really creamed Chris Evert the other day!" or "My backhand is better than ever." or "Have you seen my serve lately?" This is known in the inner circle as the "subtlepsyche". As you are warming up, it is necessary to hit many fly balls, chop shots, and slices so that your opponent will be unable to stand in one spot to get his strokes grooved or his timing down.

Once play begins, you must never, ever call the other person's ball in. If

the ball is on the line, two or three inches in, or if you simply can't tell, then you must immediately call "out" in your strongest voice. This will help to discourage any questions your opponent may have as to how you arrived at that decision! On the other hand, be sure to question any "out" calls your opponent makes. Demand to see the spot where the ball landed. But if your opponent cannot show that spot to you, never request a linesman. To do so might reflect upon your honesty, and besides, you can see the lines better than any old linesman!

If your opponent "aces" you, call a "let" and hope that there is a stray ball, leaf, scrap of paper, or wandering minstrel to which you can point as the culprit which disengaged your eye from the ball in play.

You must talk to the gallery constantly. Preferably, use witty little quips such as, "Boy, I really creamed that one, didn't I?" or "Who does this guy think he is, Jimmy Connors?" Carry on a running conversation between points with the player on the next court about last night's party — who did what and who didn't. Any or all of these points are guaranteed to improve (?) the concentration of your opponent, and make him more fleet-footed and flinty-eyed with nerves of steel.

If you should find yourself far be-

hind with no hope of gaining the upper hand, you must go all out in your efforts. This means holding up your hand to stop play and tying your shoe when your opponent is serving his second serve, or picking the bubble gum off of your shoe between points. Better yet, use the gum for gigantic bubbles at crucial moments.

If you (heaven forbid!) emerge from this typically well-played sportsmanlike match as the loser, be sure to think of an excuse. Announce in a loud voice that you think you are getting the flu, the wind blew all of your shots out, and that your playing was something less than fragrant.

Never let it enter your mind that your opponent simply may have outplayed you. But, if by some magical stroke of fate you should find yourself the winner, comment that your game was off and that you have never played worse. This will surely build up your opponent's ego and fill him with the confidence he needs to pursue the tournament trail in desperate earnestness! And also, it might possibly, just possibly, bring you the admiration and adulation of all the fans, and may even cause you to be the recipient of the highly coveted, hard-earned, sportsmanship award. You would thereby become the hero and life-model of all the aspiring ten and twelve-year-olds — a true, all-American, all-around Sport.



A LOT OF FANATICS JOINED THE FORESTRY CLUB...



WHILE THE OUTING CLUB PROVED CONCLUSIVELY, ONCE AND FOR ALL, THAT BIGFOOT DOES INDEED EXIST.

Wilbur and Flora approached the entrance of the Leesville Mall. Both were in their sixties but the years had had opposite effects on them. Where age had caused Wilbur to lose weight, Flora had steadily gained. Wilbur walked with stooped shoulders, but Flora seemed to strut her way around. Because of this Wilbur looked not only thinner but also shorter than Flora. He seemed to shrink in size even more as he entered the large mall and became engulfed in the noise of shoppers, Christmas music, and children crying. He didn't like the newfangled shopping centers with one big building and lots of smaller stores inside. It was too confusing and he could never remember which store he was in. Last year he had almost gotten arrested for accidentally walking out of one store carrying an electric blanket under his arm. He was going to give it to Flora for a surprise and was not trying to steal it; he just didn't realize that he had wandered out of the store. The security guard tried to make him go back and pay for it, but he had just given it to him and said he'd changed his mind. This year he walked behind Flora and kept his eye on her all the time to keep from getting lost and confused again. He kept his hands thrust deep in his trouser pockets and nervously jiggled his loose change and keys.

Flora stopped suddenly, causing Wilbur to bump into her. "I need to go to the bathroom." She mouthed the words but didn't make a sound.

"What?"

"I need to go to the bathroom," she whispered.

"What'd you say? Speak up. You spect me to hear you in all this commotion?" Wilbur took one hand out of his pocket and cupped it around his ear.

Flora leaned over towards his ear. "I need to go to the BATHROOM." She shouted over the music, just as "Silent Night" ended, so that "bathroom" echoed through the store. Some shoppers glanced at her and she blushed as she waddled towards the back and a sign marked "Restrooms."



'Tis The Season To Be Jolly By Devilla Hughes

Wilbur hurried behind trying to keep up. "Why in tarnation didn't you say so?" They weaved in and out among the customers.

"Did. You just can't hear. Wish you'd have your ears checked."

"Nothin's wrong with my ears."

"Is too. Can't hear worth a dime."

"Can," he mumbled under his breath. "I hear what I want to."

"What?"

"Nothin," he mumbled.

"What'd you say?"

"Nothin," he said clearly. "Look who needs to have her ears checked."

"Nothin's wrong with my ears, you ole buzzard. You just can't hear. Nor talk plain neither." She hurried ahead of him to the bathroom.

"Hump," he grunted as he stopped to look at a display of colored televisions.

"Can I help you, sir?" a young salesman asked, showing a gleaming, white-toothed smile.

"Nope," Wilbur answered not looking away from the televisions.

"We could fix you up with a real nice set."

"Just lookin'."

"Sure would be nice to watch the Christmas Specials in color this year."

"Don't need a new set. Just bought one. Paid cash for it too." Wilbur still looked at the televisions and not at the clerk.

"Yes sir. Could I help you with something else then?" The salesman's smile began to fade.

"Nope." Wilbur continued to talk more to himself than to the man. "This one sure comes in plain. Seems ours has too much green."

"Yes sir. These are good sets. They have instant fine tuning. Never have to worry about adjusting them."

Wilbur looked at the sets indicated by the clerk and at the price. "Cost too much. We paid cash for ours. Saved for four years then just walked in and picked one out. Had twenty-six dollars left over too."

The salesman gave up on Wilbur and walked over to a young couple that had stopped to admire a stereo

system.

Wilbur continued to talk. "Got a real good set too. Just too much green."

Flora walked into the bathroom and looked around disgustedly. "I hate these bathrooms. So nasty," she thought to herself. "Nasty, nasty." She maneuvered her large body into one of the small stalls, set her pocketbook on the floor, and rolled off some toilet paper to line the toilet seat. Flora hiked up her dress, plopped down on the commode, and sighed with relief. Someone reached under the stall and grabbed her pocketbook.

"Wait!" she yelled trying to finish hurriedly. "Help!" she shouted as she heaved her body up from the commode seat. Flora pulled up her panties in one awkward motion, catching her dress tail and the end of the toilet paper stream in the elastic. She hurried her plump body out of the stall and ran out the door, exposed in back from the waist down with a stream of toilet paper flowing behind. She almost collided with a man going into the men's room. She grabbed his arm.

"Did you see who just came out of there?"

"You did!" The man answered

looking startled.

"Before me."

"No mam, I was just going to. . . I didn't . . . see . . . anybody. . . I mean. . ." Flora was holding tightly onto his arm but he worked his arm loose and escaped into the men's room.

Flora saw Wilbur and rushed over to him. "Will," she panted, out of breath. "You been standing here the whole time I was gone?"

"Look how clear this set comes in. Hardly no green at all."

"Wilbur, have you been here the whole time?"

"Sure wish our set come in this plain."

"I been robbed!" she shouted. "Did you see who came out of the bathroom before me?"

"You been what?" Wilbur asked still fascinated with the un-green television.

"Robbed. Somebody stole my pocketbook."

"You hurt?"

"No. Oh, Will. What do we do?"

Wilbur jiggled the change in his pocket more vigorously as he tried to think. "Let's find the police. I know this place has them. Come on." He took Flora's hand and led her to the front of the store to get the security

guard.

"Didn't you see nobody come out in front of me?"

"No," he mumbled as he pulled Flora through the crowd. Several little boys walked behind Flora and discussed the toilet paper streamer. Shoppers looked at them, then quickly glanced away in embarrassment. They walked by Santa and he blushed the color of his suit. A long-haired boy and his blue-jeaned girlfriend laughed uncontrollably. But no one told Flora of her problem.

Wilbur walked up to a uniformed man and tried to explain what had happened. The security guard took out a small note pad and pen.

"You need to tell me exactly what happened," he said to Wilbur.

"I been robbed," Flora blurted then got upset again.

The officer turned his attention to Flora and spoke with firm efficiency. "Where were you? What happened exactly?"

"I was in the bathroom." Flora sobbed into a handkerchief Wilbur handed her.

"What were you doing at the time of the crime?" The officer continued to speak in his authoritative tone. He scribbled onto his notepad.

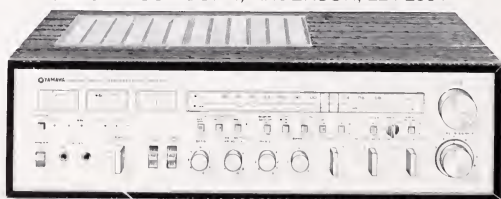
Flora blushed and looked down at



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her feet. "I was...uh...you know...I..."

"Mam? Now exactly what were you doing?" The officer didn't look up but continued to write.

"Peeing," Wilbur interrupted Flora's stuttering.

"Did you notice anyone when you went into the bathroom?" The officer continued to ask questions and write down the replies.

"No. I went in and set my pocketbook down on the floor and before I finished...you know...using the bathroom...someone reached under the stall and grabbed my pocketbook."

"You didn't notice the shoes, or hand or anything about the person in the bathroom at the time you were in there?"

"No. I didn't see nothing except my pocketbook jerked under the side."

"Well, mam. There's not much to go on, but we'll go back and see if any of the clerks in the department noticed anyone run out of the bathroom."

"All right," Flora was relieved that someone had taken charge and she turned to go to the back of the store. Wilbur and the policeman started to

follow, but they both stopped abruptly. The officer looked down at his feet and Wilbur gasped then ran to catch up to Flora. She waddled ahead with the toilet paper fluttering back and forth with each hurried step she took. Wilbur quickly caught up and jerked her dress down.

"What's the matter with you?" She looked at Wilbur angrily.

"Your dress..." He started to tell her but stopped. He decided she couldn't take it right now. "Nothing." He took her arm and they walked to the back of the store together. The officer coughed to hide the nervous laughter that had crept up, then cleared his throat and followed the couple.

They asked everyone that worked in the departments surrounding the restrooms, but no one had noticed anyone unusual. It was the Christmas rush; anyone could have disappeared into the crowd.

"I'm sorry, mam. But there's not much we can do. You better give me a description of the purse. It'll probably turn up in a trash can somewhere here in the mall...without the money of course."

"It was a plain brown pocketbook.

Not real leather, but it looked like it. Had twenty-six dollars in it."

"Yes mam. We'll do all we can."

Flora and Wilbur left the large mall and the crowd. "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen" was playing over the intercom as they walked out into the December sunshine. They drove home to their small farm in silence and Flora cried softly to herself.

Wilbur went into the den and turned on the television then settled back into his favorite chair. "I hate all this green. Andy Griffith looks sick." Wilbur got up to try to adjust the color and Flora went into the kitchen. She decided to clean the oven and was spraying a coat of Easy-Off[®] on the oven door when the phone rang.

"Hello."

"Hello, this is Jane Simmons..."

"You must have the wrong number. I don't know anybody by that name."

"No mam, you don't know me. But you see, I don't know how to tell you this...but I have your pocketbook. I took it by mistake."

"You stole my pocketbook?" Flora looked at the phone confused as she set the can of oven cleaner on the counter.

"Yes, I mean, no. I didn't steal it. That is, I didn't mean to. It was a mistake."

"Why did you take it?"

"It was a mistake. You see I have a pocketbook just like it. I left mine out with my husband when I went into the bathroom. I forgot when I started to leave. I picked yours up."

Flora listened as the lady explained. "Well, I guess it could happen." She thought to herself. "She sure sounds like a nice person."

"I really am sorry. I knew we'd never find you in the crowd, so I waited to call." Jane Simmons finished her apology.

"You still have my pocketbook?"

"Yes. I'd like to make it up to you by taking you out to supper tonight. I really am sorry for the trouble I caused."

"No, you don't have to do that. Just bring me my pocketbook."

"But I insist, and I really do want to

do something."

Flora looked at her oven. "Can't fix anything here," she thought. "Well, all right. Since you insist."

"I do insist. Could you meet us at the Leesville Steak House at six-thirty?"

"I guess so. Be sure to bring my pocketbook."

"Yes, mam. I will. I'll call and ask the waitress to reserve a table. It'll be under the name 'Bill Simmons'. I sure am sorry again."

"Good-bye," Flora said as she hung up the phone. Then she smiled and wrote down "Bill Simmons—6:30" on the telephone book. She went into the den to tell Wilbur about the call.

"Guess who that was on the phone?"

Wilbur was watching a rerun of "Gunsmoke" and didn't look up when Flora entered the room. "Look at the color of Matt Dillon's face. He looks like he's about to throw up."

"That was a lady named Jane Simmons. She's who took my pocketbook."

Wilbur looked up from the television. "The lady that stole your pocketbook called you?"

"Yes, it was all a mistake. She thought it was hers."

"Oh," Wilbur said turning back to his show, "good."

"She wants to make it up to me for all the trouble she caused. She's taking us out to supper tonight. She seems like a real nice lady."

Wilbur listened to her ramble on about it. Finally without looking up from the television, he interrupted. "Was it black?"

"What?"

"The hand that took your pocketbook."

"I don't know. Told you I didn't notice."

"Well, I don't like meeting no stranger for supper anyway. I sure don't want to meet no nigger stranger for supper."

"She sounded white on the phone."

"Well, all right. But I want to get home early enough to see 'The Waltons'—it's the Christmas show." He turned off the set. "I wish it wasn't so green," he said as he went out the door.

Flora and Wilbur left home at quarter 'til six. They always liked to be on time anyway and Flora was anxious to get her pocketbook. They arrived at the restaurant a little after six and gave the waitress their name and told her they were to meet the Simmons. She said that they hadn't arrived yet, but they did have a table reserved. Wilbur and Flora sat at the table and waited. It was six-thirty five

when Wilbur pulled out his pocketwatch and looked at it.

"Are you sure you heard the woman right on the phone?"

"Yes. I think so."

"Maybe you heard the time or place wrong. You don't hear so good sometime you know."

"I'd swear she said six-thirty and I know this is the place."

"Well, they better get here soon. I'm hungry."

Flora rolled the end of the napkin between her fingers and nervously watched everyone that came into the restaurant. Wilbur looked at his watch again. "Let's go on and eat. Maybe they'll come on later," he suggested.

They ordered dinner and Wilbur ate. For the first time in their married life it was Flora who just picked at her food. Wilbur ate ravenously. The Simmons still had not arrived when Wilbur finished. He took out his pocketwatch again.

"Fifteen till eight. Let's go home, Flo. 'The Waltons' come on at eight."

"I don't understand it. Something must have happened. She sounded so nice."

"Maybe she'll call again." Wilbur got up to pay while Flora pulled on her sweater.

For the second time that day they drove back home in silence. And again Wilbur hurried in to turn on the



HENRIETTA WENT OUT WITH THE RUGBY CAPTAIN UNTIL SHE FOUND HE WAS THIRSTY FOR MORE THAN JUST A BREW AFTER MATCHES.



STEVE WORE T-SHIRTS YEAR ROUND TO SHOW OFF HIS PHYSIQUE, THE RESULT OF ASSIDUOUS WEIGHT LIFTING. THIS CONTRIBUTED TO HIS EARLY DEMISE ONE WINTER.

television while Flora went to the kitchen to finish cleaning the oven.

"Lord have mercy! It's gone!" Wilbur shouted and Flora ran into the den to see what was missing. She found Wilbur standing in the middle of the floor looking at the bare spot where their new television had been.

"We been robbed again." Flora said to herself. "Robbed twice in one day."

Wilbur slumped down in his favorite chair and Flora went to call the police.

Two uniformed men arrived and Flora let them in the house and led them into the den where Wilbur still sat, staring at the wall where the television had been.

"Would you folks tell us what happened?" one of the policemen asked while the other got out his notepad and pencil and began to scribble. All three looked at Wilbur but he didn't answer. Flora finally spoke.

"We been robbed. . . again."

"Mam?"

"We been robbed."

"Yes, mam. Tell us what happened and what was taken."

"Which time?"

"Mam?"

"Which time? We been robbed twice."

"Oh, I see. I'm sorry. But why did you call us just now?" The officer tak-

ing notes looked up at Flora and waited for her answer.

"Somebody stole our television."

Wilbur sat and shook his head. "It was brand new too."

"Tell us everything that happened. When were you gone and what was taken?"

Flora explained what had happened. She told about the incident at the Mall, the phone call, and supper at the Leesville Steak House. Both officers listened to the story, and one wrote down the name Bill Simmons. "They're probably not their real names," he said.

"I think we understand," the other officer said. "But it doesn't look too good. There's no sign of breaking and entering. They must have used a key from your pocketbook."

"But she seemed like such a nice person," Flora now sat beside Wilbur.

"Yes, mam. Were there any distinguishing marks on the television just in case it turns up somewhere?"

"No. It was brand new."

"Had too much green," Wilbur added, still in a state of shock.

"It was green?" the officer taking notes asked.

"No," Flora said. "He means the picture come in too green."

"Oh," the policeman continued to write. "Was anything else taken?"

"I don't know," Flora said, then

she got up to look through the house. The officer followed. They found that the radio, toaster, can opener, and blender were missing. Everything that was taken had been sitting out in the open.

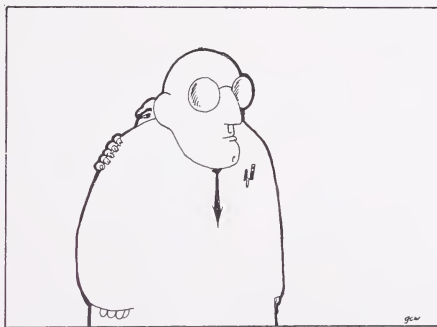
Flora and the policeman went back into the den where the other officer and Wilbur sat and stared at the wall.

"I'm sorry, folks. We'll do everything we can. It don't look too good. We just don't have anything to go on. We'll let you know if anything turns up. Hope you have insurance."

"Yes, we do," Flora thanked them and showed them to the door. When she got back, Wilbur was not sitting in his chair. She went into the kitchen. He was sitting at the table leafing through the Sears Catalog. He stopped at the section with colored televisions. He muttered to himself. "This time we're gonna get one of them kind you don't have to adjust. I always hated all that green." Flora walked over and put her hand on his thin shoulder and looked at the catalog with him. The lights on their small Christmas tree blinked on and off and Wilbur smiled.



DESPITE SOME GRUMBLING BY THE MACHINES, ONE BANK OF THE COMPUTER SYSTEM WAS REPLACED BY A MATHEMATICAL GENIUS.



NOBODY SIGNED FOR DR. SINCLAIR'S LABS. THE LAST TO DO SO WERE NEVER HEARD FROM AGAIN, ALTHOUGH IT IS RUMORED THEY ARE STILL AROUND, IN ALTERED FORMS.



DEC 17 1978

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MY TURN, FINALLY! (AN EDITOR'S NOTE)

For the four years, I've worked on the *Chronicle* staff, I've wanted a small parcel of space that I could call my own and say what I felt about the *Chronicle*. However, now that I have the time? and the prerogative to write as much as I want, I find it increasingly difficult to put into words what I've felt about the *Chronicle*. Perhaps some history is in order for those new to Clemson. Four years ago the *Chronicle* was just getting back on its feet after several bad years, one which was nearly disastrous, and when I came to the staff (1975-6), not only were we saddled with an inexperienced staff but a reputation that needed to be buried.

By our achievements of the last few years we have done so, and in the process given Clemson a magazine of which it should be proud. The *Chronicle*, "the official variety magazine of Clemson University", won all of the awards given by the South Carolina Collegiate Press Association for Division I 1977-78 and of this, each student maybe proud for it is student words, art, photography, writing, and production that makes the *Chronicle*. The *Chronicle* asks for the continued support of Clemson's student body, for the *Chronicle* is YOUR magazine. With an enlarged budget and greater student support we, the staff, hope that the *Chronicle* will continue to grow and mature.

Starting with this issue, we will print a new continuing feature consisting of short pieces, poetry, humor, things happening around, non-staff editorials, quotes, and just anything interesting. I almost forgot, it will be called *Shorts*, so look for it and submit things that will interest other students. Now everyone knows a little about where the *Chronicle* was and where it is going and maybe someone will understand the flood of emotions that comes to me when I remember where the *Chronicle* was and think of how far it has come (and how hard writing this is getting to be).

This year we are quite late in publishing the *Chronicle* due to my failure to let the bids on time because of illness and a death in my family, so I and the entire staff would like to thank each person who has taken the time to read the *Chronicle*. The staff would also like to offer an invitation to anyone who has a gripe, question, suggestion, or just interest to stop by our office. The staff holds meetings each Wednesday night at 7:00 pm on the ninth level above the loggia.

Thanks for your patience and support.

Editor-in-Chief,

Ron Lee

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SIERRA TRIPPING

STORY BY MATT RICE
PHOTOS BY SHERB NAULTY

MY SCOUT TROOP OF LONG AGO WAS SCANDALIZED BY MY LECTURING THAT AFTER A BOWEL MOVEMENT IN THE WILDS, ONE SHOULD BURN AS WELL AS BURY THE FECES AND TOILET PAPER. BUT IT WAS MY TEACHING OF THIS PRACTICE THAT BROUGHT ME TO THE ATTENTION OF MR. CONLIN AND PROVIDED ME WITH AN OPPORTUNITY TO HAVE MY HEART BROKEN BY A RANGE OF MOUNTAINS: THE SIERRAS.

MR. CONLIN, WHO WORKED AS A WELL-PAID CHEMIST AND MADE HIS CHRISTMAS WREATH OUT OF IBM CARDS SPRAYED WITH GOLD PAINT, HAD TWO SONS IN THE TROOP. WITH SIERRA HIKES PLAYING A LARGE ROLE IN HIS CALIFORNIA CHILDHOOD, HE BELIEVED IT WAS AN EXPERIENCE FROM WHICH HIS SONS SHOULD NOT BE DEPRIVED. SO EVERY FEW YEARS, MR. CONLIN AND HIS SONS FLEW WEST TO BACK-PACK.

THE THOUGHT OF THIS PALE, GANGLY TRID TRAVELING SO FAR JUST TO CAMP HAD AMUSED ME AND MY FRIENDS, UNTIL THE NIGHT MR. CONLIN CALLED, INVITING ME TO COME ALONG. I SOLD MY BIKE, PAINTED THE HOUSE, MOWED LAWNS, AND SWORE TO MY PARENTS ON THE HEAD OF MY FIRST-BORN MALE CHILD THAT I WOULD MAKE EAGLE SCOUT. UPON RECEIVING PERMISSION AND ADDITIONAL MONEY, I TOOK

OFF FOR CALIFORNIA WITH THE CONLINS, IGNORING THE TORRENT OF JEERS FROM MY FRIENDS.

AFTER ARRIVING IN FRESNO, WE LODGED WITH MR. CONLIN'S SECOND COUSIN, A PLEASANT MAN WHO ENJOYED SERVING MUTTON. ON OUR SHOPPING EXCURSIONS WE PURCHASED TRAIL FOOD (ACCORDING TO MR. CONLIN'S MENU), TOPO MAPS (SINUOUS PATTERNS OF BROWN LINES, SUPPOSEDLY RELATED TO THE AREA'S LAND FORMS), OFFICIAL SIERRA CLUB CUPS (THAT WEREN'T AND HAD JAPAN STAMPED ON THEIR BOT-TOMS), AND THAT MIRACLE INSECT REPELLANT: CUTTER'S (ITS SLOGAN: INCREDIBLY EFFECTIVE, UNDERSTANDABLY EXPENSIVE, IS TRUE.) ALTHOUGH SUMMER BAKED THE VALLEY, AT HIGHER ALTITUDES IT WAS STILL SPRING; FOR THE COOL NIGHTS, GOOSE-DOWN SLEEPING BAGS WERE RENTED.

TWO DAYS LATER, WE CLIMBED OUT OF MR. CONLIN'S SECOND COUSIN'S STATION WAGON AND BEGAN OUR SIERRA TREK.

LETTING THE CONLINS WALK AHEAD, I STOP TO CLEAR MY BE-DAZZLED MIND. EVERY ELEMENT OF THE SCENE IS SO DIFFERENT FROM WHAT I HAVE LIVED WITH MY SENSES CANNOT CONVINCE MY BRAIN THAT I AM HERE. THE SURROUNDING BEAUTY IS OF SUCH AN INTENSITY THAT THE EARTHLY IS TRANSCENDED: EVERGREEN TRUNKS ARE BARK-ENCRUSTED COLUMNS OF A WOODEN CATHEDRAL, SOARING TO ARCHED BRANCHES THAT MESH AND FORM CONIFEROUS VAULTS. THE SUNLIGHT FILTERS THROUGH THE TIGHT NEEDLES INTO THE AIRY NAVE IN WHICH I STAND, A HUMBLER



PILGRIM WITH KNAPSACK.

I CATCH UP WITH THE OTHERS QUICKLY BECAUSE THEY ARE WALKING SLOWLY. STOPPING FOR A REST, MR. CONLIN OPENS HIS PACK TO GET THE CHEESE, WHICH CAN BE A BAD FOOD TO CARRY BECAUSE OF ITS WEIGHT AND TENDENCY TO MISBEHAVE IN WARM WEATHER. FORTUNATELY, I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE CHEESE: MR. CONLIN HAS LEFT IT ALL IN FRESNO, NEATLY PACKAGED IN LITTLE BLOCKS IN HIS SECOND COUSIN'S REFRIGERATOR.

MY FIRST THOUGHT IS OF HOW MUCH FOOD HAS BEEN LOST. MY NEXT IS OF TRIMMING THE SIZE OF THE GROUP TO MATCH THE FOOD SUPPLY BY EASING MR. CONLIN OVER THE EDGE OF A HIGH PLACE. MY LAST REMINDS ME OF WHERE WE ARE; IF I IMAGINED THIS PLACE AS A HOLY CATHEDRAL, THEN PERHAPS HE IS PROTECTED BY RIGHT OF SANCTUARY. WE NOD, SMILE, AND AGREE THAT AMERKANS EAT TOO MUCH ANYWAY.

ONWARD WE MARCH, BUT NOT FAR. MIKE, THE YOUNGEST, IS WALKING ON THE SIDES OF HIS FEET AS IF THE BONES OF THE ANKLE HAD DISSOLVED. HAVING ALWAYS FOUND THE SIGHT OF THIS CONDITION UNPLEASANT, I AM ABOUT TO SUGGEST THAT WE PUT HIM DOWN, LIKE THEY DO WITH LAME HORSES, WHEN MR. CONLIN QUICKLY SUGGESTS INSTEAD THAT THE COOKING POTS BE TRANSFERRED FROM MIKE'S PACK TO MINE. HOW FOOLISH OF ME NOT TO THINK OF THAT.

I FALL BACK FROM THE GROUP TO FIND MYSELF WALKING THROUGH THE PAGES OF NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE. BUT I'H NO LONGER SIMPLY LOOKING AT PRETTINESS; EVERY SENSE SCRUTINIZES THE ENVIRONMENT. THE SKY IS AN INVERTED OCEAN, BLUE AND INFINITELY DEEP, WITH GREAT CURRENTS THAT BUOY SCHOOLS OF LONG-WINGED BIRDS AND ROAR THROUGH THE TREE-TOPS LIKE BREAKERS. UNIFORMED IN SHADES OF GREEN FROM BIRTH TILL DEATH, A REGIMENT OF SOLEMN GIANTS STANDS AT ATTENTION, HOLDING ITSELF ERECT AND SOIL TO THE MOUNTAIN BY INTERTWINING TOES UNDERGROUND. SOME COOL AS MIRRORS, OTHERS HOT AS PENNIES, ROCKS KALIEDOSCOPE IN ALL SHADES AND TINTS OF EVERY IMAGINABLE HUE, VARYING IN SIZE FROM THE PEBBLE IN MY BOOT TO THIS MOUNTAIN ON WHICH I AM BUT A PEBBLE.

I REMOVE MY CAMERA, AN OLD INSTAMATIC, FROM ITS CASE AND START TO RECORD THE SCENE. BUT EACH SHUTTER-CLICK EMPHASIZES THE FUTILITY OF TRYING TO CATCH WHAT I FEEL; I REALIZE MY PICTURES WILL LACK WHAT EVEN THE GREAT PHOTOGRAPHERS OF NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC CANNOT CAPTURE. WITH THE CAMERA STOWED AWAY, I USE MY BODY AS LENS, MY MIND AS FILM.

THERE ARE MORE SURPRISES WHEN I REJOIN THE CONLINS. MARK IS NOW SUFFERING FROM THE PREAD RUBBER-ANKLE, GIVING ME THE CHANCE TO CARRY THE SMALL ALCOHOL-BURNING STOVE. ALSO, MIKE HAS BEGUN TO THROW UP, SO THE CONLINS ALSO LET ME PUT THE TENT POLES HE HAS CARRIED THIS FAR INTO MY PACK. IT IS BEGINNING TO DAWN ON ME WHY I WAS INVITED ALONG.

HAVING COVERED SUCH A SHORT DISTANCE, THE AREA IN WHICH WE SPEND THE NIGHT IS WELL-POPULATED WITH HIKERS ON SHORT TRIPS. OUR CLOSENESS TO DEVELOPED REGIONS MEANS MORE THAN JUST A HIGHER DENSITY OF CAMPERS. TWO SEMI-WILD BEARS AMBLE THROUGH DURING THE NIGHT. IN THE EARLY MORNING, I LOOK UP FROM MY BREAKFAST TO MEET EYES WITH A TRIBE OF MULE DEER. IF I THOUGHT THEY LIKED CEREAL, I WOULD INVITE THEM OVER; THE CONVERSATION COULD ONLY IMPROVE.

MR. CONLIN DISCOVERS HE HAS LEFT HIS CAMERA IN FRESNO, MAKING ME OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR THE EXPEDITION. THE NEW POSITION ALLOWS ME TO PULL OUT MY CAMERA, WAVE EVERYBODY AHEAD, AND HIKE BY MYSELF. I APPRECIATE THE GOOD INTENTIONS OF THOSE WHO WARN ME OF THE DANGERS OF SOLITARY HIKING, BUT I HAVE HIGHER PRIORITIES THAN PERSONAL SAFETY. MY MAIN OBJECTIVE IN BACK-PACKING IS TO BE IN A PLACE WHERE HUMANS ARE NOT. TRAVELING ALONE, OR AT LEAST SEPARATING MYSELF FROM THE CONLINS FOR SHORT INTERVALS, ALLOWS ME TO ABANDON PROPER SOCIAL BEHAVIOR, AND CONCENTRATE ON MORE IMPORTANT THINGS, LIKE THE DRY WHISPER OF A BREEZE THROUGH TALL GRASS, UNDISTURBED BY ANOTHER'S ATTEMPT AT CONVERSATION.

THE SUN GOES DOWN EARLY; YOU CANNOT BE ANYWHERE BUT IN A VALLEY, SO A PEAK OR RIDGE STEALS THE SUNLIGHT. THE SIERRAS BURN BRILLIANT PINK IN THE SUN'S LAST RAYS, FADE SLOWLY TO BLUE-VIOLET, THEN DISAPPEAR TO FRAME THE STARS. ALPENGLOW, MR. CONLIN TELLS ME. I SLEEP LIKE A DEAD MAN.

THE ONLY PASSES THROUGH THE STEEP RANGE BEFORE US ARE HIGH ABOVE, SO TODAY WE CLIMB, ZIGZAGGING BACK AND FORTH ACROSS ITS FACE. SCRAMBLING UP A SHORT LEG OF THE SWITCH-BACK, I PEER OVER THE EDGE TO FIND MR. CONLIN AND MIKE BELOW. MARK IS ABOVE ME THOUGH, WALKING RAPIDLY WITH A RED FACE. IT OCCURS TO ME THAT IF HE MANAGES TO GET HIMSELF SICK, MY PACK WILL CONTINUE TO GROW HEAVIER, SO I LENGTHEN MY STRIDES TO CATCH HIM.

A YOUNG WOMAN IN LEATHER SHORTS PASSES US AS WE CATCH OUR BREATH. HOURS LATER, I SPOT HER FROM A CLIFF, FAR BELOW ME, SHE NAPS ON A HUGE FLAT BOULDER, LARGE ENOUGH TO CRADLE A SMALL LAKE IN ITS POCKET. THE WOMAN AND THE WATER LIE AT REST ON THE STONE, AND I CANNOT FORGET THEM.

NARROW BANDS OF GRASS AND WILDFLOWERS TRAILING DOWN THE ROCKFACE BETRAY TINY TRICKLES OF BROOKS. ONLY IN THE SIERRAS CAN ONE DRINK WATER DIRECTLY FROM ITS SOURCE, AS WE DO WITH THE STEEL CUPS UNHOOKED FROM OUR BELTS. AFTER CLIMBING ONLY A SHORT DISTANCE, WE STOP AGAIN TO LOOK AT THE BROOK, HERE GURLING MERRILY OVER A PILE OF HORSE MANURE. MR. CONLIN MUMBLES SOMETHING ABOUT PACK-ANIMALS. MUTE, I THINK OF THE WATER, THE MANURE, MY STOMACH, AND WHAT KIT CARSON DID AT TIMES LIKE THESE.

BY LATE AFTERNOON WE CREST THE SPINE TO MEET A COOL WIND THAT DRIES OUR SWEAT. BEFORE US LIES A BROAD MEADOW CUT ACROSS BY A WIDE, SHALLOW STREAM AND STREWN THICKLY WITH JAGGED ROCKS AND

FLOWERS WITH PETALS SMALLER THAN PINHEADS. EVEN THOUGH WE CAN HEAR THE WATER GURGling MERRILY PAST OUR CAMPSITE, NO ONE IS THIRSTY TONIGHT. MORNING FINDS MY SLEEPING BAG CRUSTED WITH FROST, THE SHIRT AND JACKET DRAPED OVER MY PACK, FROZEN. I BEAT THE JACKET UNTIL IT ALLOWS MY NAKED ARMS TO ENTER ITS SLEEVES, BUT THE SHIRT IS BEYOND HOPE; I LASH IT LIKE A STIFF CORPSE TO MY PACK.

WHEN THE SUN FINALLY CLEARS THE LINE OF PEAKS, IT IS MIDMORNING, AND WE ARE FILING THROUGH THE BELLY OF A SMOOTH, REGULAR VALLEY WHICH ROUNDS UP ON EITHER SIDE INTO AN EVEN RIDGE. AFTER GAINING SOME ALTITUDE, I LOOK BACK AT THE FURROW, CARVED BY THE PONDEROUS FLOW OF A GLACIER WITH THE EASE OF A CHILD SCOOPING A MOAT FOR A SAND-CASTLE. LIKE SEASHELLS, THE GRANDEST PEAK AND NEAREST PEBBLE ARE BROUGHT TO THE SURFACE AND ABANDONED TO THE ELEMENTS BY AN EBBING TIDE OF ICE. PERHAPS THESE BRASH, SHARP-EDGED MOUNTAINS WILL ERODE AND MELLOW TO RESEMBLE THE SOFT, ROLLING MOUNTAINS OF MY CAROLINA HOME.



WHEN WE MAKE A MURDEROUS ASSAULT ON A HIGH-ALTITUDE PASS, I PUT MYSELF FAR AHEAD BECAUSE I'M AN AMERICAN AND MUST BE FIRST. MY LUNGS STRUGGLE IN THE THIN AIR; COVERING A SHORT DISTANCE REQUIRES MANY RESTS. I AM FASCINATED AND HUMILIATED AT THIS WEAKENED CONDITION OF MY BODY, UNTIL I LOOK DOWN AT THE CONGLINS, STRUGGLING LIKE THREE DRUNKARDS. AT THE PASS THERE IS A SIGN WITH ALTITUDE AND GRAFFITI. WEARING TIRED, TRIUMPHANT SMILES, WE POSE FOR PHOTOGRAPHS, THE ONLY PICTURES OF THE TRIP

WITH PEOPLE IN THEM.

THE KEEN NIGHT AIR CUTS MY LUNGS. I LIE IN MY SLEEPING BAG EXPOSING ONLY NOSTRILS AND EYES, WITH A SKY ABOVE SO THICKLY DUSTED WITH STARS, THE MAJOR CONSTELLATIONS ARE LOST IN THE CROWD. HERE, THERE IS NOTHING TO STAND BETWEEN ME AND THE REST OF THE UNIVERSE.

IN THE MORNING, WE STOP AT A RANGER'S POST TO RADIO A CONFIRMATION ON PICK-UP DATE, TAKING HIS HAND-HELD TRANSMITTER TO THE MIDDLE OF THE CLEARING, THE RANGER, A MIDDLE-AGED MAN WITH FOREARMS LIKE POPEYE THE SAILOR, DELIVERS THE MESSAGE THROUGH A STORM OF STATIC. IN HIS CABIN, THERE IS A COT HEAPED WITH WOOL BLANKETS AND DOWN QUILTS, AND ON A SQUARE TABLE, HIS CAMPAIGN HAT WITH IRONS WEIGHTING ITS BRIM TO KEEP IT FLAT. I ENVY THIS MAN FOR HIS UNDERSTANDING OF HIMSELF AND HIS HABITAT.

FLOWERS ARE EVERYWHERE, WITH GUSTENING EYES REFLECTING HIS BOYHOOD IN THE SIERRAS, MR. CONLIN TELLS ME THE BLOSSOMS' INDIAN NAMES AND ASSOCIATED LEGENDS. PAYING CLOSE ATTENTION TO THE REMINISCENCES THAT HIS SONS IGNORE, I REALIZE THAT I DO NOT DISLIKE HIM. HE'S WORTHY OF MY RESPECT, REGARDLESS OF THE FERTILIZER HE HAS FOR OFFSPRING.

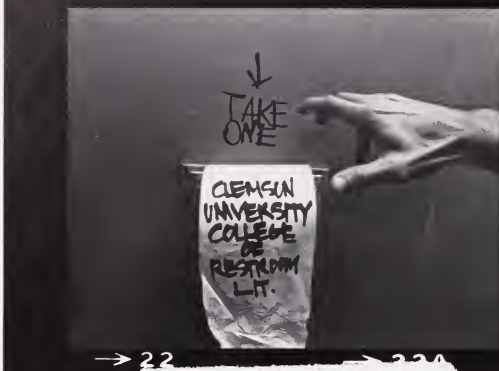
WE MAKE CAMP EARLY, BECAUSE TONIGHT IS OUR LAST NIGHT: ONLY A SHORT DISTANCE IS LEFT FOR TOMORROW. WEARING MOCCASINS, I PAD INTO THE WOODS TO CONTEMPLATE THIS TRIP. INSTEAD, I EAT MY LAST BAR OF TROPICAL CHOCOLATE, MARVELING AT ITS ABILITY TO SURVIVE MY BREAST POCKET IN AN UNMOLTEN FORM. I RETURN TO CAMP QUITE LATE; MY SLEEP IS TORTURED BY HOPELESS DREAMS.

DAY-HIKERS STOP TO ASK ME HOW MUCH FURTHER TO THE TOP OF THE RIDGE WE'RE DESCENDING. THEIR FACES BRIGHTEN AS I LIE TO THEM, LEADING THEM TO BELIEVE IT IS TWO HOURS WHEN I KNOW IT TO BE FOUR. SO WHAT IF THEY EXHAUST THEMSELVES, TURNING BACK HALFWAY TO THE TOP TO STUMBLE DOWN IN THE DARK WITH A BUNCH OF WHINING KIDS. I HATE THESE PEOPLE WHO HIKE IN LOAFERS AND POLYESTER, LETTING THEIR CHILDREN TEAR LITTLE TREES LIMB-FROM-LIMB. GAS'EM I SAY. AGAINST THE WALL WITH NO BLINDFOLDS AND NOW THEM DOWN. GRIND THEM INTO DOG-FOOD AND THEIR YAPPING MUTTS INTO HAMBURGER.

MY FEAR OF LEAVING THESE MOUNTAINS SHORTENS MY TEMPER, DRIVES ME TO A SENSELESS ANGER THAT I TURN ON ALL AROUND ME. MY PACE IS EVEN BUT MY MIND BOILS: HOW CAN I GO FROM YOU? HOW CAN I STAY? THERE IS NO ANSWER. REMAINING IS IMPOSSIBLE BECAUSE MAN HAS LOST HIS ABILITY TO LIVE WITH NATURE; MAN COMES ONLY ON HIS OWN TERMS, CONSTRUCTING HIS ENVIRONMENT TO SURVIVE. BUT LEAVING THE SIERRAS IS EQUALLY IMPOSSIBLE, BECAUSE I LOVE THEM.

A FLASH OF CHROME PIERCES THE FOLIAGE; A DOZEN STEPS AND WE ARE ENGULFED BY A SEA OF CAMPING VEHICLES.

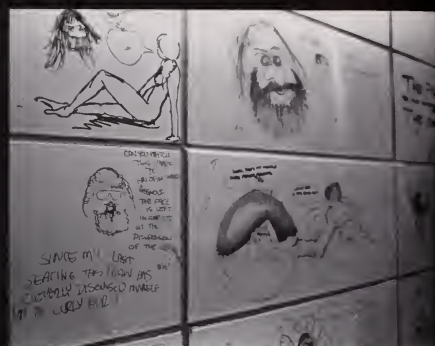
I HAVE BEEN HOME NOW FOR SEVEN YEARS, BUT MY HEART IS WHERE I LOST IT, WAITING FOR ME TO RETURN.



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→ 22A

KODAK SAFETY FILM 5063



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→ 23A

KODAK SAFETY FILM 5063

The arts are going downhill. Those days are gone when one could walk down to the Union Gallery and see impressive sculptures or life-size portraits of Middle America. No longer can one hear great symphony orchestras perform at Littlejohn Coliseum. No wonder! While all these edifying events took place, everyone was bumping their little booties off down at the Bookstore or watching movies about sharks or giant gorillas run amuck. It's easy to see now why we have to put up with the likes of "Peanuts Hucko and His Jazz Five" (admittedly, I haven't heard them play, but the name sounds dangerous enough) and "paintings" produced a la "while-U-wait."

Even literature has suffered. It seems that what once was bad is now good, and what once was disgusting is now acceptable. Let's face it, how many people read the *Calhoun Literary Review*, or even the "serious" material in the *Chronicle*? Even professors of literature have a hard enough time trying to get students to read required course material.

There is a literary form that everyone reads, mainly because one is almost forced to read it, but even it

has degenerated. It is called graffiti. Yes, once the unsuspecting person, alone in the bathroom stall, was held captive in a veritable Museum of Art, chained in between the pages of a book of poetry. Now we're not talking about the baser sorts of classical literature one author, who is published in a library study carrel, admonishes us for:

Graffiti is a work of art, the art of expression. Just as Leonardo daVinci showed the beauty of life through his "Mona Lisa," and John Steinbeck's view of its tragedy is seen in *The Grapes of Wrath*, so sadly it seems Clemson students must express their inner vulgarity through crude pictures and obscene messages. Woe be unto you, Clemsonites.

We're talking about such great literary misrepresentations as:

Tonight the wolves are silent
and the moon howls. —Shako
or all-time classics such as:
God is dead. —Nietzsche
Nietzsche is dead. —God

ABSTRACT

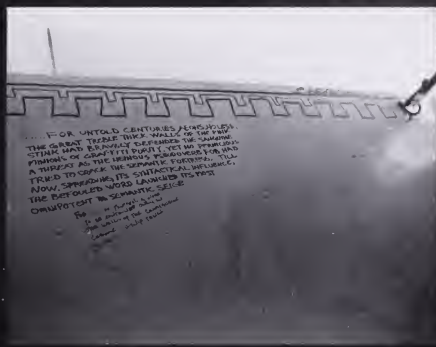
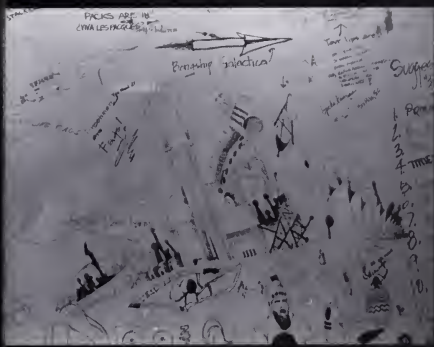
The aforementioned work found in the library says it all: graffiti is a legiti-

mate art form tending toward illegitimacy. It can be studied as literature, or observed as a form of social deviancy. Therefore it deserves the serious attention only a publication in an institution of higher learning such as Clemson can give it. Hence the scholarly-journal type format, complete with the *abstract* you are now reading. The quality and quantity of graffiti, we think, can be linked to social and political climates of the times, with both tending to increase during the threat of thunderstorm. Also, differences in graffiti can be linked to the habitat in which the particular graffiti is found; with respect to the function of the building and the gender of the restroom.

METHODOLOGY

We have encountered several problems in the course of collecting data. It appears that in some circles all graffiti is seen as some sort of infectious disease or a fungus which grows on the walls, and that a veritable Center for Graffiti Control must be hard at work. This makes it very hard for graffiti writers to give magazine writers something to write about. The Physical Plant should keep this in mind

by John Matthews and John Madera



→ 24

→ 24A

→ 25A

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when they reach for the Ajax.

Then another great problem arises, the researchers and authors of this article are male, and for us to view a representative cross-section of toilets would be considered, at best, abnormal. I think they still don't let little boys in the little girl's room.

There was only one alternative—find a Professor of Graffiti. Our initial contact with the Lavatory for Graffiti Research at Johns-Hopkins (or is that Hopkins-John) proved fruitless—but as luck would have it, Dr. Bruce Yandle, Professor of Economics at Clemson, proves to be somewhat knowledgeable on the subject, himself being a graffiti collector.

DISCUSSION AND ANALYSIS

Dr. Yandle offers a unique perspective of the art form of graffiti and of the individual behind this "off the wall" talent. He explains that the graffiti writer is bound only by his desire to communicate. The writer is most expressive in a tranquil setting as opposed to a busy setting; it is natural, then, that a student would be most reflective within the sedating atmosphere of the library, a classroom or, of course, a restroom stall, alone with his

thoughts. "Graffiti is viewed as poetry by many people, and it does fit in with Wordsworth's definition: the overflow of emotions reflected in tranquility. For many people, sitting in the restroom is perhaps one of the most tranquil times during the day . . . and during these times the creative, inspired person may break through and write something."

On the individual author, Dr. Yandle explains: "There is a category of inspired people who see walls as their opportunity to publish... It is a low-cost way to publish and, indeed, the convenient location of graffiti makes certain that the material will be widely read and perhaps even responded to, at least until washed off or painted over.

Besides the cost of printing, the graffiti writer has the option of remaining anonymous, and he is usually spared the risk of bad reviews. But one example was found here on campus, in which one belligerent person responds to another item on the wall: "Eat it, Clown!" Authors sometimes criticize their own work, as one particular person wrote in the grout between tiles:

People who write in cracks are

stupid. How would you like it if someone wrote in your crack? Occasionally, graffiti writers ask for it. One author chose one tile from a wall-full to write:

I feel like just another face in the crowd.

Reply: With your face, I find that hard to believe!

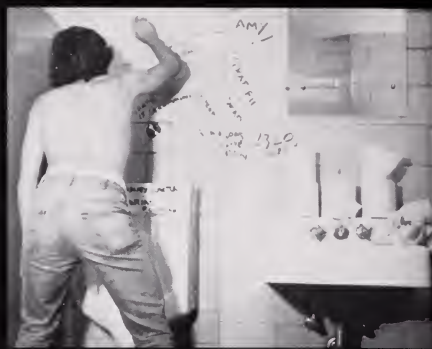
Not only does the tranquillity of the setting provide fertile grounds for graffiti to flourish, but lax maintenance crews do as well. Dr. Yandle reflects that graffiti becomes increasingly more interesting when allowed to accumulate; an example of such accumulation is what Dr. Yandle calls "chain graffiti," or the same line of thought which has been added to several times. This chain often consists of a series of questions and answers. Take, for instance, this example, obviously written by several writers:

Suicide is the only truly interesting philosophical question.

Suicide is not a question, it's an answer.

An answer to what?

To be, or not to be. That is the question.



"To be or not to be" is not a question; it is a sentence fragment.

The first four items were found at Xavier University. Parts of this same chain were found at Clemson, with the last reply added on. That is the Clemson mind. Chain graffiti is not one-way communication; it is, rather, conversation. But sometimes the conversation can continue ad nauseam. Witness this chain found at the Study Hall:

I like it hot and juicy,
tart but not bitter,
sweet and sour,
black and white,
Laurel and Hardy,
Marx and Engels,
Mason and Dixon,
N.Y. and N.J.,
Martini and Rossi, . . .

The "suicide" example mentioned earlier is typical of much graffiti. Namely, it contains a play on words or a clever contrast which enables a reader to see an unexpected meaning. Other similarities among graffiti are not well defined other than their tendencies toward politics, national issues, and local concerns; in other words, here is where the uniformity

ends. It is easy to differentiate graffiti by their location Hardin Hall for psychology graffiti; or Martin for a more scientific, mathematical approach. This item:

$$e = mc^2$$

and

God is Love:
Two basic truths.

And this:

Gravity is a myth—
the world sucks.

reflect vastly differing outlooks on life, yet share a common thread. Which department were they found in? Physics, of course. Here's one found in a University of California Department of Computer Science privy:
In the beginning was the word
But the word was misspelled
Therefore the world did not com-
pile.

Sometimes the differences are more subtle, perhaps showing different modes of thinking:

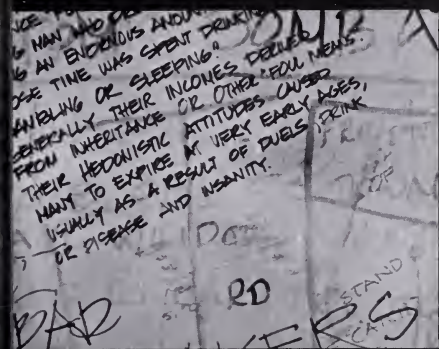
What does it profit a man if
he gains the world but loses his
soul?

Reply: More than if he loses both.
"Most likely, this was written by a student of management or economics," Dr. Yandle asserts, "who had learned

the concept of opportunity cost . . . that there might be a better outcome in the sense of losing and gaining." There may be those who are more creative than others in terms of poetry, prose, or short story, reflects Dr. Yandle, but all are equal in the eyes of graffiti. The engineer can communicate in terms of engineering, for example, or the psychologist can communicate in terms of psychology. Found at the University of Tulsa:

Does the name *Pavlov* ring a bell?

Grffiti from women's restrooms—how does Dr. Yandle obtain it? By corresponding with female graffiti collectors—how else? What has he discovered? That female graffiti tends to be longer, and in ways more creative. And also, much more scarce: "The explanation is chauvanistic," states Yandle, "but it goes that traditionally women have been associated with cleaning up things off walls. They are more conscious of the cost of that action than a person who has not been accustomed to cleaning up walls . . . take it for what it's worth." An example of feminine graffiti from the University of Massachusetts:



Why is writing on the wall so negative, so pessimistic?

Reply:

In a social sense it is acceptable to express good feelings out loud, whereas it is socially improper to express bad feelings aloud. Therefore, the bathroom stall, essentially experienced by only one person at a time, is a good place to relieve tensions in the form of concrete expressions. It insures that others will see how you feel.

According to Dr. Yandle, and confirmed by the *Chronicle's* search, there is a widespread slump in the quality, and amount, of graffiti. Graffiti originated where expression of one's ideas was banned, when a lack of publishing opportunities presented itself, as in Russia. "Nothing political," relates a Russian in conversing with Yandle about the subject matter on Russian walls. "The price is too high." Asked by Yandle what they do write, the Russian's reply is: "The most beautiful poetry in Russia." Graffiti there is a sort of "black market" for literature. Here and now, Dr. Yandle relates, "there is less pressure on young people; there is a more

open environment." The right of verbal expression is used more often, and it seems that graffiti is on the decline. "There is a free spirit in man," asserts Professor Yandle, "that will express itself in one way or another, whether on bathroom walls, in toilets, on desk tops, or however." This free spirit sometimes expresses itself in forms deriding academia:

Accounting sucks.

Reply: There's no accounting for some tastes.

Or:

My Favorite People:

1. Fidel Castro
2. Adolf Hitler
3. Spiro Agnew
4. (anonymous economics prof)

Found inscribed in a toilet tissue dispenser:

Economics diplomas—take one.

Reply: This paper is too expensive for economics diplomas.

It can be said that graffiti can be directly related to socio-political conditions. Here are some items from the Era of Apathy—

I am neither in favor of, or opposed to apathy.

Imported from Britain:

Apathy is England's #1 prob-

lem.

reply:

Who cares?

At Clemson, it's the Civil War relived in the form of verbal aggression:

Yankees are like flies—they eat shit

and bother people.

The union strikes back:

The only good thing coming out

of South Carolina is I-85.

When asked how Clemson rates as a producer of graffiti, Dr. Yandle replies, "Clemson is a mecca for graffiti writers." This statement has every indication of being true. Look twice next time at the wooden desk you occupy in Hardin, Brackett, Riggs, or any building that has these heirlooms. Look in the lavatories. And who hasn't seen "U.S.C. diplomas—Take One" written on a toilet paper dispenser? For those who wish to respond to this article, you may do so by writing clearly and legibly in the stalls of the restrooms on the first floor of Cooper Library.



“I think we should break the engagement. We fight too much,” he said.

She was silent for a moment then said, “Yea, I know. Often I wonder if this is really love or if we are really in love.”

He said, “I wonder too.”

To herself she mused, if you doubt it's love then it must not be.

Then aloud she said, “Also I feel that if we get married now it would just be to hide in the relationship. Besides we're still pretty young.”

“We need to be more independent of each other. We depend on each other too much. I feel we use each other merely as a crutch or convenience,” he said.

“I wouldn't go that far,” she said. “Being more independent—you mean more capable of knowing ourselves, or being our own persons. But to be independent of each other we must be secure with each other, which we ain't.”

He was silent, thinking. She scratched her arm.

“Hives again?” he asked her sarcastically. “You've always got something.”

“Oh, shut up,” she said. It's one of Lucy's fleas or something. And I'm not always sick! I was sick before because I had a vitamin deficiency . . .”

“And you let yourself get that way,” he interrupted. “You should eat better or get more exercise or something.”

I do eat good, just not a lot. And I don't see you jogging or even riding your bike. Once in a blue moon you throw that stupid frisbee.”

“Well,” he paused, “I don't have time. I have to study.”

“And I suppose I have more time than you? I go to school too, you know. Plus I have a puppy that's all shits and teeth to take care of. I also have to write a lot.”

“You don't have to study as much as I do. Zoology is harder than English,” he said pointing at her.

“Bullshit, bullshit! Writing and literary concepts are just as hard as naming orders of bugs or carving up animals.”

“Maybe, but I have a better chance of getting a job than you. You don't even have any plans for the future. You have no ideas do you?” His voice was maddeningly calm.

“You don't either.”

“At least I have an idea.”

She gave up. “Don't you want to finish what we were talking about before this ridiculous ‘I'm-better-than-you’ conversation?”

“What was it?” he asked innocently.

She wanted to slap him. “Our fucking engagement we just broke!”

“Oh, that. Well what's there to talk about?”

“You know,” she said counting to ten. “To tell you the truth, I have a confession. But then I'm sure you feel the same way because we always feel the same way when it comes to our relationship.”

“True,” he said.

“Well,” she continued, “What it is is this: You know how when you get engaged you're supposed to feel happy-dappy in love? Birds singing and all that? Like you know how it's

supposed to be a beginning?”

“Yea,” he said.

“Well, I feel that if I marry you it will be the end of my life!”

He smiled. “That's how I've been feeling lately too. I'm just not sure about us now.”

“I knew you felt that way,” she said happily. “We always feel the same way.”

“Yea, we know each other pretty well,” he agreed.

“But what confuses me,” she continued, “Is why you asked me in the first place. I knew this was going to happen. I knew it!”

To herself she thought, I should have said no. That would have shocked the shit out of him and maybe knocked some sense into his head.

“Well I'm glad I asked you when I did. I don't regret it. We were getting along so good this summer. Now it seems you're always depressed. And you make me depressed just being around you.”

“I got problems,” she said defensively.

“Everyone's got problems. What's so different about yours? Other people can just cope with them better.”

“Coping has nothing to do with it. I'm not as weak as you think. When are you going to stop punishing me and help me?”

“Punishing you? I am helping you. You just don't take my advice.”

“Like hell you're helping me! You just don't listen to me, ever!”

“And what do I listen to? Your problems. It's all the same thing. Why

THE RELATIONSHIP

should I listen to a broken record?"

"Sometimes I hate you," she said.

"So? That's not my fault," he said.

"You're blind! You don't know what you do to me!"

"You do it to yourself. Sorry Sweetie, but it's not me."

"Bullshit! Bullshit!"

"Is that all you can say? You should work on your vocabulary."

"Shut up!"

"You're screwed up! You can't even take a joke!" he said.

"Keep going! Tell me what else is wrong with me. Wait, let me list them: One: I'm stupider than you."

"I didn't say that," he said.

"No, you never say anything. You sure as hell imply it. That's worse. You still don't realize how sensitive I am!"

He was silent.

"Two: I'm unhealthy. Agg! I've got the plague," she moaned. Then she mimicked tears and said in a small sarcastic voice, "Oh, alas! I'm sooo lonely today! Alas! Alas!"

"Shut up," he moaned.

They were both silent but breathing heavily. After awhile he spoke first, "I just wanted to get everything out into the open. We both knew what was going on between us anyway, so I thought it was better to bring it out instead of keeping it inside."

"Yea, but I can't help feeling hurt that you were the first one to bring it up," she said slowly.

"It doesn't matter who brought it up. The fact is, it had to be done."

"Just like farting, eh?—it has to be done."

He couldn't help smiling and said, "Yea, something like that. Just remember though, I love you. I know

that for sure. But right now I feel that it's best if we break the engagement. Besides, we weren't going to get married until next year anyway. We'll still see each other but we mustn't be so possessive or dependent on each other. We've been that way too much lately."

"Really," she said agreeing. "But what do you expect? We were engaged you know."

"Yea, true," he said.

"By the way, are you in love with me?"

"In love? I told you I love you."

"I know," she said, "But there is a difference between loving someone and being in love with them."

"I never have understood what you meant by that. What's the difference? You either love someone or you don't."

She sighed. You'll never learn, she thought.

She continued, "I'll always love you but I wouldn't and couldn't marry you now for anything."

"I'm glad you agree."

"You know what our whole trouble has been lately? We've been acting like boyfriend and girlfriend-yuk—instead of being friends. Before you can be lovers you must be friends."

"Yea, really! Maybe we need to get to know each other all over again. Be friends instead of a quarrelling boyfriend and girlfriend."

"I just don't think you like me anymore," she said watching him carefully knowing what he would say next.

"Like you? I love you!"

"You can love the ass off someone and still not like them. Take for example if you had a kid—you'd love him

just because he was your kid. But if you didn't like him for being an individual—a person—you could forget about communicating or getting along. Do you know what I mean? Like now you think that I'm never going to change or say anything different. All I'm going to talk about is my problems. That hurts and it shows your increasing narrowmindedness toward me. It also shows other things."

He was silent. "Perhaps you're right."

"Never going to say 'yes positively you're right' are you? You're never sure of anything!"

"So? That's just the way I am."

"Well, I don't like it."

"It's not my fault."

"I think you should change. Oh yea, also I don't like the feeling I get when you make love to me lately. It's too mechanical."

"Maybe so," he said sighing.

"It's just the way I've been feeling lately—blah."

They were silent for awhile. She picked at her cuticles—something she despised.

Finally she said quietly, "I'm glad we had this talk."

Maybe it will work out—at least for the best anyway," he said. "I feel relieved at any rate."

"Yea," she said.

They looked at each other and smiled.

"I love you," he said to her.

"I love you," she said to him.

They went to the bedroom. Their love making was better than it had been in months.

GALLERY



A. Roth



Debra Borsley



The Dream -

Chagall - 70



STIMKEYS THE NEIL DUNLAP

I remember when my family moved out of town to the lake: my first attraction was to the Thimkeys. I had never seen anything like them. I had been out of town with my parents on many occasions and caught glimpses of crumbling houses off in the distance; but this was different—the Thimkeys were my neighbors (even though no one in the neighborhood would claim them). They lived on the fringe of our neighborhood and they were different.

Their house was of bare boards, many warped to the point where it seemed they would pop off with any sudden movement. A long porch, which sagged toward the middle, dominated the front of the house. The top step was missing from the stairs, and the whole affair looked rather shaky. In the back yard an old barn stood; but there was no evidence it was used for anything: the door was gone, boards were missing from the sides, and vines had grown down from the trees and onto the roof. With the exception of a small garden, the cleared land around the house was overgrown with tall grass and briars and weeds. Apparently farming had ceased years ago. A covered well was beside the house, and in the forest behind the barn, an outhouse was about to fall over. The sole color in this entire scene was afforded by the silver of the electric meter.

I was in the fourth grade when my father left the town of Wainright, South Carolina, six miles into the country, in the spring of 1967. Two new neighborhoods had begun growing up along the shores of the recently completed reservoir, Lake Jackson. We moved into a brick house in the smaller of the two neighborhoods, Lakeview Shores. The neighborhoods were separated by a strip of forest which ran from the road down to the lake. Near the road, caught between the two neighborhoods in the strip of forest, sat the Thimkey's house.

In June, after we had gotten out of school for the summer, my friend Jon and I began watching the Thimkey's house. Jon was the youngest member

of the Jewish family from Connecticut which had just moved into a house up the street from mine.

One evening before dusk Jon and I were hidden behind a blind of brush watching Mrs. Thimkey hoe the garden, while Mister Thimkey lay sprawled beneath a large oak, dozing. Jon was almost asleep, and I was watching an old dog trotting down the road, when a voice demanded our attention:

"Mus' behsome kinda wild animal 'hind them bushes; I'm gonna hafta get the shotgun an' kill it 'fore it eats the chickens." Mrs. Thimkey was staring in our direction. She turned and started toward the house. We were immediately off, tearing away through the dark forest, dodging trees, leaping over logs. When we were deep in the forest and felt safe, we collapsed onto the pineneedled floor and lay with our chests heaving, our bodies wriggling. My breath had almost returned, when I heard a thrashing of brush behind us. I rolled over and saw something in the darkness, looming toward me. I realized it was Mister Thimkey. I grabbed Jon by his shirt and began pulling him along after me.

"Get off my lan'. Why you lookin' at me? You stay off my lan'. You hear me, boys. You hear me."

I remember Jon, as short and round as he was, beating me back to our neighborhood. I ran straight home and into the den to my father. I told him what had happened.

"Dirt-eaters," he said. "Stay away from these people, son. They're the type that shoot and ask questions later. What do you see up there, son?"

We did stay away for a couple of weeks, but the heat of the summer had something to do with our return. In the past, houses like the Thimkey's sat on their foundations high off the ground. They were built this way for a purpose though—to let the air circulate in the open space between the floor of the house and the ground. This kept the house cooler in the course of torrid, southern summers. Our house was bricked up from the ground but, we had an air con-

ditioner, of course.

I had always wanted to get closest to the Thimkeys than the far corner of their yard, and one day I saw my chance. Jon and I crawled through the tall grass, ran up to the back of the house, and found that beneath the house it was dark and cool. We could sit under there, playing cards and writing notes back and forth, safe from the heat outside, and listen to the Thimkeys.

They had a television and it played most of the afternoon. Mister Thimkey's usual position was in a chair in the front doorway facing the road; but, when "Let's Make a Deal" came on, we could hear him turn the chair around and face inside. He always played and he most always lost, or if he did well, he won a zebra or a tricycle.

It was a particularly hot day in July. But beneath the house, it was cool. Mrs. Thimkey had taken her little girl and rode off with a young lady. Jon and I had listened to them all talking on the front porch. They would be back in plenty of time to fix supper. After they left, the older daughter and Mister Thimkey sat for a while on the porch, then she went inside, toward the back of the house. A few minutes later, Mister Thimkey rose, and we followed the sound of his steps to the same part of the house. The girl had been singing, but the song ceased, and she began to scream daddy! then curse like I had never heard any woman curse until—Silence.

A door banged and I jumped. Heavy footsteps crossed the house. A tattered pants leg appeared on the second step, then another. Mister Thimkey stood there for a minute, then he spit, hitched up his pants and left.

The house was silent for what seemed a long time. Then came an eruption of noise—walls were pounded, a glass shattered, objects struck the floor—which ceased as abruptly as it began.

Another stretch of silence, then, I heard crying, moaning. Then: steps quickly crossing the house, a door

slamming—hard—and a blast of water through the pipes above my head. We listened to the water until it cut off. We crawled away.

About a week later my next-door neighbor told my mother, that the Thimkey's older daughter, Sandra, had left home. They searched for her, she said, but couldn't find her—as far as I know they never did. She—the neighbor—always took her daughter's old clothes to the Thimkeys and baked them a ham each Christmas, so whatever happened up at the Thimkeys, she was usually the first to know.

The day after I heard the news about Sandra, Jon and I were hidden behind a log on top of a red cliff above the road waiting for Mister Thimkey. We saw him coming, walking, or rather shambling down the road. He was a grizzly man, lanky, with sallow skin. His face was bony and his head misshapen. One eye looked as though it was about to pop out of its socket. On his back, he carried a burlap sack. I was relieved when he was past.

We waited until he was a little distance down the road. Jon threw the first stone—it struck the asphalt and skipped into the gully. Mister Thimkey walked on. I came closer, but missed also. Jon almost got him. I think it sailed past his head. He was almost to the highway and out of range when I fired my best shot: it hit him hard on the leg. He turned around, then started toward us. I watched Jon run into the forest. I tried to get up and run, but all I could do was watch the looming figure. He scaled the cliff and jerked me up and held me with his long bony hands. He started shaking me.

"Dirt-eater."

"Gonna teach you a lesson, boy."

"Dirt-eater."

"Gonna teach you, boy."

He grabbed my ankles and held me upside down, shaking me.

"Teach you to mess with me."

"I know what you did to your daughter." I kept repeating it.

He shook me harder. I was screaming it. Finally, he must have heard

Jon. He dropped me on the ground. He was looking up into the tree tops, swaying and groaning. Then he looked down at me and ran away.

I left the Thimkeys to themselves the remainder of the summer; indeed, for eight years. They stayed the same: the chickens in the yard, the old man in the doorway, the old woman in the garden, the girl about the house. I'd pass by on a bike, later driving my own car, and look at them and know they were there and things were the same. Actually, the Thimkeys faded from my thoughts after that initial fascination. New things attracted me.

I had not thought of them for perhaps a year, when one day in early September—my senior year in high school—the youngest daughter, Mae, walked into my fourth period study hall and sat in the front row. Since junior high, I had advanced with Mae through the grades, but we had never been in a class together, nor had we spoken. At the time, I don't even think she knew we were neighbors. I thought little about it at first. I said I had almost forgotten the Thimkeys, and the events of my youth. But slowly, like a throb, the returning memories began to pound.

Instead of staying in the study hall I always went to the library to read magazines. Usually I walked with a group of friends, but one Friday before a football game in the fall all my friends had left school after lunch. Mae always went also, walking behind us, alone. But that day we walked together. She asked about my

missing friends. We talked of football and the weather. She said she'd never been to a game. Then, as we were descending the steps to the library, I identified myself as a neighbor. She was reserved as first but soon we started talking, speaking in the halls between classes, and about two weeks later I sat with her in the library. She was a sweet girl, though not very pretty. She had a never ending supply of stories and a special way of telling them that made them seem very real. Her eyes were her most pleasant feature. They were bright and hopeful; although there was something in them that reminded me of her past. But she seemed ready to do something—I did not know what and I don't think she knew either. I was fond of her, fascinated by her. We became friends, Monday through Friday, fourth period.

One afternoon in early spring Mae and I were on our way to the library. It was so fine a day I suggested we sit for a while in the sun. She was particularly talkative and I asked her questions on a variety of subjects, arriving finally on the history of her family. She had never spoken much about them before and I had never pried, but today she seemed almost eager to talk.

"Daddy was born across the line in Georgia. Granddaddy was one of those farmers, what do you call it, that worked and shared with the owner of the land?"

"Tenant farmer?"

"That's it, tenant farmer."



"Did they live in Georgia?"

"Yeah. Anyway when daddy was still young they all moved and worked at a mill somewhere near here. I don't remember where."

"Why?"

"Well. Momma said daddy said they were starvin'. Daddy won't talk about it. He hated it. Granddaddy died and daddy had to work and support the family until he got married. I don't think daddy likes to work too much."

"Really?"

"Yeah. He says Granddaddy just died so he wouldn't have to work."

"How long did he work there?"

"Not too long. He got sick, brown lung or somethin'. He'd cough all night long, even after he'd been gone for years he still coughed."

"So he left the mill."

"Yeah. He got a little money some way and bought that land near you and farmed for a few years before he had to quit."

"Why'd he have to quit?"

"Momma says he was just lazy."

"What about your sister?"

"What about her?"

"Have you ever heard from her?"

"Momma said she was no account."

"Do you think she was?"

"I don't know. She was always nice to me."

"It's too nice to go inside."

"I suppose we have to though."

Mae didn't return to class after Easter holidays. Thursday of the first week back I asked the monitor if she had any information: Mae had been

scratched from the role, that was all she knew. In the course of the following week I drove slowly by her house several times but never saw her, just the old man like a slug in the doorway.

Any thoughts or worries about Mae were soon pushed back in my mind, however, graduation was drawing near. I didn't see Mae again until one scorching afternoon in late July. I was downtown, shopping for a present. when I saw her sitting alone on a bench, apparently waiting for a bus. I went over and sat beside her.

"How'd that happen?"

"It just happened."

"What are you doing down here?"

"Workin'."

"How much longer can you work?"

"I'm workin' till I have enough money to leave."

"Leave? What about that?"

"I guess I'll take it with me, stupid." She smiled for the first time.

"Where you going?"

"South."

"You are south."

"I'm going to Atlanta."

"What are you going to do there?"

"Get rich."

I started laughing.

"Rich and warm—you can, I heard talk."

Her eyes were still bright. After all that I imagined she had been through, her eyes were still bright.

"Let me take you home."

"Oh, I don't live there no more; I'm livin' with my cousin."

"Well come on. I'll take you."

"No."



"Come on. The baby might melt in this sun."

On the way home she didn't say much. We stopped in front of her cousin's house and she looked at me and said very calmly: "What do they do to you if you kill somebody?"

"Nothing."

"Nothin'?"

"They shouldn't."

"We'll probably never see each other again."

"Oh, you'll hear of me. I told you I'm gonna be rich."

"And famous."

"And famous."

Mister Thimkey died in late August, collapsed on the highwayside in one hundred and five degree heat. He was buried in the Georgia mountains. About a week after the funeral, my neighbor informed my mother, Mrs. Thimkey moved to Memphis; she said she thought Mae was living in Atlanta. A few days after that I noticed a small "For Sale" sign posted on the front door of the Thimkey's house. The house just sat there however, and it wasn't until almost a year later, after I had been at school, that I noticed the sign had been removed.

They came to put an end to the Thimkey's house in the heat of a July day. I was riding my bike one morning and saw a truck parked in against the fender of a long silver automobile parked beneath the branches of the old oak. As I approached he began removing his coat. He saw me and we exchanged hellos. He neatly folded the coat and, since I was standing beside the door, asked if I would place it on the seat: I obliged.

"It's gonna be a hot one, ain't it?"

"Sure is."

"You live 'round here?"

"I live at Lakeview Shores."

"Ol' Tom Wheeler live down there, don't he?"

"Across the street."

"He's a good man."

"What's going on here?"

"I bought this lan'."

"What's going on here?"

"We tearin' it an' the house down."

"Why?"

"Gonna sell it as kin'lin' this wintah t' niggahs."

"Oh. That's nice."

"Usin' the bricks from the chimneys; gonna build a fireplace in a new home I'm buildin' with 'em."

"You build houses?"

"No. No, I'm havin' one built."

"Are you using the bricks from the foundations?"

"Ev'ry one of 'em."

Men were on ladders tying ropes to the barn, the noise of sawing came from the inside.

"What's going to become of this land?"

"Ohh . . . I'll prob'ly keep it a while, then sell it. Lan's goin' up ev'ry day."

The men came out of the barn, the ropes were drawn taut.

"I owned that lan' 'cross the highway."

"Where they built the new car place?"

"Yeah. Bought that lan' for nothin'."

The sides of the barn fell over like cards.

"Well. That's alright."

"My son's been wantin' a bike like that."

"They're nice to have. Reminds me, I better be getting on. See you."

The men jumped on the sides and started attacking them with crowbars.

"Bye now."

I came back about a week later but nothing was there. The vines that once covered the barn now hung freely from the trees. The well was gone and the shaft boarded over. The house—there was no house. I didn't stay long, I couldn't stand to look at something that was no longer there.





W. Barry Agnew '18

SPORTS



Can you remember a hot, sunny afternoon back in early September, back to a particular Saturday at the Hanover House, filled with fun and music? Of course not! Let me refresh your memory...several of the east coast's finest bands together for a marathon jam, witnessed by ten thousand screaming fans...newspapers as far away as Atlanta and Charlotte calling it "South Carolina's biggest outdoor concert, in many ways not unlike Woodstock...."

All kidding aside, the turnout was, in the words of editor Donnie Lee, "less than we had hoped for, more than we had expected." Indeed, I had wondered whether the spectators were just weekend picnickers who would have been there music or not. But audience or no audience, a good time was had by all.

A good time. Why else would approximately twenty musicians set up equipment in ninety degree heat and play for free in front of a handfull of people? And judging from some of the sounds these cats were putting down,



they had a ball. Several independent musicians, later assisted by vocalist Kathy Fox, improvised some of the hardest hitting jazz this side of Atlanta—in fact, people in the audience almost refused to believe that they had never before played together. Some guitar and banjo was picked down home style by folk musician

John Woogie and his band. Hunt Gaulden and his group made a power play with some rollicking rock and roll. Some of the afternoon's musicians played like professionals, while others had a long way to go, but the audience didn't care. They ate it up, then washed it down with another beer.

Did we learn anything from all this? We learned that the logistics of running a jam session are more complicated than we had been prepared to mess with. Aside from that, did anything more substantial spring from this event than publicity for the Chronicle? We think so. We think that it gives area musicians a chance to meet, experiment, and have fun. We also



NO SHORTS

think that it gives music lovers and other people free access to a good time. Who knows, future jams may even give birth to new and potentially famous hybrid forms of music- jazz/bluegrass, maybe?

BY JOHN MADERA

The limit has been reached when people start to pay others to dress in bedsheets and swallow guppies which are masquerading as goldfish. For several months undergraduates across the country have

been attending parties in adult-sized diapers which they insist on calling "togas."

These practices are in vogue because of the movie Animal House. In the film, the lower classes of the human race are gathered under the drooping, dirty banner of one fraternity. The other characters make up the leaders and mainstream of the community, arguably an even lower class. The animals go through the community terrorizing, degrading, insulting, and offending anyone in sight. These are the characters being imitated by many of today's real-life students.

Typically, these students have missed the point. The movie makers are poking fun, ridiculing. The Deltas were not meant to be imitated. The point is quite clearly made that the Animal House residents are wasting their youths and their opportunities. In addition, they impose their decadence on those around them, thereby contributing to the decline of any sort of privacy, dignity, or civilized behavior.

True enough, the movie also attacks the establishment figures. In The movie they're hypocrites, frauds, and criminals, just as their real-life counterparts are perceived to be by the Lampoon staff. But the movie does not say that Deltas' honest decadence is more virtuous than the others' dishonest deca--

dence. Neither the Deltas nor the other characters are held up as examples of people to emulate. The point is that they're all wrong and their behavior is to be shunned.

Before the Deltas' magnum opus at the Homecoming parade, one of the brothers states, "This requires a stupid and futile gesture." Bluto chimes in, "And we're just the guys to do it." So with the real-life Delta imitators.

BY BOB CARLSON

The articles in Shorts do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the Chronicle staff.

UNTITLED

The man,
Who grooms the floors,
Cut his teeth
On hard times
Many years before.
Heaping scattered remnants
Of simple pleasures
Into collective piles;
Taking rare delight
In the blue-covered matchbook
From the restaurant
He once cleaned tables for...
Happiness at discounts,
Worn as modestly
As a freshly laundered
Teeshirt...

by SCOTT DESHEFY



"Where

Do You

INTRODUCTION BY JOHN MADERA

Want To Eat?"

Whether out on a date, with friends, or even with parents, the inevitable question always arises—"Where do you want to eat?" These periods of anxiety are often marked by extreme indecisiveness. Many times, all but one of a party will reach a deadlock; in these instances, remarks such as "it doesn't matter to me" are often met with violence—as many people have experienced.

At one of our regular Wednesday meetings, someone, apparently hearing a call to save these poor souls (she was probably beaten once herself), suggested we do the students a service and run an article on area restaurants: those out of the way places in which one can find extraordinarily good food at prices which students can afford. I said to myself, "It will never work. When *Southern Living* did it, they had the whole South to work with!" But, people tell me that there are many good restaurants

around these hills.

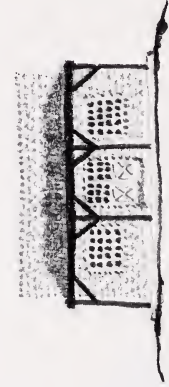
About twenty hours before the copy deadline, I was saddled with the responsibility of writing this introduction. Me—who's idea of a well-balanced breakfast is a cold Budweiser, and who makes reservations for lunch at the Canteen just to savor their world famous *Chilled Grease Sandwich* (no, that's not a misprint). So I asked a friend for his thoughts on food. He mentioned something about the definition of a sandwich as "two inert entities of starch, approximately

THE BEACON

Cheeseburger, cheeseburger, cheeseburger!" You might have heard it on *Saturday Night Live*, but you can hear it any night at THE BEACON in Spartanburg. This fast food restaurant is slightly out of the way for the Clemson student, but if you're ever in the Spartanburg area, it's a must! THE BEACON is a family-run establishment of the old kind—with cheap prices, lots of food, and fast service. The atmosphere is really different—when you walk in the door, you grab a paper menu and step to the side (if you want any time to decide), or else you'll be swept into the line moving along the steel counter, which stretches the entire length of the building. The menu lists every sandwich imaginable, from chili-cheese to catfish (which is served complete with tail and bones on a

BUCKBOARD BAR-B-Q

Located 123 bypass in Seneca, BUCKBOARD offers a wide variety of Bar-B-Q plate combinations of beef or pork. The restaurant has very local atmosphere and the waitresses, often in blue-jean skirts, are very friendly as they sit you at red-checked cloth-covered table and present you with the simple menu. The restaurant serves other dishes, but logically, their specialty is Bar-B-Q. Reasonably priced and served with either hot or mild sauce, the BUCKBOARD piles



FARMER'S HALL RESTAURANT & TEA ROOM

The day is magical, and you want to go somewhere special for lunch, because you finally have some money in your pocket.

There's actually a place in Pendleton where you can pretend you have been transported to an Inn in the English countryside. Farmer's Hall, nestled in the Pendleton Square, offers the quintessence of English hospitality and the personal attention of a small southern establishment. Mrs. Fulmer, the gracious proprietress, will swiftly seat you in the small dining room, where you'll be charmed by the quiet manner of the building. The restaurant has its own particular background, and Mrs. Fulmer will gladly share the history of the town,

1 inch thick, . . . " Forget it. I wouldn't know grits from Crepes Suzette. I had the fortunate opportunity to visit France once. Walking in to what I thought was a restaurant in Cannes, I seated myself at a table and was promptly attended to by the waiter. Proudly displaying my French illiteracy, I ordered a "menage a trois." The waiter said "Very good, sir" and was off in a flash. Boy, was I surprised! I had ordered the dessert first! A little-known fact: French restaurants often double as houses of ill repute.

The view from the Pendleton Square of the town of Pendleton, South Carolina, after the Civil War.

quarters for the plates (served with a mound of french fries and fried onion rings). As soon as you step to the counter, you may feel like you're being herded as the person taking orders yells, "Talk to me, talk to me!" followed by, "Move it on down, move it on down!" The entire kitchen is directly behind the counter, in full view, and you may just gaze in awe as people (probably 25 or 50) rush around, doing their jobs—one pulling uncountable french fries from the fryer or the next dumping thousands of onion rings on the side. Known for their generous servings, THE BE-ASON is said to go through a RR car of onions a week, a comparable amount of potatoes, and no telling how many gallons of ice tea. Even the biggest appetite could be guaranteed to satisfy his hunger here—and if by some miracle of a chance, you might want something else, they serve huge milkshakes and other ice cream concoctions.

Whether you take it out, drive in, or eat in one of the many tabled rooms with televisions—it's a place you won't believe unless you've been there. Just make sure you go in expecting southern fried cookin' and lots of it.



PO FOLKS

Ya'll ain't never heard-a "Po Folks?" They jus' turn on yo radio box an' ya kin hear their song—"We're po' but we're proud."

What they're proud of is a family restaurant with what could be called 'atmosphere.' Although the food is heavy on the fried side (as is true of most family restaurants), the prices are reasonable, and you'll have fun watching ol' timers get into the down home style of things. (Note: We actually prefer the Anderson location to the closer one in Seneca where this down-home style gets just a bit too neighborly! But then you may like managers who call on you while you're eating)

The menu includes seafood, chicken, steak sandwiches, red beans and

rice, etc. We are particularly fond of the 'Seafood Gumbo' and, for dessert, the 'Soppin' Bread and Syrup.' We know of one Clemson graduate who goes there just for the chicken gizzards.

4 locations

55555 Pleasantburg

(291 Bypass)

Greenville, S.C.

Forest Acres Shopping Ctr.

1314 Greenville Road

Easley, S.C.

206 Concord Road

Anderson, S.C.

Highway 123 Bypass

Seneca, S.C.

Hours—Tuesday - Sunday

squares of his homeland. The waiter or waitress may politely interrupt to present you the menu, which includes a special of the day or a choice a la carte. The specials may be anything from crab chops to shrimp and mushroom stuffed crepes, but it is assured to be delectable.

There are also daily vegetarian entrees for the meatless eaters, such as asparagus crepes with avocado and cucumber sauce; eggplant parmesan; vegetarian quiche—and other delicious morsels to satisfy your culinary curiosities. Perhaps the most memorable will be the basket of sour cream biscuits that is constantly being refilled as they melt in your mouth. The touch is complete when served with hot tea, and your imagination may have won out as you gaze past the terrace, dotted with afternoon tea tables, onto the lawn.

When the waiter wheels the desert cart around, you'll take a quick breath as you look at the enormous tortes—chocolate almond, banana creme, lemon creme, and the Farmer's Hall special. The other goodies are the old-fashioned black walnut spice cake, and a broad spectrum of pies, mousse, and tarts. As you go back into the Clemson reality, you'll note Farmer's Hall for that next special occasion. Open Tuesday through Saturday from 8:00-10:00 for breakfast, 11:30-2:30 for lunch, and serving dinner from 5:30 until 8:30 Fridays and Saturdays. Teas and private parties can be arranged.





THE OLD HOUSE

Out in the sticks near Walhalla stands a house of good repute. In fact the only people who haven't heard of it, have to be freshmen. The Old House is unusual in that it only opens on weekends: Friday and Saturday from 5 to 10:00 p.m., and Sunday from 11 a.m. to 9 in the evening. Go early, as the crowds after football games can keep you waiting for hours. While you are waiting, don't be

deceived by a close inspection of the interior decorations: iron skillets, horseshoes, clocks, guns, chairs on the wall, and an iron stove. What is really worth checking out is the food served. Your mouth will positively drool at the sight of mounds of chicken, ham, seafood, and steaks being hauled to waiting tables. And the sight ain't nothin' compared to the tastin' I always go with a large party, but we have never ordered dessert after a meal. Who needs dessert after slaw, hushpup-

PIEDMONT PANTRY

pies, french fries, grits, and biscuits? The biggest surprise I received on my first visit involved the drinks—they are served in Mason jars. No alcoholic beverages are offered, but they have your basic coffee, tea, milk and soft drinks. The prices are reasonable for the excellent quality received, expect to pay about \$5.00 a person. This place even accepts checks (with a student I.D. and a drivers license). I highly recommend the OLD HOUSE for hearty-eaters.

This establishment is a little nicer than your weekday jaunt to chow down. Located on the other side of Walhalla, it's the perfect place to go if you're ready for a beautiful drive in the mountains. To get there, you'll pass some interesting sites, including an old railroad tunnel where Clemson used to store cheese. Take 123 past Seneca and follow Highway 28 through Walhalla, and after a few

MILES AND CRENSHAW

Here is another place that is building up a following of its own: Miles & Crenshaw Restaurant and Cafeteria. It's easy enough to find (I got there, didn't I?). Take Highway 28 to downtown Pendleton, and it is on the right past the first (and only) stoplight. The front conjures up memories of the Greasy Spoon, but the eating belongs to the appearance. The atmosphere is relaxed and very informal, but watch out, girls, because the highest rating I got from the customers was a "5".

The prices are slightly inflated—from \$2.50 upward for lunch—but I would rather pay for good cooking than subtle atmosphere. And I use the word "good" in the best sense: tender ham, pork chops, roast beef, and pork. Their fame comes from the variety of vegetables they serve; I have several vegetarian friends who frequent the place. While you are there, don't miss the corn sticks! I get homesick (and fat) with every bite I take. One thing surprised me pleasantly—the service is good and with a smile, even in the buffet line; my tea glass was never empty. And yes—they keep ketchup on every table.



GOOD GRAVY

Name a restaurant "Good Gravy" and let it be known you are owned by the same corporation as "Po' Folks," and you are asking for overall-wearing customers. Do not be so deceived. "Good Gravy" may not be pervaded by a stiff and heavy elegance, but neither is it a sandwich shop.

Adjectives that describe the atmosphere at "Good Gravy"? Neat, Simple, Fresh, Light, Tasteful. These same adjectives can be applied to the food. Only the freshest vegetables and the most extremely well prepared entrees are served.

Dinners may be a bit much for a student's purse—expect to spend about \$10 a person if you get a cocktail. (Perhaps this would be a good place to get Mom and Dad to take you and your date?) Entrees, which change each week, vary from "Shrimp Malcom" to "Prime Ribs of Beef au jus with Yorkshire Pudding."

NICKS

A strange friend of mine (they all tend to be strange) found out that I was writing an article on local restaurants, and she made me promise that I would try "NICK'S" downtown for lunch. I thought she was crazy—everyone knows that "NICK'S" is a bar, and I don't even like beer. But I went anyway, and I have never been sorry. The atmosphere is lighter and quieter during the lunch hours. I was really astonished at how inexpensive lunch could be (for all of you not on

Some of the best lobster tails we ever ate were served there, though this item has recently left our price range. (The management is considering introducing a half-plate of lobster). We also recommend the Broiled Lamb, and do get a dessert crepe! All entrees include your choice of vegetable and your choice of salad.

Lunch is simpler, less expensive, and still well-prepared. Choose from sandwiches, salads, and "This Week's Chapter or Patty's Luncheon Crepes," all for about \$3.00. One comment: Lunch tends to be overcrowded with business persons. For this reason we recommend that you have at least one relaxing dinner with cocktails at "Good Gravy" before you develop your final opinion of this very good restaurant.

Location: Windsor Place Shopping

Center, Highway 81,

Anderson, S.C.

Hours: Tuesday-Saturday

11AM - 3PM

5PM - 10PM

meal plans): corn dogs are 45¢, chili for 85¢ and the sandwiches range from \$1.65 for turkey to \$2.10 for roast beef. Not only could I afford it, but I enjoyed the food. If you asked a regular customer what side order they enjoyed the most, they would probably be torn between the fried mushrooms and the french fries. I prefer the french fries; they are big and so hot you have to blow on them before you can eat them. I think more students should consider making "NICK'S" a part of their luncheon plans.

winding miles, you'll see a "Summer National Forest" sign. A few more miles and there will be a country store and gas station on the left; within eyesight is another station, on the same side, with large outdoor tanks—take the road beside it, to the left, and the restaurant is several yards down, again on the left. When you turn into the driveway and park your VW between an LTD and Cadillac, don't feel inhibited by imagined prices—the PANTRY is actually reasonable. For around \$4.00 you can serve yourself from an astounding buffet—beginning with soup (usually a delicious clam chowder), various sweet or sour salads, and an entourage of home-styled vegetables to trim the three meats from which to pick. When you enter, a waitress will light the candle on the table and explain how to commence with the one price menu. As you eat, enjoying every bite and listening to the pianist spin songs in his corner, the proprietor will probably make his rounds to be assured his guests are properly served. He will pleasantly chat for a few moments, then move on with his rounds, only to return later, pushing a huge dessert cart—unbelievable! The desserts are cakes of art—ranging from pies, cakes, custards, ice cream, or maybe a simple jello and whipped cream concoction. No matter how full you are your eyes will make room for such creations.

Open Fridays and Saturdays from 5:30 p.m.-8:00 p.m. and Sundays from 12:00-3:00, it's a great weekend treat anytime of the year, except for the month of September, when they are closed.

OZ SEES NOBODY, NO HOW
LUBOW

From where I stood
it looked as if the gates
were open.
(I'm nearsighted).
So I fought to reach them.
The closer I got,
the more I doubted.
Until too near for mistake
I plainly could see them closed.
Locked out.
Others possess keys,
not I.
Breathless,
I was tempted to spring forth
and rattle the fence;
Let me in!
Instead, I settled for
 minor disappointment.
I've travelled through so many
 gates already,
it's enough.

A SISTER'S MEMORY
CINDY GRAY

Today, while rummaging through the attic,
I came across the black leather saddle
That your pony wore . . .

And I saw you galloping with her
Through the pecan orchards.
The cool wind and warm sun embraced you . . .

And I heard you whisper to her
The secrets of a growing boy's heart.
You were sure she understood them all . . .

And I smelled the familiar scent
Of sweet hay and warm perspiration.
It saturated the clothes you wore . . .

And I felt your wounded heart's grief
As she lay by you dying.
She could never share your world again.

NOSES
MOLLY ROBBINS THOMAS

Rose's is red,
Violet's is too
(they imbibed of the wine
and now all is askew).

FOR ALYSSA
MIKE DENPSEY

Darkness has fallen on the world
And I, sitting here in the quavering candlelight
Sit thinking of days past
Of love forged hard and true
in the flickering world of night

The slow rise and fall of her breast
As she lies with her head on my shoulder
Brings me back from my wanderings.

She shivers as a cool breeze
Comes through the open window
Carrying with it the night sounds.

IT'S DONE WITH MIRRORS
DOUG RUSSELL

I guess we've all seen a blind man growing old,
his mind so cold to sight,
his vision adjusted to the darkness of night,
his horizons minutely however so slight.

Isn't it a pity that this man was not told,
of the remarkable things—ah but he grows old,
alone with his knowledge,
he's solid in his world.

But aren't we all blind men growing old,
aren't we all dead men growing cold;
colder by the minute as we get further away,
always alone and too scared to say;
to reach out from ourselves.
But that's o.k. and that's alright,
cause we're all adjusted to the aloneness of the night.

UNTITLED
SANDRA KILLINGSWORTH

Through your eyes,
I see the beauty of the world,
I feel the calmness of silence,
I hear the song of the wind.
Through your touch,
I see the serenity of the land,
I feel the softness of the earth,
I hear the gentle sound of night.
Through your smile,
I see the depth the sky can reach,
I feel the warmth of the sun,
I hear the freedom of nature.
We are one.

Planned Obsolescence

by Milly Robbins Thomas

For Christmas, I received a cactus. For my birthday, I was given an African Violet. For Easter, it was a lily. On the first day of spring, it was a sprouted avocado seed. At the slightest hint of a special occasion, people will shower me with plants. Honestly, do I look like a plant person? My hair, when frizzy (always, that is), may resemble moss; I may look like the type to talk to leaves; I may sound like the type that only leaves would listen to; I may be a little green around the gills; but I do not have a green thumb. So why do people insist on giving me innocent young plants who don't deserve the fate in store for them?

I managed to get the cactus home safely, but, within the hour, I accidentally sat on it. And anyone who knows me even casually can tell you that I am not uncoordinated, but when it comes to plants, I am all thumbs (not green, remember). I had placed my cactus safely atop the refrigerator where it would remain until my mother came home to rescue it from me, and the doorbell rang. In case you didn't know, our neighbor's huge dog came to ring doorbells. Yeah, I didn't know either, but I sure learned fast. Anyhow, he bounded in

and I ran for the highest perch I could find, which happened to be atop the refrigerator. I know I should have remembered about the cactus, but . . . At any rate, I doubt I'll ever be bothered by that mutt again, judging from his reaction to my reaction. It took him a week just to venture back out of his doghouse.

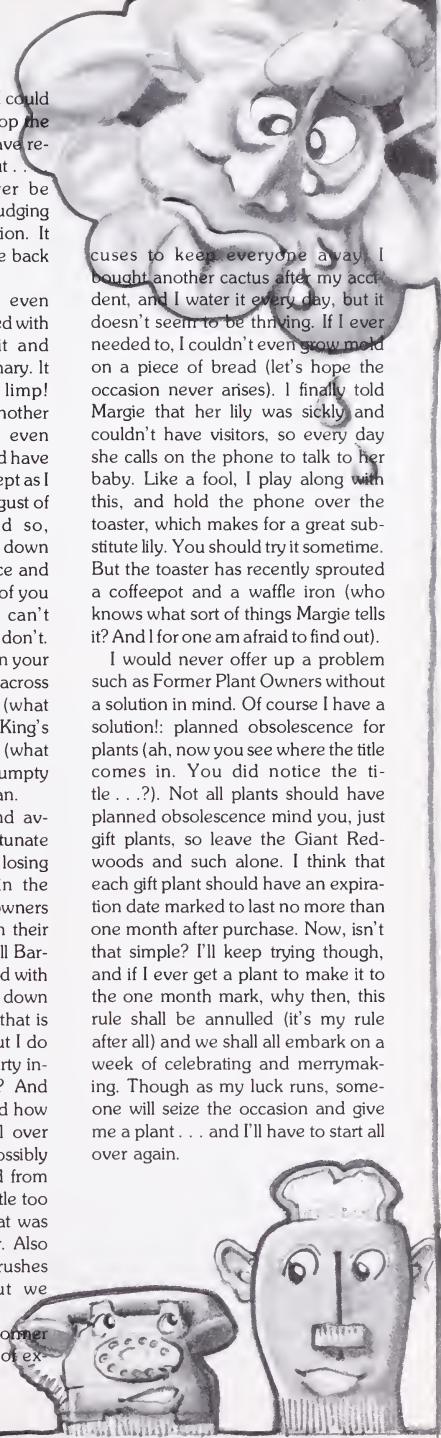
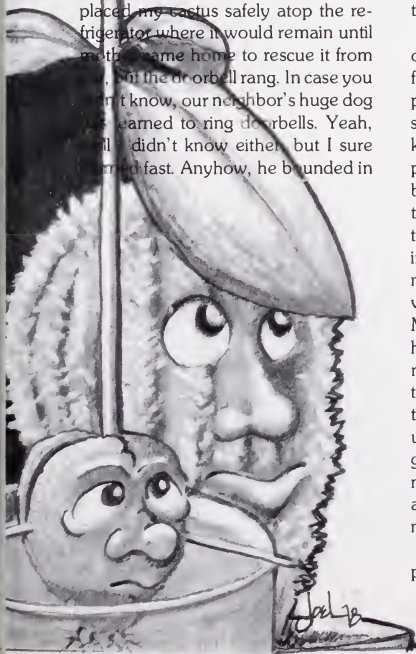
The African Violet had an even shorter lifespan. When presented with the rooted leaf, I dropped it and screamed and had a mild coronary. It was damp! and furry! and limp! Eeyuch! This reaction lost me another acquaintance. I suppose that even with the mild coronary, all would have appeared normal and sane except as I bent over to pick up my leaf, a gust of wind came up from behind so, scrambling to keep my skirt down from my back, I lost my balance and stepped on my hand (to those of you who complain because you can't bend over and touch your toes, don't. At least you've never stepped on your hand) whereupon I tumbled across the lawn and down the hill (what hill?). As for the leaf, all the King's horses and all the King's men (what King?) couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together again. The leaf, I mean.

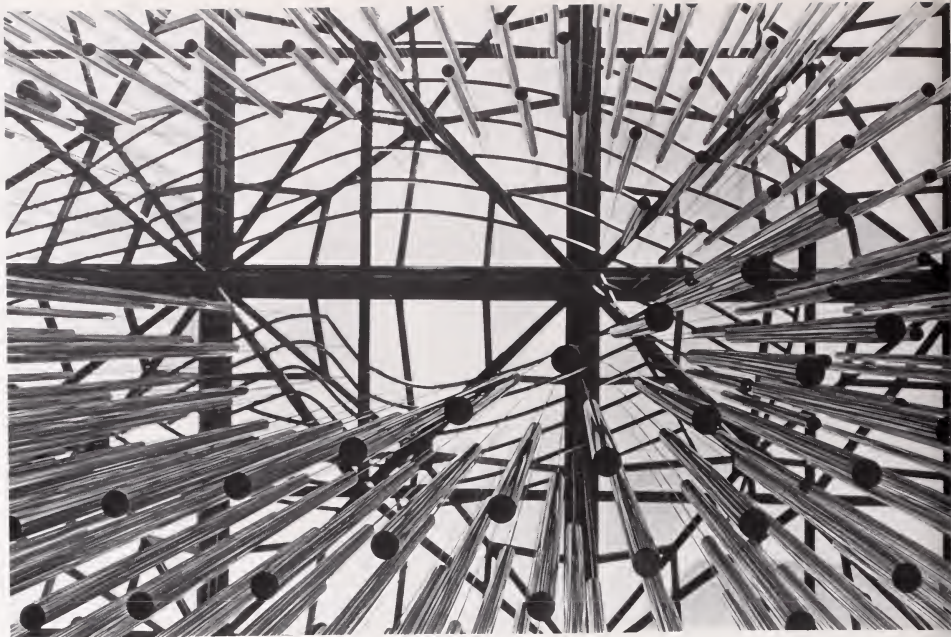
Needless to say, the lily and avocado met with similar unfortunate fates. This whole business of losing plants wouldn't disturb me in the slightest, except their former owners keep insisting on looking in on their progress. How am I going to tell Barbara that her avocado got mixed with the eggshells and tea and went down the disposal (the story behind that is indeed stranger than fiction, but I do not intend to embarrass the party involved by giving the details)? And Margie would never understand how her lily fell from its hanger all over mummy's nice clean carpet. Possibly the lily could have been saved from the rubble, but we were all a little too unhappy to notice exactly what was going into the vacuum cleaner. Also missing are a couple of toothbrushes and one backscratcher, but we needn't bother about those.

Anyway, as for dealing with former plant owners, I'm running out of ex-

cuses to keep everyone away. I bought another cactus after my accident, and I water it every day, but it doesn't seem to be thriving. If I ever needed to, I couldn't even grow mold on a piece of bread (let's hope the occasion never arises). I finally told Margie that her lily was sickly and couldn't have visitors, so every day she calls on the phone to talk to her baby. Like a fool, I play along with this, and hold the phone over the toaster, which makes for a great substitute lily. You should try it sometime. But the toaster has recently sprouted a coffeepot and a waffle iron (who knows what sort of things Margie tells it? And I for one am afraid to find out).

I would never offer up a problem such as Former Plant Owners without a solution in mind. Of course I have a solution!: planned obsolescence for plants (ah, now you see where the title comes in. You did notice the title . . .?). Not all plants should have planned obsolescence mind you, just gift plants, so leave the Giant Redwoods and such alone. I think that each gift plant should have an expiration date marked to last no more than one month after purchase. Now, isn't that simple? I'll keep trying though, and if I ever get a plant to make it to the one month mark, why then, this rule shall be annulled (it's my rule after all) and we shall all embark on a week of celebrating and merrymaking. Though as my luck runs, someone will seize the occasion and give me a plant . . . and I'll have to start all over again.





paul cook



doug seiler

F/STOP



charles slate

F/STOP



john rowntree
sherb naulty

don lee
don lee



F/STOP



terry turner

HAVE A PEPSI DAY

P.S. HAVE A TIGER'S DAY TOO



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TIGERS



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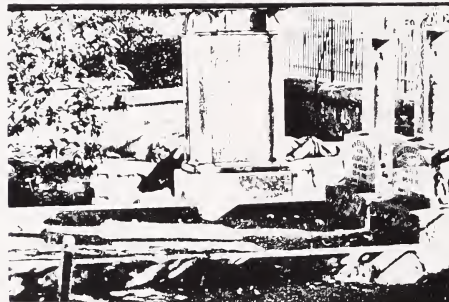
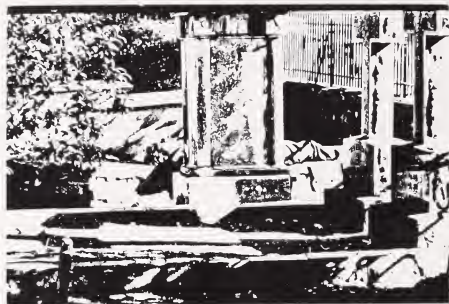


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chronicle



EDITOR'S NOTES

No one asked, but I'm going to say it anyway, being editor isn't a bed of roses—it ain't even a bed of nails. The bad always comes with the good and this job is a very good example. You thank people for putting a little effort in reading something and some think you're apologizing for something which I can't think of—and I, supposedly, wrote the apology. A little more seriously, the *Chronicle* always draws criticism (anyway usually) but none of those criticising ever has any ideas as how to implement the changes they suggest—if they did that much.

We have received criticism about a lack of continuity—some of it well founded—and have in the past and are now taking steps to alleviate the problem. The continuity problem reaches deeper than it would at first seem, as the magazine deals with an audience in constant flux, with a staff in the same situation. Clemson has no school of journalism; therefore, little formal training is available for those who wish to participate in the student media. So the staffs are self-perpetuating, the old teaching the new its strengths and, I'm afraid its weaknesses. If careful note has been taken of the *Chronicle's* recent evolution you can watch how features have taken root and grown (F-Stop, Gallery, and Shorts) and this issue we are instituting design elements that will be continued.

Being editor has been both an honor and joy. I wish all things good for those continuing with the magazine for they have my greatest respect and sympathy. I thank all those who worked this year and especially those who attempted to calm me down when I blew my stack around deadline time.

Again, I and the staff invite anyone who wishes to see things change to come to our meetings—your views will be given as much weight as the staff's. Letters are one way to vent frustration about the *Chronicle*, but they are terribly inefficient since no dialogue is established (however they are an excellent way to get your name in the *Tiger*).

Don Lee

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SPRING 1979 *chronicle*

The Student Variety Magazine of Clemson University

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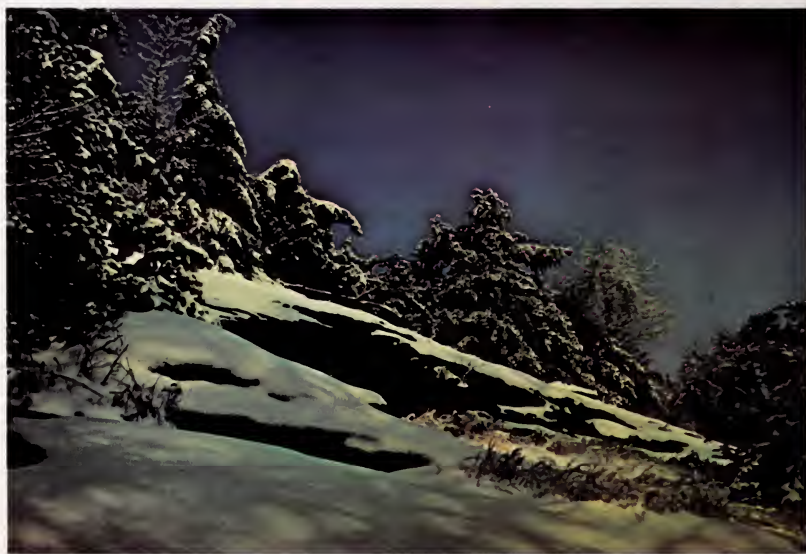
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THE COVER:

the cover is a photograph by Bob Brown.

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LEONARD PEARLSTINE





SPEED





"We'll be there soon," he said. She said nothing.
"We'll be there soon," he said again.

"How soon?" she asked.

"Soon."

"How soon will soon be?"

"Soon enough," he answered. It was an effort not to laugh.

"David! In minutes and seconds, how long will it take us to get to this fantastic musical happening of yours?"

"OH . . . I don't know . . . maybe twenty minutes, if the traffic holds."

"Good, then we'll have time to eat something before the show starts. I haven't had anything to eat since early this morning." A smile finally crossed her face.

"I thought maybe we'd eat afterwards. We'll be hungrier by then."

"I'm hungry now."

"Can't you wait?"

"No, I can't wait. I won't wait. I'll starve if I wait."

"Okay," he gave in, "we'll catch a hotdog in town. There ought to be a place in town."

"You know I don't like hotdogs."

"I forgot."

"You forget everything."

He winced. "Well, where do you want to eat?"

"We'll see when we get there." A long silence followed. David drove with one hand, his eyes fixed on the road ahead. The fingers of his free hand toyed with his moustache. It was a constant habit which she hated. It reminded her of something a small child would do. She didn't notice now, because she was staring out the window at a rather large and gaudy billboard which read "Get right with God," in large, bold-faced print. Then, beneath that, as if added as an afterthought, was written "compliments of the First United Holiness Bible Tabernacle of the Nazerene (Reformed)". Beyond that was a pasture dotted with cows, one of which stared back at her every bit as hard as she stared at it. She didn't notice. She only saw a field of slightly stupid looking cows. As for the cow, God only knows what it thought. As the car passed on through time and space her eyes remained fixed on some distant point, seeing all but nothing. They passed a roadsign which read, Cooper's Crock-4. "Four more miles and we eat," he said, breaking her concentration and forcing her to look at him.

"Will you stop that!" she barked.

"Stop what?"

"Your moustache . . ."

"Stop playing with it. You know it bothers me."

He put both hands firmly on the steering wheel and riveted his eyes to the road.

"Thank you." He only nodded. There was another silence, shorter but more intense than the first. Again, she was the one who broke the silence.

"How do they get away with having a concert in a town like this? There doesn't seem like there'd be

The Concert

by Pete Griffith

enough of anything with this many people in a place this small."

"Well . . . the concert doesn't really have that much to do with the town. Just causes a lot of traffic. There's no motels, so that isn't a problem. The concert place isn't really in the town. It's about a mile on the other side of town. No city cops, thank God. It's an old pasture, a natural amphitheater, even terraced off.

"At least the grass will be green. Are you sure no fresh fertilizer is piled around on the ground."

"No cows have been in it for fifteen years I bet. No cows. No sheep. No pigs. No shit. Just people, twenty-five thousand of them to be exact, or thereabouts."

"Big deal."

"Hey now. I've been here twice before. This place gets really wild before the concert is over. It's almost . . . it's bizarre. It's . . . it's wild . . . and weird. The crowd really turns on."

"You and your weirdo kinky friends." She smiled sweetly. He rolled his eyes and said nothing.

"What if it rains?" she asked.

"It won't rain."

"How do you know? Are you in charge of determining what the weather will be?"

"No, turkey. I just listened to the weather report before we left."

She laughed. "But we're over two hundred miles from home. The weather could be entirely different."

"Just think positive. It's not going to rain. The sun is going to shine. I'm going to have a good time. Keep thinking that over and over."

"But what do I do when it starts raining . . . just get wet?"

"No. Just pretend that it's not raining."

"You're a big help." She shook her head. "Does this pasture have reserved seats or is that too much to ask?"

"Of course not. It's first come first served."

"Well I suppose we'll have to sit where we'll have to use a telescope to see the stage then. Maybe I should have brought a hearing aid. Or a radio; is the concert on radio?"

"Don't be ridiculous."

She looked out the window. "It's hard to be anything else when I'm with you."

"Up yours, Kathy Grant!" She said nothing.

Exasperated, he said, "Sometimes I'd like to beat the hell out of you."

She smiled sweetly and said, "I always thought that deep down you were a sadist."

He gave up. The traffic, which was at first a small trickle, was now a flood. His driving became more intense. She sat still, watching, as they passed a cluster of gas stations and a lone zippy mart. All four of the stations offered cheap gas, and two of them even had the audacity to offer the cheapest gas. Neither, however, offered a price in their ads. She noticed nothing of gas prices. Her mind was on one thing—her stomach. She was searching for an omelet house, a waffle palace, a small cafe, or any one of those places which serve mostly drunks and truck drivers. The kind of place with country music on the jukebox and a thin, in some cases thick, coating of grease on every exposed surface. The first one she saw was called, appropriately enough, the Waffle Palace, but it was on the other side of the road, and they were past it before she could point it out to him. David never noticed it because he never looked for it. He had learned to let her choose the places where they would eat. At first, he had taken her to places where he went regularly, but she always found something wrong with each of them. Now, he always made sure that the responsibility of choosing a restaurant was hers. He seldom enjoyed his meal, but it was a lot easier than listening to her complaints. Also, she always ordered last and she was always sure to get something which he didn't, even if it was only orange juice instead of tea, or apple jelly instead of grape. What she got was always unusually good, and she never failed to let him know it.

The second place she saw was called The Hotcake Huddle. It was on the right side of the road, and he had plenty of time before he had to make the turn.

"Let's eat there."

"Where?" He jumped.

"On the right. The Hotcake Huddle."

He peered ahead to find the place in question.

"Sounds like a high school hangout."

"What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing. That's just what it sounded like to me," he said as he turned into the cafe's crowded parking lot. "This parking lot is full. Are you sure you want to eat here?"

"Yes." She sounded sure.

He finally found an empty space on the street behind the cafe. It was just next to the dumpster, or dipster dumpster, or dipsy dumpster, or whatever kind of dumpster it was, if indeed it was dumpster of any kind. It was overflowing and looked as if it hadn't been emptied for weeks. He saw the remains of a partially eaten hamburger poking out from under a broken dish.

"I don't think you should park here," she said.

"And why not?"

"Look." She pointed to a no parking sign. "The curb's yellow, too."

"So?"

"You aren't supposed to park here."

"I know." He went ahead and pulled into the space anyway.

"It's your car." She shook her head.

"Don't worry. They won't give me a ticket while this many people are in town. And if they do, they don't have any way of making me pay it after we leave."

"I can't believe you actually thought of that all by yourself."

He opened his door and got out. "Lock your door," he said just before his door slammed shut.

She sat there for a silent moment. Then she, too, got out and locked and slammed her door.

She smiled, "I thought it was you who said that small town people were so honest."

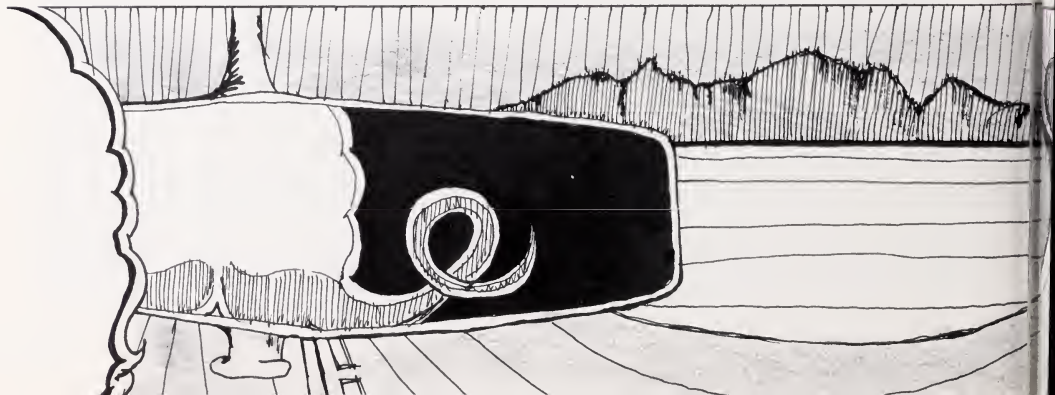
"They are," he nodded.

"So why are we locking our doors?"

"Nobody's that honest. Small town people are relatively honest . . . compared to most people, but nobody's that honest."

"Oh." They walked the rest of the way into the diner in silence. No one took any notice of them as they entered. All the tables were taken. He looked at her and whispered, "All the tables are taken."

"You noticed," she said, her voice flat.



"Huh?" He frowned.

They stood quietly and waited for a table to clear. Finally, two old couples vacated a booth in the corner, just behind the jukebox. They quickly sat down and accepted menus from a hefty waitress as a pimply-faced boy of fifteen or sixteen began to clear the table. When he was gone, she spoke. "Don't look now, but there's a guy at the counter who's going crazy."

He turned and found a very large very old, very bald, blue eyed man.

"Don't stare!" she hissed.

"What about him?"

"Look at what he's doing."

The man was busy breaking up his bacon and carefully placing the crumbs in his grits. Using his fork as if it were a bulldozer, he then made a small mountain of scrambled eggs on top of the grits and bacon. For a moment he sat staring at his plate, as if he were studying the arrangement, then he began crumbling up his toast and adding it to the growing pile. After he finished he added salt and pepper and finally poured at least half a bottle of ketchup over the entire plate. He studied the finished product and then began to eat. By the sounds he was making it seemed he was satisfied. David's mouth was slightly open. His eyes were wide. Kathy was shaking her head. "Have you ever . . ."

"No." He turned away and looked back at her.

"It's gross," she said.

He laughed and looked to the contented eater, who had almost finished his meal by now. "If it feels good do it."

She started to protest but was interrupted by the hefty waitress. "Okay now. What'll it be there, buddy?"

He looked at Kathy, but her eyes were on the menu. "I'll have a cheeseburger all the way and a coke," he said finally.

"You want the chips?" she asked.

"The chips?"

"All burgers come with chips."

"No, just a cheeseburger and a coke."

"Okay, how 'bout you, honey?"

"I'll have the same thing . . . but I want potato chips," she added. The waitress nodded and left.

He sighed imperceptibly and gazed back to the man at the counter, who was finishing his meal. Only a few ketchup stains were left on the plate. There was a kind of forlorn look on his face—like he was waiting for more, but nothing came.

David turned back to Kathy. It was obvious that there was something he wanted to say.

"Could I have your attention please?" a loud voice interrupted. It was a blue-suited man in the doorway. He repeated his request for attention. When the crowd quieted down he continued, "If anybody in here has got a red Mustang parked out back, it just got towed away."

"I told you so," she said, smiling.

"Wait," he said, "let me go look first." He got up and started for the door. She followed him with her eyes until he was gone. Then she shook her head softly, let her breath out slowly, and said to no one in particular, "David, you are a chump . . . but what-the-hell. A chump in the hand is worth two champs in the bush anytime . . . Ugh." She laughed.

The waitress appeared with the food. "There you go. Two cheeseburgers. two cokes, and the chips are for you, honey."

"Thank you."

"If you need anything else just give me a yell." She left.

Kathy stared at her cheeseburger for a moment, timidly, she took a bite.

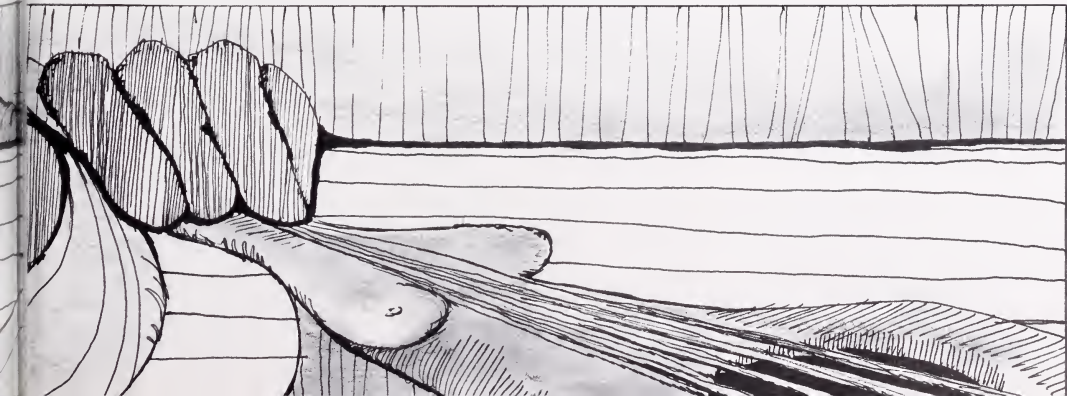
"It's really gone." It was David. He sat down and said nothing else.

She took another bite of her cheeseburger and a sip of coke, swallowed, and said, "Do you want to get it now or wait till after the concert?"

He sighed. "The tickets were in the trunk with the cooler, so we probably won't make the concert."

"Oh!"

He stared down at his cheeseburger as if he wished he could crawl under it and hide. She took him by the hand and said, "Why don't you at least eat something first. The cheeseburger's not much, but the potato chips are perfect."





SHORTS

"Shorts presents articles and non-staff editorials too short to appear elsewhere in the Chronicle. The Chronicle does not necessarily agree with any of the views expressed in "Shorts"

A major part of the "paper chase" involves the art of gaining membership to an outrageous number of honor societies. The consensus is that employers, graduate and professional schools, and parents are impressed by the number of Greek letters an individual can rightfully append to his resume. More than one successful student has been accused of "majoring in Greek." Unfortunately, this practice of pursuing certificates results in a massive expenditure of the scarce funds students possess.

The typical national honor society is stationed in a suite (or building) of gaudy offices occupied by high-salaried charlatans who haven't done an honest day's work in

their adult lives. Their job is to sell university administrators on their particular honor society as opposed to, or in addition to, the hundreds of others around the country. Once university endorsement is attained, the only work left is the processing of forms and depositing of checks. (Most academic honor societies set standards which will make the award of some importance while allowing a substantial number of students the opportunity to pay \$20- \$40 for the opportunity to put something on their resume which should already have been obvious to any reader of average intelligence. There are also societies recognizing outstanding leadership. The qualifications for those are more subjective, but can be summed into two criteria: 1)overextending oneself in extracurricular activities, 2)whom one has impressed while participating in those activities. After identifying those students who meet these criteria, the society extends to them the opportunity to pay \$20-\$40, then requires them to prove their worth by further overextending themselves in projects sponsored by the society.

The progenitors

of these societies contribute nothing valuable to society. Valuable resources are exhausted on their salaries, offices, and the production of their awards. A side effect of their societies is to encourage two of the seven deadly sins (pride and envy). College students are among the nation's poorest classes. Yet an able student who displays some competence in the classroom and a noticeable interest and ability in some extracurricular activities could spend a couple of hundred dollars trying to substantiate the obvious for any future enquirers. Perhaps Congress should pass a tax credit bill for honor students.

What is really needed is an increase in the ability of admissions officials and employment recruiters to discern a candidate's qualities without computing the percentage of the Greek alphabet on the applicants resume. Applications should not contain any spaces or questions about honor societies. Only then will university officials not feel they are cheating the students by turning away new honor societies, and only then will students be able to prudently follow their common sense and spend their money elsewhere.

Bob Carlson



I saw her eyes,
and I realized that
here, at last,
was someone
more scared than me.
Looking paranoid,
her eyes shifting
quickly from mine
to excuse her
guilt for being alive . . .
Eyes like mine.
She scurried past me,
down the hall.
More scared than me.

Claudia Martin

THE WORLD THREE-DAY EVENT

by Angela Elam



Canadian Elizabeth Ashton clears the stadium jumping phase with no extra penalties.

There is something surrealistic about true horse people—they think, breathe, dream horses and leather. Their houses are filled with equestrian pictures and ribbons, and they always collect horsey knick-knacks, even down to stallion imprints on their coffee cups. Their lives are dedicated to horses in a manner not unlike a dancer's dedication to the art of dance. It is these kinds of people who traveled across the world or across the states to gather at Lexington, Kentucky for the 1978 World Three-Day Event Championships held on September 14-17.

There is a boldness and bravura that exists in three-day eventing that is unlike any other sport. It is the basis for the excitement, and the attraction to even the mild lover of horses that caused the crowd of 70,000 to gather in the Kentucky Horse Park that weekend. How appropriate that Lexington—heart of horseland—should be chosen to host the first World Championships held in the U.S., an honor bestowed on the States after they surprised the world and won both the individual and team championships in the 1974 Event.

HISTORY

Three-day eventing is a rather new sport in the United States, but it has been popular on the continent of Europe since nearly the beginning of the century. It was first introduced at the Olympic Games in Stockholm, Sweden in 1912 under the name "Militaire" as the ultimate test and show of a good cavalry horse. In fact, only Army officers on active duty and riding military chargers were allowed to compete in the first Olympic Three-Day Event.

But not until the Paris Olympics of 1924 was the pattern used today established. The first day consisted of tightly controlled Dressage; the second followed with a test of speed and endurance (a short Roads and Tracks, a Steeplechase, and a longer Roads and Tracks, with a ten minute rest for a veterinary check before the horse and rider moved into the grueling cross-country); the third day consisted of show jumping as a final test.

Given the English name—Three-Day Event, this was the first event open to civilians, though women weren't allowed to compete until 1953.

Logically, there are various divisions of skills and different stages of competition, but it is the Federation Equestre Internationale (FEI), which supervises the sport on the championship level. They have laid down the rules that must be adhered to at all international events, their object being to "show the rider's spirit, boldness and perfect knowledge of his horse's paces and their use across country, and to show the condition, handiness, courage, jumping ability, stamina and speed of the well-trained horse."

The World Championships were established in 1966 by the British Equestrian Federation, under the supervision of the FEI. Intended to be of world distinction, the event was begun on the even year between the Olympics, and has managed to achieve its goal among top class riders of international importance. Individuals, as well as teams, from around the world were allowed to represent their country, since every nation could not sponsor a team (as with the U.S. in the first two World Championships). In view of this, the FEI later changed the rule of invitation as host country to the winner of the individual competition, rather than the team winner.

In 1974, the U.S. sponsored its first team, competing against nine other teams—Austria, France, Germany, Great Britain, Ireland, Italy, Poland, Switzerland, and the U.S.S.R.—along with individuals from Holland and Canada, to create the largest competition yet. It was with astonishment that the European world watched the U.S. bring the competition home—Bruce Davidson winning the individual, as his team won the team level—ending the European domination of the equestrian world.

Success of the U.S. Team was attributed to Jack LeGoff, a Frenchman, imported after the Munich Olympics in 1972, who began immediately searching for capable riders in the U.S. With his skill and expertise,

and also, a good eye for talent, he has managed to bring the U.S. from its underdog position, and establish eventing as an American focus of the horse world.

Since there was really no place in the U.S. where competitive eventing had been held on any high level, it was Kentucky, with their celebrated history of horses, that made the strongest bid for the event. Though Kentuckians knew little about eventing, they had the necessary desire and land to begin designing for such a happening, so the home of the 1978 World Championships was planned to be held in the unfinished Kentucky Horse Park of Lexington, in the Commonwealth of Kentucky.

THE THREE-DAY EVENT

The Event began on Thursday and was scheduled for four days rather than three, to provide the time for all the riders to compete in dressage—held on Thursday and Friday. The day was rainy as hundreds of people poured into the Park, wearing brightly colored slickers, seemingly unmindful of the weather. Some had traveled miles to get there that morning—hotels were booked as far as Knoxville, Tennessee—and people didn't seem to mind the trudging through the mud to find a seat around the newly-built dressage arena. The showers came in the morning (fortunately, I was late and missed them) and by noon the threat of rain disappeared, though the grey, rolling clouds continued. The general admission stands were filled, and people began spreading coats and blankets on the ground, covering the space between the stands and the arenas. Still, the gathering wasn't a mad crush, and people settled back comfortably to observe the exacting test of dressage.

DRESSAGE

The opening of any three-day event begins with dressage, a test which moves the horse and rider through a set pattern to determine the horse's suppleness, cooperation and complete obedience to his rider. Passed on from the military days of the parade grounds, Dressage (the French word for "training") consists

of a universal pattern of 20 moves to be completed, as if effortless, and without any observable direction from the rider. All movement is controlled by the seat and legs of the rider, and the horse proceeds through the exercises in a manner not unlike the completion of required moves for Olympic gymnasts or skaters. Each movement is marked individually by a panel of three judges, known as the Ground Jury, and their scores are averaged to present the competitor with his penalty points, on which the entire Three-Day Event is based.

The dressage test is so different from the all-out extended effort of the speed and endurance test, that perfection in both areas is rather difficult to achieve. Many of the champion riders actually dread the dressage, aching to get to the heart of the competition—cross-country; yet, the dressage is first for a reason—to prove that a horse is fully aware of his rider's control and will be in complete obedience at the time of the more grueling tests of endurance and jumping.

Dressage has such an air of formality about it—from the French name, the formal attire of the riders in their red jackets, caps or top hats, to the geraniums marking each point within the white, board arena. The large crowd would mumble quietly as the rider warmed up by trotting around the inner ring, still separated from the people by the outside fence. Then, the judges' bell would tinkle, and there would be quiet. The horse and rider stopped momentarily at the entrance to the inner rink, flanked by two escorts, then made his entrance at a working canter, stopping midway in the ring to tip his hat in salute. The only noise was the clinking of cameras as the head judge signaled and the test was begun. The horse was put through the pattern of trots, canters, walks and various movements, while the crowd held their breath in awe of perfection, or let loose a gasp at the slightest fault. At that moment, there was nothing more important than the horse and rider focused upon in the ring. The movements were completed in seven minutes, and the rider

would salute again, then leave the inner ring, followed by loud applause. The crowd would begin buzzing once more as another rider was allowed in the warm-up area, waiting for the scores of the rider before-the-last to be announced—first in French, then in English, and finally in German.

That first day was over so quickly. Of course, no one was glued to the stands. Everyone had their favorites to watch, and in between times, people would wander through the several shops, museums and displays offered by the Park. On the other side of the grounds were gaily-colored tents, housing the World Trade Fair, where numerous shops and craftsmen displayed their wares and souvenirs. There were odd assortments of artists, saddle makers, sculptors, leather goods, British woolens, and clothes galore. Other tents offered food for any taste—Greek pastries, French crepes and croissants, German knockwurst, beer, mineral water, and, of course, Kentucky Fried Chicken. Laughter and talk filled the area, everyone discussing the top riders of the day—all of which happened to be from the U.S.

Story Jenks on Toughkenamon led the scores with only 57.07 penalty points, followed by team member and defending champion, Bruce Davidson, who had 61.4 penalty points. The other top riders on Thursday were Americans, James Wofford (62.2 points) and Caroline Treviranes (63 points); followed by the German, Harry Klugman (63.4 points). Nevertheless, six riders were to complete the dressage test the next day with better scores than Story Jenks, and three others over Bruce Davidson.

Friday was the beautiful day that Thursday afternoon promised. The sky was September blue, and the sunshine, a remnant of summer weather. For a Southerner, the weather was perfect, but for Europeans and Northerners, the heat was a bit much. The crowd was a good deal larger as the dressage test opened at 10:00 AM, and the strain of competition seemed to be keyed a little higher with

the temperature. Cameras continued to click as the competitors and their frothing horses worked the rounds, and early in the day British rider, Jane Holderness-Roddam, zipped way below Jenks' score with an even 52 penalty points. Why the overall scoring was better could have been caused by a variety of reasons—simply better riders, better weather, or perhaps the audience. The crowd was definitely different—gone was the atmosphere of leisurely observance, and though the same respect was there, the larger number of people, either zealously guarding their places or hoisted in nearby trees, seemed to demand a greater degree of performance. And they got it. By the end of the day, Michael Plumb from the U.S. topped the scores in dressage with only 50.2 penalty points on his horse, Laurenson. Second was Jane Holderness-Roddam, followed by the Dutch Eddi Stibbe with 52.4 penalty points. British rider Jane Starkey finished with 54.8 points, edging out the German favorite, Otto Ammermann, by only four-tenths of a point. As with any competition, there are a few personalities which stand out. One of these was Herr Ammermann, who was continually cheered on by his personal fans, a group of Germans wearing newspaper hats and shouting, "Otto! Otto! Otto!" As he saluted the judges at the end of his dressage ride, Volturmo, his horse, took a bow—the crowd loved it. Behind him was his German team member, Helmut Rethemeier, with 55.6 penalty points, dropping the first placed Story Jenks of the previous day into seventh.

By the end of the second day, the equestrian talent seemed to be well-matched in the top fifteen: the U.S. had five in this range, the British—three, the Germans—four, and one from Holland, New Zealand, and Japan. A tired and sunburned crowd cleared the stands, and a stream of curious spectators trickled onto the cross-country trek to walk the five mile course of 33 jumps that would challenge the superior riders on Saturday.

There were seven teams competing in this event: the U.S.A., Great Britain, Holland, Argentina, Canada, Germany, and New Zealand. Individuals came from Australia, Brazil, Ireland, Japan, and Guatemala. Teams consisted of four members, and each country was allowed two individual riders. Since the U.S. was the host nation, eight individuals were allowed in addition to the team. Coach Jack LeGoff recruited U.S. Olympic and Pan American Games winners and other young riders of promise to comprise his team of eight men and four women.

SPEED AND ENDURANCE TEST

Designed to extend the cavalry horse to prove his utmost while in peak condition, this test would, naturally, carry the most weight in penalty points and attract the largest crowds. People began to accumulate rather early on Saturday to watch the proceedings scheduled to begin at 10:00 AM, and the air buzzed with excitement as they discussed the American cross-country jumps, marveling at the size and ingenuity of the 33 obstacles.

Composed of four phases, the endurance test begins with Roads and Tracks, a country-lane warm-up for the more demanding second phase, the steeplechase. This run of approximately two and a third miles contains 11 obstacles. To be finished without any time penalties, a speed of 25 m.p.h. had to be maintained. With each phase, an "optimum time" is given, and if that phase is completed in this time or less, no penalty points are incurred; but, there is a time limit, and if this is exceeded, it means elimination. Following the Steeplechase is another Roads and Tracks of nearly seven miles, which is allowed 52 minutes as a cool down for the next extenuating phase—Cross-Country. Before this celebrated portion is attempted, there is a veterinary inspection to determine whether the horse is fit to continue on to the most difficult element of the entire three-day event.

The Cross-Country section of the World Championships was an unbelievable course designed by Roger Haller, consisting of 33 obstacles of



The U.S. riders inspect the stadium jumping arena before the final phase.

championship difficulty. Stretched over nearly five miles, with a time limit of 34 minutes and 12 seconds, the course eliminated 21 of the original 47 entries. Eliminations occurred for exceeding the time limit, but more often it was because of refusals and falls. Three refusals of the same jump or three falls during the entire phase resulted in elimination.

The course, covered with Kentucky blue grass, had jumps averaging 3 ft. 9-11 in., except for the wider jumps, which lessened height to increase the width. Some of the competitors had difficulty from the beginning, such as Captain Rawson from Argentina, whose horse did a somersault over the third obstacle—the Park Pavilion—but he remounted his horse and rode on. This jump was scaled to the size of a true pavilion, surrounded by walls 3 ft. 11 in. high demanding the horse to jump over one wall into the shadows of the pavilion, and then over another wall of equal height, into the sunshine again. This only began the breath-taking series of jumps and combinations for the brave riders to overcome.

Hundreds of people thronged around each jump, some comfortably situated with picnic spreads to watch



Fourth place Ralph Hill on Sergeant Gilbert steps through dressage.

every rider take that particular obstacle, and others racing from jump to jump to see how each was mastered. The grey skies had cleared off after a few insignificant drops, and everyone was enjoying the sunshine as they crowded as close as possible to the ropes protecting the cross-country pathway. Then a mountie would trot by, blowing the whistle to signal the approach of a rider, and the noise from the crowd would swell, then quieten as the sound of racing hooves grew louder. The rider would be in sight and full concentration was on him as he neared the jump—then he would sail over, and a sigh of relief would rise, followed by the sound of applause. There is nothing quite like the sight of horse and man flying through the air in such harmony.

Though all the obstacles were a challenge, there were favorites of the crowds because of their particular difficulty. Old Fort Lexington was a combination of jumps over three different obstacles within a relatively short distance from each other. The first was a set of miniature cabins and a shed, in which the horse usually cleared one of the cabins—3 ft. 9 in. in height and 5 ft. 11 in. in width. Not far away was a huge stockade that was

frightening just to see. The horse had to jump up 3 ft. 7 in. to a steep embankment ten feet long, and hop into the stockade wall (2 ft.), out the other side of the stockade, down the side of the barricade onto the ground. This was a point of elimination for many of the riders, including Captain Rawson, who received a concussion as his horse tumbled down the side. The final part of the fort was called the Farmyard, another building jump 3 ft. 11 in. high by 5 ft. 11 in. wide, and people seemed to be glued to the spot, in awe of each attempt.

Another favorite was the Head of the Lake, again, a three jump combination which demanded the rider to jump over a bank, into the water, run through the water, up onto another bank, over a rail jump (onto solid ground), and up the hill to clear another rail jump of 3 ft. 11 in. Unbelievable! Gasps would rise as one audible cry when riders would take the wet plunge—some wetter than others, as riders (like American Jimmy Wofford and horse) took an unexpected swim.

Each competitor was allowed to walk the course on foot and examine the jumps, without executing them, in preparation for the Cross-Country run. Perhaps, closer attention should have been paid to the deadliest jump—the Serpent (Jump numbers 23-25) which eliminated such fine riders as one of the American favorites, Michael Plumb. A three-jump combination over a single, winding line of a zig-zagged, logged fence, bridging a body of water, this jump even looked nasty. If a rider was fortunate enough to think clearly as he loped down the hill from his previous jump, he would swing wide, then jump the first element, swing around the jump the wider second element, and finally take the third element. This was the killer jump, and people flocked in to watch tired horses fall or refuse the jump. Toughkenamon, American Story Jenks' horse, had to be trailered off the field after his bad spill. Alice Waanders, from Holland, retired after her scary fall, while others hated to give up, such as the lone

competitor from Japan, Kuranojo Saito, who dejectedly left the field after his horse refused the second element three times. Of course, there were riders who took it beautifully, like Canadian Cathy Wedge, riding the horse, appropriately named, Ab-racada-bra. The sense of glory at completing the Serpent was best exemplified by the Irish rider, John Watson, who raised his fist and shook it in a sign of victory. The crowd cheered as he rode away from the last element.

After such a day of excitement, completely filled with horse thoughts—I began to understand the drive that brought those people there. I left the Horse Park, burned by the sun, enthusiastic and happy, but completely exhausted after doing my best to see it all. As I toppled into bed somewhat early that night, I wondered how in the world Prince Phillip and the "Jet Set" were making it through the Governor's Ball.

The next morning I was unmercifully dragged out of bed at 6:00 AM, so that we could be at the stadium early to get seats. Knowing as I did, that the Stadium Competition didn't begin until 2:00, and that a pre-show was planned for 1:00, I naturally thought my friends were crazy to want to be there by 7:00. At 7:20, when we arrived at the Stadium, I was shocked to find the general admissions stands nearly two-thirds full. Horse people—they are remarkable.

The Tempel Lipizzans, horses well-trained in Classical Dressage, performed across the Park in the dressage ring at 11:00, and though most of the stadium crowd wouldn't gamble on losing their seats, they had a full crowd. This was the perfect touch to begin the day of stadium jumping. Crowds began to sit on banks as close to the stadium as possible, envying the long staked-out seats already taken, and coveting the still empty reserve seats. The smell of Greek pastries and the site of French crepes were enough to turn a row of heads, as groups sent out their deliverers to get food to revive them from the long sit in the sun.

Finally, there was some action on the field, as Prince Phillip walked around the course with the other officials to examine the 12 obstacles. The crowd clapped as he waved regally, excited by his acknowledgement. Then at noon the riders entered the stadium and walked around the course with their coaches, discussing the best approaches, and undoubtedly aware that every eye was on them. At this point, the riders were left in the competition, and American Bruce Davidson, had a twenty point lead over second place, Ralph Hill, an individual from the U.S. After cross-country, the Canadian team assumed the first place lead by nearly 85 points, while the Americans in second place were followed closely by Germany.

STADIUM JUMPING

The irregular and winding series of jumps that comprise the final phase of three-day eventing are not meant to be as demanding as the previous day. According to the international rules, it is "not an ordinary show jumping competition, nor a test of style and endurance. Its sole object is to prove that, on the day after a severe test of endurance, horses have retained the suppleness, energy and obedience necessary for them to continue."

Once the competition began, the crowd was attentive as each rider took a turn on the course. An electric time clock ticked off the seconds as many

of the riders effortlessly sailed the obstacles, eight of the finalists finishing without any additional faults. One remarkable ride was made by Joanne Bridgman, whose horse lost a shoe, then a stirrup, but horse and rider still managed to clear each jump successfully. Three more riders executed the obstacles with ease losing points only for time faults.

The jumping rolled smoothly until Caroline Treviranus, riding Comic Relief, began having trouble on the course. Suddenly the horse took a bad spill over one of the jumps, and both horse and rider flew through the air. The horse recovered quickly, but Caroline didn't move. A stretcher and ambulance rushed onto the field, and the thousands of people watched on in near silence. This was the same girl who had taken the bad fall in the 1974 World Championships, but had continued with a broken collarbone. It was the same girl who was hurt last year in a car accident, returning for the first time in competition this year. Murmurs broke out as the announcer proceeded with the day, and the helicopter carrying her to the hospital flew overhead. Relief came later with the announcement that the fall had not been fatal.

The end came without any more accidents. The Canadians kept the lead completely until the finish, and the Germans upset the Americans for

second place, moving the U.S. to third.

Bruce Davidson once again won the individual title, leading second place, John Watson (Ireland), by 27.2 points. Helmut Rethemeier (Germany) received third, and American Ralph Hill took home fourth, followed by the British Richard Meade, a nice representation of the western world to walk away from the competition.

The awards were presented, along with a feeding of oats by the governor's wife, and the winners took the traditional gallop around the stadium before the cheering fans. Smiles and waving hands and lots of cameras were the images that remained as people filed out of the park. A weekend spent in a miniature world of different countries and horses—never again to be repeated in quiet the same way. Even the most amateur of observers could not help but admire the beauty and skill required to be a rider of world championship calibre. It was another display of superb ability, making the common spectator walk away feeling that excellence was also just within his grasp.



U.S. rider Caroline Treviranus took a bad fall on the final day of competition.



The Giant's Table didn't give any trouble.

SPECIAL

We at the *Chronicle* just can't stand it any longer. For years ATO has sold girly calendars that hang on the wall of hundreds of men's dorm rooms. The *Chronicle* has decided the women on campus deserve the pleasure of drooling over men's pics too. To this end . . . the *Chronicle* Calendar. Girls, pull out this special center section, hang these glossies on your wall, and keep track of the dates with your favorite husky.

Concept by Barbara Jones and
Leonard Pearlstine

1979-1980

1979

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FLETCHER

by Russell Hall

Lydia is coming home. That was the simple sentence that James Fletcher could not seem to keep from popping into his head, not that he particularly wanted to dismiss the thought. He lay back on his bed and mouthed the words softly, "Lydia is coming home."

The fingers of this soon-to-be-reinstated father rested playfully on his lips as he casually studied the objects surrounding him. Against the wall on his left stood an obtrusively large bookshelf, whose elegantly contoured maple enclosures housed some two hundred works ranging from Dr. Seuss' *Cat in the Hat* (which he had read) to Henry Miller's *Black Spring* (which he hadn't). To the right of the bookshelf was a similarly designed closet with its door slightly ajar, exposing an outdated frilly pearl-white shirt and a badly soiled corduroy blazer. The blazer he hadn't worn in years. The shirt, which he still believed to be quite stylish, he wore frequently.

At the base of the wall directly across from Fletcher lay the February issue of *Playboy*. Like the Miller novel, it had escaped his attention, and he had simply tossed it aside, having only subscribed to the magazine a year ago in a rather symbolic attempt to confirm his bachelorhood.

Fletcher pushed himself up from the bed and bent over to pick up the magazine and set it on his dresser. Straightening, his eyes met those of his former wife, then drifted inadvertently to the pony-tailed girl standing shyly beside her. He smiled complacently as he lifted the photograph from the dresser and dreamily sat back down on the bed.

The back of the picture bore an inscription: "Gloria and Lydia, June 63." Fletcher's lips quivered slightly as he squinted his eyes and mentally calculated some figures. His wife was then—

twenty-eight? Twenty-nine. Which made his daughter then only seven. Twelve years and two broken marriages ago, thought Fletcher, and that fact somehow amazed him.

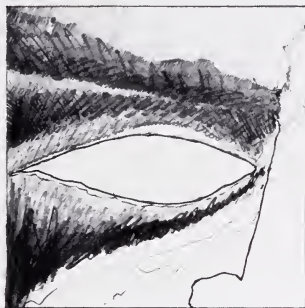
Lydia had not been your everyday toddler. Well into her fourth year, she refused to sleep unless her father's hand rested on her face. It actually had to be cupped around her mouth and nostrils. Occasionally, when the infant was apparently asleep, he would try substituting his wife's hand for his own. Lydia's discriminating nostrils would have no part of such surreptitious tactics, however. She demanded "Daddy's hand," the one with the smell of four-packs-a-day's worth of nicotine residing in its flesh.

Now his daughter was nineteen, and Fletcher could not remember the last time he had kissed her. He could recall the last time he embraced her, and the discomfort he felt upon committing the act still embarrassed him. Lydia had looked more beautiful than ever, all one hundred fifteen pounds of her twitched with exuberance as she tried to maintain her composure. She had never been one for seriousness, not even for something as solemn as her high school graduation. It was all she could do to keep those marble-green mischievous eyes from giving a furtive wink as she marched loudly up the steps and onto the stage to receive her diploma. And upon the termination of the ceremonies, Fletcher was so beside himself with pride that he couldn't restrain the urge to grab Lydia and lift her off the floor as if she had just scored a winning touchdown. Her navy blue silk gown rustled noisily as Fletcher squeezed her tightly then grasped her shoulders and held her at arm's length. It was at that moment that he realized he was looking at his daughter for the first time in several years. His expression must have changed,

because ashamedly she looked away.

By this time Gloria Fletcher was properly referred to as Gloria Whitmire. Lydia retained her father's name; she lived, however, with her mother and "Whitty" (a misnomer, according to Fletcher). The circumstances behind the breakdown of the Fletchers' marriage were shamefully ordinary. Incompatibility, alcohol, adultery, in-laws—all of these had a

ble nicks and gashes scarring the lower halves of the kitchen walls were evidence enough to any visitors that someone in the house was disposed to violence. Ash trays, frying pans, crock pots, a roll of shelving paper, Lydia's Environmental Science textbook, a bag of Purina Dog Chow—any of these could be seen at various times being hurled against the walls and against Fletcher as if the room had been set in



hand in the failure. Perhaps the best explanation lay in Gloria's gullibility. Had Fletcher come home at the end of each day with his pants down and a sign dangling from his penis announcing his infidelity, his wife's interrogation would more than likely have consisted of such questions as "What kind of creature would do such a terrible thing to you?" or "When will you ever learn not to wear that suit—you know it drives them wild?" On first observation, such blind faithfulness would appear to be indisputably advantageous to both Fletcher and the survival of his marriage. But who is to say whether or not he would have ceased any extramarital affairs had Gloria clawed and scratched and carried on like any cheated on American housewife is supposed to?

Oddly enough, Gloria's visual faculties were not quite so impoverished when it came to Fletcher's drinking habits. Sitting alone at the dining room table, wrapped securely in her white bathrobe, slowly sipping her sixth cup of coffee, she would stare like a cat at the curtains hanging from the back door, waiting for the beam of lights to cross that would signal the introduction of Fletcher's staggering act. The routine was generally the same: first, there would be the fumbling of the keys (at this point, Gloria would clear her throat and gather her composure), then, in a manner similar to emergency room procedures, the door would burst open, and finally, Fletcher would hold himself up and sway like a metronome against the wall, totally ill-equipped to handle the just rewards that were forthcoming. That Gloria could be so relentless in her attack upon Fletcher's ineptitude, while being so docile in regard to his questionable female affiliations, was a source of perplexity to several of their neighbors, not to mention to Fletcher himself. Indeed, the innumera-

perpetual motion by some form of witchcraft. "Where the hell have you been?" "Out." "Out WHERE? Do you realize that your daughter is back there in hysterics? She LOVES you, Jimmy! You can do this to me, but I won't allow you to hurt that baby!" Then comes the first frying pan, full of cold gravy.

Furthermore, as if the tantrums were not enough, there was also Gloria's Frank Sinatra fetish. Fletcher had known of her love for Sinatra even before they married, but in the years since taking their vows he felt he knew the man more personally than anyone alive, with the possible exception of Gloria herself. The variety of magazines and trinkets and jewelry and posters bearing the name of Sinatra would have been forgivable had they been collected by a teenage girl of the forties, and possibly even of the fifties, but for an adult woman of the nineteen-sixties to be subscribing to all the Hollywood gossip magazines and clipping out every line in reference to "Ol' Blue Eyes" struck Fletcher as odd, if not downright perverted. He took pride in the fact that he rarely mentioned this compulsion, and considered himself a model of self-restraint, but (and inconceivable though this seems, it is true) when Gloria insisted that her favorite Sinatra poster be taped to the ceiling while they made love, Fletcher felt morally obligated to draw the line.

Could a man be faulted for seeking release from such a situation? Perhaps the question of fault is irrelevant, as Fletcher was not so much concerned with where the guilt lay as he was with the unpleasantness of being separated from his daughter. He and Lydia had not been particularly close since she was a child, but foreseeing the dissolution of his marriage, Fletcher realized that his desire to be with

Lydia would become a function of his lack of access to her. In fact, Lydia's complete rejection of Fletcher was a quite probably outcome of a separation or divorce, and such a rejection would be, to him, unquestionable proof that he had failed in his role as a father.

In the end, however, Fletcher concluded that his marriage and his sanity were incompatible—he could keep one, but he could not have both. Finally, when he came home one day an hour earlier than usual and, instead of finding his wife in bed with another man, chanced upon her while she was urinating into a bottle of his Scotch, he decided he preferred a life with a certain degree of normalcy as opposed to one of white walls and strait jackets. "What are you doing?" "I'm pissing in your liquor." "What? Give me that bottle." "You're not going to drink it NOW, I hope. Or are you so addicted to the stuff that you think you might rather savor it cut with a little urine?" "That's IT! You ARE crazy! Don't you understand, Gloria? You've got to get help; otherwise, we're finished." "Fine. YOU can help me. I haven't done that bottle over there yet."

So: less than a month thereafter it was, indeed, finished. And except for the one-hundred-dollar alimony check deposited into the mail each Thursday after work, Fletcher moved into his quaint little apartment on the east side of town virtually intact. True, he could never seem to get his roast chicken to turn out quite as tasty as Gloria's, and his visits from Lydia were too rare and too short, but the sacrifice in food was a small price to pay (the alimony payments he considered a "sunk" cost), and Lydia had at least not rejected him as her father. In fact, when her mother had married Whitty, it had been due to Lydia's insistence that she had not adopted the name of Whitmire. Fletcher, who would never have contested Lydia's desire to be adopted, was quite touched by this display of devotion. What he did not understand was why, during her infrequent visits, Lydia maintained the same degree of detachment she might have had had she just stepped out the door for a couple of minutes to walk down the street and buy a loaf of bread.

But that would be different now, thought Fletcher. The Whitmire marriage had been terminated less than three months into its second year. It seems that Gloria, having found life with Whitty Whitmire and his "Whit's Wigs and Ladies' Wear" chain intolerable, had decked herself out in her most expensive chiffon nightgown, climbed the stairs to the top of their four-story apartment building, and promptly done a well-executed swan dive into the red Cadillac convertible parked below. Whit handled beautifully the various questions served up by the local newspaper in regard to Gloria's death. "No, she did not seem particularly depressed." "No, I was not having an affair at the time. Look, you're getting a little personal here." "Yes, I do plan to take up residence elsewhere." And, with Whitty's departure, Lydia

was coming home.

Fletcher's feelings about his daughter's return were ambivalent. Certainly, he was looking forward to her companionship—one of the most difficult ingredients of his bachelorhood had been its loneliness—but he was also unconfident about his ability as a father. Lydia was no longer the pony-tailed little girl who liked to smell her father's right hand while she slept, and with the tremendous upheavals she had been through, she would undoubtedly be in need of a special kind of understanding.

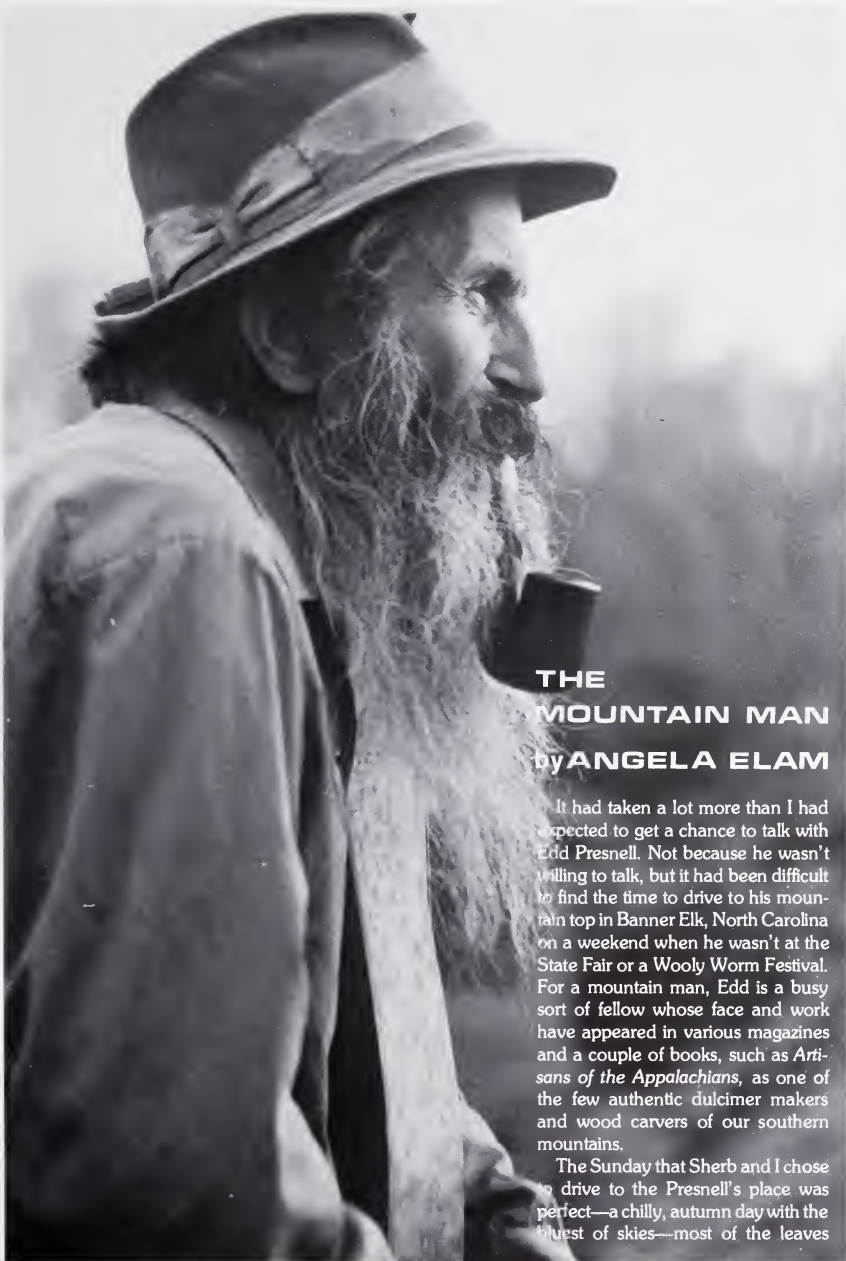
When the doorbell rang, Fletcher set the photograph aside and prepared to welcome his new resident with his heart, as they say, in his throat. That she appeared to have aged five years since he last saw her, and was now wearing her hair in the same short-clipped Mia Farrow style that her mother had worn (and had had redone every Tuesday since Fletcher had casually remarked that she and the actress bore a remote resemblance), seemed somewhat morbid to Fletcher, and he wasn't sure that the little squeak that emerged from unfamiliar part of his voicebox was entirely inaudible. "Hello, Sweetheart."

Her tone was friendly but distant. "Hi Daddy."

Lydia pushed past him and opened the refrigerator and lifted a bottle of Seven-up from inside the door. Her father looked on uncomfortably. "I got accepted to Boston College." Fletcher grabbed hold of the lead like it was a lifeline. "Why Lydia! That is absolutely wonderful! When do classes begin?" "Next Thursday. But I'm not going to be able to go." "I don't understand. Why not?" Lydia became suddenly interested in the label of her soft drink bottle. "Daddy, I've been thinking. Maybe I should have an apartment of my own." "But—why? I thought you were all ready to start a new life here. Your mother—Lydia—your mother has just DIED! You can't go out on your own after something as crushing as that!" "I can get a job. I know where I can get a job. You won't have to pay a thing." "Oh, Lydia, you know it's not that. I would give you anything. Haven't I always? It's simply that you are not ready to handle those kinds of responsibilities yet, especially after something like this." Lydia stiffened and looked stoically at Fletcher with eyes that burned through him. "Daddy, there's something you don't know. I'm five months pregnant."

An electric sensation streaked through Fletcher's chest and his hands began tingling. A wave of nausea rushed up his throat and his head began to hum. The veins stood out on his forehead and neck like ropes as, tearing into the bathroom, he gagged and retched into the toilet. On the wall hung the Serenity Prayer. "God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change the things I can, and the wisdom to know the difference." Ripping down the piece of paper and firing it into the toilet in one motion, Fletcher pressed the handle.





THE MOUNTAIN MAN by ANGELA ELAM

It had taken a lot more than I had expected to get a chance to talk with Edd Presnell. Not because he wasn't willing to talk, but it had been difficult to find the time to drive to his mountain top in Banner Elk, North Carolina on a weekend when he wasn't at the State Fair or a Woolly Worm Festival. For a mountain man, Edd is a busy sort of fellow whose face and work have appeared in various magazines and a couple of books, such as *Artisans of the Appalachians*, as one of the few authentic dulcimer makers and wood carvers of our southern mountains.

The Sunday that Sherb and I chose to drive to the Presnell's place was perfect—a chilly, autumn day with the bluest of skies—most of the leaves



had fallen, and we were thankful to make the trip before the first snowfall. I had gathered from Edd's address—simply, "End of the Road"—and what I had heard, that once the snow came, it would be impossible to get there without a four-wheel drive. Edd commented later, "It ain't bad. Ya just learn to wade the snow and keep a good, hot fire built." I remember patting my Volkswagen and saying to Sherb, "Alfred could make it, I'll bet!" Unfortunately, I spoke a little too soon—Alfred broke down fifteen miles or so from Edd's place. So after a harried afternoon of trying desperately to locate *anything* open on a

Sunday in the backhills of North Carolina—wrestling with a phone that didn't work properly, digging for nickels and dimes to make the phone calls, and finally, having to sell my postage stamps for change—we had Alfred towed in, fixed with plastic money, and found ourselves rumbling roads once again.

"End of the Road" is no exaggeration, but the drive was so pretty, we didn't mind it. The dirt route to his home twisted and turned through rolling mountain farms, and we met very little traffic; except for the twelve or so little piglets that came trotting around the bend at one spot. We even passed

an old, boarded-up, one-room schoolhouse, complete with cupola on the top, before we arrived at Edd's house. The brick home was somewhat of a surprise, but the interior was satisfactorily filled with hand hewn doors and the handicraft we were hoping to see. Carved animals, tables, and a variety of knickknacks were displayed proudly. A simple glance around the room couldn't begin to take it all in. Being somewhat inexperienced at interviewing, I looked for something to break the ice with—my questions looked too formal—and my eyes rested on a group of pictures elaborately set in wood.

"Are those your grandchildren?" I motioned to the smiling faces.

"Yep." Silence.

"Did you make the frame?"

"Yep."

"That's really neat!" Then I rustled my papers, afraid of the next silence, when he said with his low mountain voice,

"Had to have some place to put 'em." He smiled at me through his long, graying beard and clamped down on his pipe. It was easy after that. Edd pulled out a couple of his hand-carved dulcimers and handed them to us to examine. He makes a variety of designs, from the simple to the intricately ornamented with birds and dogwood blooms. The wood he uses is mostly local, with the exception of some rosewood, and the pieces vary with the wood and design. Sherb and I twanged on the strings a bit, and I held it out to him to play, finding to my surprise that he didn't. His wife is the musician. So he called Nettie in, and she sat down and played a couple of mountain tunes—"Barbara Allen" and "Wildwood Flowers."

Nettie has played since she was eight years old, and it was her father that Edd first learned the dulcimer-making craft. Begun as a "rainy day" occupation, it was a sideline to his other jobs of farming and mail carrying, but he became so involved with it and his other carvings (wooden bowls and utensils), he decided to go professional in 1956.

"I said back then if I can sell all I can make, I'd have it made. Now, if I could make all I could sell . . . it's switched right around." Since then, he has become a member of the Southern Hills Craft Guild and a regular for twenty-three years at the State Fair. He isn't the only craftsman of his clan either. It's become a family affair. Both his wife and his only son, Baxter, carve wooden figures, too. Edd showed us their most recent prize winners, a bear and a horse.

I asked Edd why his work had become so popular. "It's all that folklore stuff they started—decided that old stuff was worth something." When he

began, there were only a couple of dulcimer makers, but by 1970, they were all over. Still, around seventy-five percent of the dulcimers are made from kits, so he has remained rather unique. He's been written up in newspapers from Rhode Island to Miami, and there are actually pictures of him hanging in a schoolroom in Germany. Because of all the publicity, he sells most of his wares directly, rather than through shops. "I'm not trying to sell 'em now . . . if you want one, you want one."

Edd was born and raised on the mountain, and though he's traveled as far as Washington state, he hasn't "seen any place he'd rather live." He admitted that it was good to see other parts of the country, but as we stepped outdoors to walk to his workshop, he pointed to the mountains all around us, and he didn't have to say anything—it was gorgeous!

"Some places out west, they don't know what a forest is. We'd pass a sign on bare land that'd say "National Forest," and I'd say, 'Where's the forest? I ain't seen nothin' higher'n my head for miles!' " He grinned at us again.

As we walked into his wood-filled shop, Edd told us about losing it all once before in a fire. "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. With my 129 acres, a cow, a car—I just possess it—don't own anything." The way Edd sees it, everything belongs to Him.

Edd is a man of strong beliefs. He thinks it's "bad that people can't read," but education should be more like Berea, a college in Kentucky, where all the students do a share of the work to support themselves.

"You can get all the education from books, then you have to get out and get the rest from the uneducated." He believes that each man is important, but things are too unequal.

"A man should get the same for digging a ditch as laying pipe—can't lay pipe without the ditch. Of course, some people call that communism."

Perhaps one of Edd's most enchanting preoccupations is his love of predicting the weather. He fully be-

lieves in nature's warning system, and Sherb and I were amazed at the number of signs he informed us of—the way in which the new moon hangs predicts the precipitation; the actions of animals foretell whether the winter will be mild or harsh; even—the simple sound of the fire predicts snow—if it sizzles like snow hitting the coals, that means snow. He claimed he always forecasts the weather before the weathermen, and he's always right!

This past year, he headed the first annual "Wooly Worm Festival" in North Carolina. The "Wooly Worm" caterpillar predicts the weather with the dark bands ringing his body—the blacker the bands, the worse the winter; and if it's black in front, it's going to be "bad early"; black in back, it will be "bad late." Edd trusts firmly in the Wooly Worm. "They got all them instruments, but they can't tell no more by them than the Wooly Worm!"

Edd Presnell—a mountain man with all the wisdom of the hills—is kept active by his children and fourteen grandchildren nearby. Secure at his End of the Road, he continues to do the work he obviously loves, carving instruments and sharing his skill. As a master craftsman, he creates handiwork which preserves the beauty of his land and the ways of his people.





I REMEMBER GLENDA

For a couple of weeks after moving onto the second floor of 301 Brown Street on Providence, I didn't have much of a chance to speak to the three students who lived directly above me. One of them especially intrigued me. It wasn't the 5'5" black guy with the big, wide grin. He seemed nice enough in passing, as did the slender, slight girl with the mousey-brown hair, who was so partial to rumpled men's shirts, usually work shirts. I wanted to meet the one I called "The Amazon". I was determined that when I moved back into the dorm at the end of the summer, I would know more about her than the way she looked. She looked great.

It was early on a Tuesday evening. After work I had played a little basketball, then polished off about four Narragansett beers. Over the music from my stereo, I heard the familiar clomping of wooden sandals as my favorite apparition trundled up the stairs. I peeked out and saw her disappearing around the corner, a bag of groceries in her arms.

For a couple of minutes, I paced the apartment, then mounted the stairs. I hesitated at her door for a minute, wondering what I was going to say. Without really reaching a decision, I knocked.

"Hi," I said. She filled the doorway, soft blue light behind. "I just wanted to see what's up here. I live downstairs."

She let me in. I learned that her name was Glenda: she learned that my name was Steven. She was pleased with the blue "mood" light she'd just bought, thought it had a nice effect. I agreed. In the kitchen she introduced me to Susan, her waitress friend, and some British guy whose name I can't remember. Susan wasn't gorgeous, like Glenda, but she was just as bosomy. I liked Susan right off, but not as much as I liked Glenda.

The kitchen looked like a New England

MEMBER

by Russell Warren

calendar—high ceilings, dormer windows, ruffled curtains, cane-bottom chairs—lots of wood, no plastic. Everyone but I was involved in food preparation. I was there on a mission of adventure. Talk was small; conversation was light, easy. Glenda said she'd grown up in Brooklyn, granddaughter to Lithuanian immigrants. She had just finished her freshman year at the Rhode Island School of Design.

All this was just fine with me. Ever anxious to please, to engender a feeling of trust and kinship between Glenda and myself, I volunteered to stir a large bowl of something for her. Later, when it came out cake and everyone gushed over it at dinner, Glenda complimented me on the way I stirred her batter. I said it was all in the wrist.

As I started into my very own piece of cake, I had a flash of confidence. Everything had gone so well so far. Glenda, I decided, was destined to awaken by my side the next morning.

She did. Glenda was a talker, I was a listener. We snuggled a little toward getting-up time, but mostly we just talked and shared company. The next few days, I had a hard time deciding whether I'd had a beautiful and meaningful experience, or had just missed one. Like a lot of other twenty year olds, I felt I owed it to my gender to score when I found myself in scoring position. But as I got to know Glenda, that first night and through the summer, she became less important to me as a romantic conquest and more important as a friend.

It was not surprising to learn that more than a few fellows before me had been very much attracted to Glenda. She confessed that she had been something less than "hard to get." It obviously bothered her that she hadn't been as selective as she could have been. I didn't understand it, but I was certainly willing to listen, if it helped the way she felt.



I began to feel protective toward her, especially after I talked about her with Susan and her roommates. Susan said Glenda was mixed up. "She makes it hard for guys not to take advantage of her," she said.

Glenda told me that summer that the best thing she had going was a guy named Albert. Albert was tall, black, good-looking. He lived in New York. Supposedly his dad had managed Lloyd Price, the rhythm and blues singer whose 1957 release of "Stagger Lee" had become something of a classic. Glenda said she loved Albert, and as soon as he could support her, Albert wanted to marry her.

Maybe it was because of Albert, but Glenda was really crazy about what used to be called Soul Music. In my high school days down South, we had called it Beach Music. I remember Glenda in her blue-lit bedroom ironing, or washing vegetables at the kitchen sink, listening to Sam and Dave, Otis Redding, Wilson Pickett, the early Supremes, Lloyd Price. This was during the heyday of the Doors, Jimi Hendrix, Crosby Stills and Nash, which was more my speed. No matter. I just enjoyed being with her. She could have played Eddy Arnold for all I cared.

Glenda moved away from Rhode Island in the fall. As I began my junior year at Providence College, she transferred to Pratt Institute, an art school in Brooklyn. I had a honey, Sara, who demanded a lot of my time, and I didn't write like I would have, but I worried about Glenda in Brooklyn.

The next time I saw her was over Thanksgiving. I had taken a train to New York and was trying to get a Greyhound to North Carolina to visit my sister. The whole thing had been done on impulse, and freewheeling, traveling man that I fancied myself, I hadn't even told my sister I was coming. While waiting for my bus, I gave Glenda a call. I was surprised and flattered at how glad she seemed to be to hear from me. One thing led to another, and I accepted her invitation to spend the holiday there in Brooklyn.

Our first serious topic of conversation was Glenda's unhappiness. Her two new roommates didn't like her. They said she was different.

Glenda was 6'1". She had luscious lips, huge brown eyes, wispy auburn hair, a rich, dark complexion and a smile full of character and gentle curves. When in full swing, her smile certainly dominated her appearance, but that's not saying quite enough. More than anything else, her smile reminded me of the Cheshire Cat in *Alice in Wonderland*. Other than what I've already said, the most apt description of Glenda that comes to mind is "Sophia Loren".

Yes, Glenda was different. She was an artist, for one thing, which is something I've never been able to understand—I have trouble with stick figures. And her artistic talent was manifest in unexpected ways. She volunteered to make a sign for me and a friend

to use hitchhiking from Providence to Washington, D.C. that summer we met. It was during the time of the U.S. astronauts' first walk on the moon. She stayed up all night, painting a red "D" and a blue "C" on a white background on one side; and on the other a "Twilight Zone" sort of swirling blue and yellow "MOON". We had equal success with both sides.

Her Pratt roommates didn't know about that, but they did know she kept all her empty food cans because she "liked the labels". Her roommates thought it made their kitchen look like a junkyard.

Glenda had just received an "A" on a mid-term project. She had a lot of freedom in deciding what the project would be and came up with a seven-foot replica of an Almond Joy.

"Why an Almond Joy?" her professor had asked.

"Because I like them," she replied.

Glenda's roommates were less impressed with the candy bar than her professor had been. They banished it to the back porch, saying the apartment was already too crowded. Their interests in art were limited to anything that could help them become fashion buyers in New York's fabled garment district. They shared little of Glenda's spontaneous enjoyment of art, for its own sake.

I got a good look at one of the roommates about two hours before her date was to arrive one evening during my stay. She had been lurking about the bathroom and her bedroom since noon, making ready. Her face was plastered with a white mask, her hair was pinned in tight corkscrews and she wore a quilted housecoat. And it wasn't like she was going out with Prince Charles. Her date was a fellow she'd been seeing regularly for four years. When eight o'clock rolled around she did look very nice. But I figure that, dressed in Frederick of Hollywood's finest, she'd have about as much sex appeal as Glenda had in one elbow, just after cleaning the oven.

On Thanksgiving Day we went to the Macy's Parade. Everything, it seemed, was big like Glenda—Clydesdales, like in the Budweiser commercials; those 1890's bicycles, with front wheels as tall as a man; inflated comic strip characters, several stories high—Snoopy, Donald Duck, Bullwinkle. Each passed below. The crowd cheered loudest for Snoopy, but Glenda really lost her head over Bullwinkle. She was like a five-year-old, begging me to come with her, to get closer. I thought she was being silly and refused.

An hour later she came back, her bandana'd head bobbing above the crowd. In one hand she held a multi-colored balloon on a stick; in the other hand she held a faded, hippie-type with a goatee. We were introduced. Glenda expressed curiosity about the distinctive and unusual coat he wore. He told us it

had originally belonged to a Russian soldier in the First World War.

Glenda cooked a terrific Thanksgiving dinner for the three of us that afternoon. It made me sad to think of what she'd have done if the guy with the goatee and I hadn't happened by. She didn't get along well with her parents.

That evening she decided we had to go for a ride on the Staten Island Ferry. Though I appreciated the romance of it all, and the fact that the round-trip only cost something like fifteen cents, for the second time that day I declined Glenda's invitation. Hours later, when she and the guy with the goatee got back, I faked asleep and heard them talking. It was mostly her, saying what their love meant to her, exploring the various nuances of "your love for me" and "my love for you".

The next day I hitchhiked to Boston, where Sara and I went to see the Rolling Stones. It had been a remarkable holiday.

Over a year passed before I saw Glenda again. I wrote ahead, but she didn't answer my letter. To be honest, I was afraid Brooklyn might've taken advantage of her. I wasn't even sure if she was still in school.

A subway ride put me in the neighborhood of her new address. I asked directions and followed the numbered streets until I found the dingy walk-up to Glenda's apartment building. Four flights of down-right dirty stairs led me to a locked door. There was no answer to my knock. With nothing to do but wait, I took the liberty of reading a rambling and terminally depressed note, written on a light blue pad which hung from a piece of twine tacked to the door.

The note, in Glenda's unruly hand, spoke with venom of uncleanness, broken promises, neglect and discord. An ultimatum of sorts, closing an unhappy chapter in a girl's life. Surely there would be a search for new lodgings for at least one of the parties involved. Glenda addressed herself to one "Mai Ling", who, I gathered, was Oriental, her roommate, and owner of three cats she neither fed nor cleaned up after. I had always thought Orientals to be fastidiously neat, smiling and respectful. Apparently the stereotype didn't hold true in this Brooklyn apartment.

It seemed that Mai Ling didn't spend a great deal of time in the apartment, and the cats were going a little crazy out of neglect and hunger. Glenda, no Rock of Gibraltar, was in turn being driven crazy by the cats. The note made it clear that Glenda would have liked very much to tie Mai Ling and her three cats in a gunny sack and toss them into the rusty brown waters of the East River.

I thought heavily on the situation. Unhealthy vibes and tiny scratching sounds emanated from behind the door. Bone-weary from my trip, I stretched out

and proceeded to treat my frazzled nerve-endings to a series of abrasive lonely-one-o'clock-in-the-morning worries. The foremost consisted of all the bad scenes I could envision, if some macho dude arrived at the apartment he shared with Glenda and the Oriental and found me—unarmed and marginal of body—heaped on his doorstep.

I had no way of knowing that Glenda would be hanging out with some bad character, it was just a feeling. And it was a pretty accurate feeling, I discovered shortly, when a hostile young fellow, about my age and thankfully no bigger than I, stopped at the top of the stairs. Indeed, he did share living quarters with Glenda, she was his woman, and he wanted to know who the hell I was.

Apparently, Glenda had not taken great pains to see that my impending visit was properly heralded. Nor must she have conveyed to this fellow the high esteem in which, I was sure, she still held me. Or perhaps she *had*, and he was the jealous man lasting long with Glenda. Her pretty head was just too easily turned.

I've always had a way with words. Grudgingly, the dude let me in. He gave me the Oriental's unmade pallet and told me she probably wouldn't be in. It was the "probably" that bothered me.

"But what if she does come in?" I asked.

"Look, if you want to stay, just don't worry about it," he replied. He turned his back and left the room.

Despite his admonition, I worried. I had visions of a screaming banshee, hurling cats and profane Chinese epithets at me across a Brooklyn apartment in the middle of the night.

For the next couple of eons it was just me, the filth and the cats. Then, approaching footfalls. The Lady of the Tiger? It turned out to be Glenda. I heard her voice, low, in the next room. She didn't come in to see me, and I sure as hell wasn't going in to see her and her friend. I heard water running in the sink and a toilet flush. After a pause, maybe a minute, the bed springs began to creak—steady as the workings of a clock, for about five minutes. The sound could be interpreted differently I suppose, but I'm convinced that what I heard was the sound of callous and one-sided coupling, a biological act signaling possession and domination.

At daybreak, I packed quickly, fed the cats some cookies Sara had baked for my trip and left. Walking to the subway, I passed only two or three people, black against grey buildings, streets and sky. I wondered how the hell anybody could stand living in Brooklyn.





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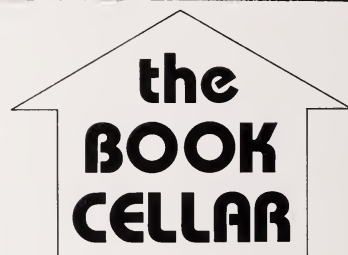
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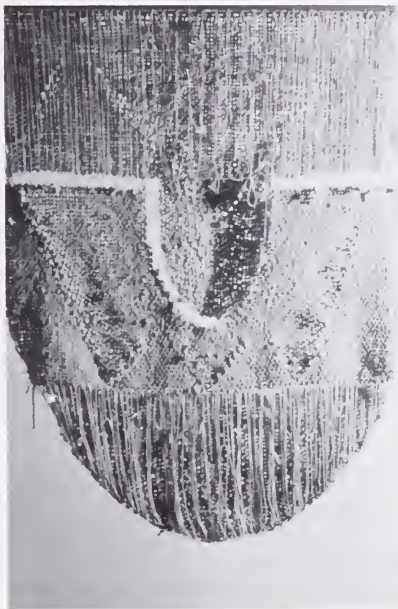
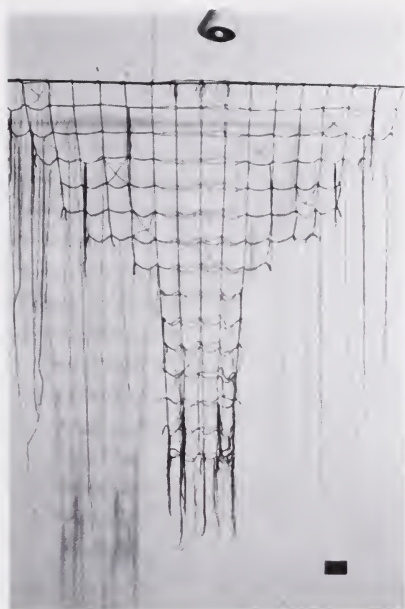
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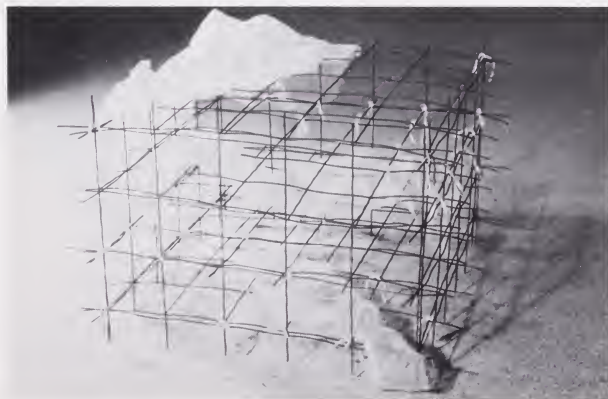




Brian Broadus



Terry Dimond





Alan MacTaggart



DEFAULT

Oh! The luxury
Of not choosing—
Not yet . . .
Maybe never!
Is it possible
To hold this High,
To stay suspended
In animation?
Or must one sink
Like a Sartre hero
And freeze alone
As the altitude, prolonged,
Slowly shuts off the life's blood,
Immobilizing the limbs
As it withers the Soul,
Leaving one forever poised
For choosing all . . .

Mary Beth Benecke

TRANSCENDING COMEDY

I reached into the air
and captured a laugh
last night.
I knew you had sent it.
You, who sat so near on
the floor in a
spiritual ceremony:
chanting laughter.
We will laugh together
still,
triumphant laughter.
— Guffaw.

Lubow

LEGALIZATION

Governing fathers
Will permit you
Your grass
Allowing us
Our taxable
Poisons,
Our alcohols
And nicotine;
Sleep inducers
And popular music.
The local
Anesthetic
Ons and offs
Proclaiming
Life's purpose
In auto ads
And silver rings . . .
Soothed
By unconsciousness,
We cannot evaluate
True happiness;
We cannot visualize
The manipulation
We cannot hear
The footsteps treading
Behind our lives.
It is giving
German children
Candybars
After bombing the hell
Out of Dresden

G. Scott Deshefy

I see the rose, and seeing know that if my hand
just brush the bud, closed petals will respond,
and I am afraid. I might bruise what cannot mend.

Evening shadows stripe the lawn
and evening stars dance on my flute,
reflecting in a secret pond.

I capture the rose in each scarlet note.
Touched, red petals spread to share
the music, unfolding secrets, tender, mute.

But what if I should maim or tear
the fragile crimson in my hand?
This evening, scarlet petals edge the air.

Mark Cottle



Mike Dempsey

PROMISE

physics prism promises
a rainbow

band of colors clear
and void of melted crystal vapors:
the storm black
sky gone
grey with colors meshed

lightwaves long and low
abstracted and refracted
curving now—
the angle of the sun's
three sided pyramid

She waits
She stands looking into the distance
She's looking for him to come
He said he would
He said at one o'clock
He said not to worry

She waits
She knows he will come
She's scared he won't
He said he loved her
He said he'd take her away
He said not to worry

She waits
She wants to love him
She's sure he won't come
He said today
He said he'd stay with her forever
He said nothing would stop him

She waits
He lied

Mike Dempsey

How paradoxical is life!
On my birthday—MY BIRTHDAY—
The two most important people in
my life each had a message for me.
My friend gave me a card that told
me he loved me.
My love gave me a card that said
he was glad to be my friend.

Rossie Lamar

Laura Williams

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Chronicle



EDITORIAL

"While everyone pursues their private interests, the invisible hand guides each person to serve the best interest of everyone else" said the calm if unpolished voice of economist Milton Friedman. I was watching the public television program *Free To Choose* because in the Friday night battle of the ratings, I am a conscientious objector to shows like *The Dukes of Hazzard* and *The Love Boat*. If the invisible hand guides the networks to serve the best interests of the public, the public sure doesn't ask for much. Many people consider television a failure of capitalism. I found it ironic that a quality program supporting free enterprise had to be aired on public TV.

Later, I listened while a friend complained about the high cost of concert tickets. Recalling my knowledge of economics, I remembered that people will pay the lowest possible price for a commodity. Why was it that I consumed more hours of entertainment, while spending less than my friend? I attended more concerts at the coliseum—but they were *free* classical concerts. The wheels of my economic mind began to turn again.

Why, if people could just expand their definition of entertainment, they would increase the number of competing products tenfold! I decided to work up a theoretical marketing survey to determine the degree to which people restrict their choices. Each question would be scored on how strongly the respondent agreed or disagreed on some commonly held notions: that music is good only if one can dance to it, that a poem is good only if it rhymes, that in art, a nude is aesthetically pleasing only in sexual terms, etcetera.

By exploding one or more of the above myths, by allowing myself to be entertained by something new and different, a consumer of entertainment truly becomes "free to choose." And increased competition leads to better products—everyone knows that, don't they? Take heart, critics of the media. There may be hope for free enterprise after all.



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Figuring Out New England By Bicycle



John Madera

At the end of every spring semester, a foreign auto maker distributes a travel magazine called *America* on college campuses throughout the country. The auto company, through this magazine, sponsors an annual contest, in which ten people or groups are selected, for their unusual proposals for trips, to receive up to \$600 to defray travel costs. In return, the students are required to submit written or photographic reports of their journeys. On a whim, the author and two other Clemson students, Julian Fields and Ryan Philyaw, decided late one night to write up a proposal. Incredibly, the scheme worked; we were each given

\$175 to take a two-week bicycle excursion through New England. Here is the report submitted to *America*.

I have the South figured out. After five and a half years of bicycling through it, I should have. Curiosity got me started. I began to notice things about my region that I hadn't seen from inside a brick subdivision or an automobile traveling down an interstate highway. I learned what to expect from terrain and vegetation; what creek valleys and bottomlands look like, and where to expect steep climbs. I learned

about farming and land use in the South, what a typical Southern town should look like and what its citizens do for a living. Most importantly, I learned about the people to which the land belongs—their customs, tastes, views, and friendliness. Finally, I discovered the subtle differences in all these things between the three Southern domains: the mountains, Piedmont, and Coastal Plain. But nothing can take on any real meaning unless it can be compared to something else. Curiosity overcame me again. I wanted to explore an area far north. All those



lakes, mountains and small towns looked great on the map—New England was where we were going.

New England is everything my map-gazing fantasy said it would be. Once getting far enough from Boston so that one can see natural landscape, we found small, rocky bogs filled with plants bearing small, bright purple flowers. These bogs become brilliant splashes of color against the green landscape as we progress northward. The pine woods of northeastern Massachusetts are strikingly similar to those back home—at first appearance. The

subtle differences—the frosty color of the white pine and the large grey boulders back in the woods lead to the realization that we are *far* from home. And the vegetation becomes even more alien farther north. White pine begins to share the forest with soft textured firs and many varieties of birch. The grey birches, with their paper-white trunks, stand out like glowing white veins, adding life to the woods. Larch, a tree which resembles the pine, but loses its needles in winter, adds its unique cool green color and texture. The bogs become little wonderlands of

diversity: flowers, cattails and small, dark green balsam grow among the rocks and water in those small coves. Even stranger is the lay of the land. Large hills and small mountains, which rise from the landscape like giant boulders share the view with many swamps, ponds and lakes, small and large. Which is lucky for hot, tired cyclists. These ponds are refreshing, cool and sometimes black—but not polluted as we discovered on our first day out. We also discovered, from a warning from some local kids, that the murky waters contain “bloodsuckers”. We didn’t find

any, though. We did try to find a campground with a swimming hole every night. The best we found was Lake St. George, in Maine between Augusta and the coast, with its cool spring-fed water. The water temperature here in early August is about 65 degrees at the surface, and 48 degrees at a twenty-foot depth. The coldest water, however, we found at Mount Desert Island, in salt water. Some Sound—cold enough to take one's breath away. One brave man strode up to a dock where we sat, said "can't be any colder than Lake Michigan", and dove in. Once in he kept moving, and after two minutes, emerged covered with goosebumps. It is also at Mount Desert Island, where Acadia National Park is located, that we found the most unfamiliar terrain—mountains facing the Atlantic. The plant life, however, is familiar to me—the woods look very much like those found about six thousand feet in the North Carolina mountains. Only here, these trees and shrubs come right up to the shore.

Mount Desert Island is the epitome of what Maine life is about. Harbor villages serve campers, tourists and lobster fishermen during the summer. A vacationer here can hike and explore mountains and rocky coast by day, eat inexpensive lobster and corn-on-the-cob from a paper plate at a roadside stand, and see theater, concerts or classic films at night. We were lucky enough to have ridden Acadia's famous loop road by bicycle—speeding through rock and spruce as the road swoops down by a roaring sea, then rises before yielding another panorama of mountains and Atlantic Ocean.

From Mount Desert we turned back south. We followed the coast of southern Maine and New Hampshire, where flat land is kinder to the legs, and beaches and salt marshes are where they belong.

The man-made New England landscape is also alien. Farms are scarce and are mainly pastureland. Barns, whose stone walls appear to be natural outcrops, are attached to their owner's homes for winter convenience. Also to avoid the snow are mailboxes mounted on adjustable chains.

A town in South Carolina would appear to an approaching cyclist first as a water tower atop a tree covered hill, then as a cluster of brick and frame homes, and finally, businesses, in adjoining brick buildings, surrounding a "square" or lining the highway or railroad. Small town New England is different: first a white spire rising from a small valley, then a loosely clustered collection of steeply roofed white dwellings surrounding a church, general store town hall and a grange hall, or more often, a snowmobile clubhouse. A brook runs through the town, sometimes blocked by an abandoned waterwheel. Some hamlets are no more than a general store with a bulletin board out front and a small post office adjacent. Their people reside deep in the woods off the roads. Along the coast are the crowded tourist towns such as Camden, Searsport and Bar Harbor, Maine—expensive restaurants and specialty shops, restored to bring back the "old look," crowd the main thoroughfare. Place names support the general theme of a new England: Gorham, Nottingham, Hampshire, Rochester. And several towns in close proximity often share variations of the same name—examples from southern Maine: Kennebunk, Kennebunkport, Kennebunk Beach, West Kennebunk. Many towns just have their "West", "East" and "Center" versions.

Along every mile of road, dividing farms from farms, farms from woods, and woods from woods, is evidence of white man's long-standing residency: stone walls—low piles of rocks and boulders described as well in Robert Frost's poem "Mending Wall". Only now, no one bothers to mend them. No trespassing signs, which at one point were everywhere, seem to do the job. Traveling by bike, we had another of Frost's poems on our minds—the one which says "and miles to go before I sleep . . ."

Many New Englanders once worked in textile mills before high labor costs forced the mills to move south. So we learned from Mr. Morgan, a retired textile supervisor in Limerick, Maine. He moved south also, working in mills

in North and South Carolina for more than twenty years. Retired, he and his wife came back to Maine to be near family. In southern Maine's hundreds of villages, there are few factories and very little agriculture. What do people here do for a living? "They commute forty or fifty miles to Portland's shipbuilders, or factories and businesses in Lewiston or Augusta."

While changing a tire at the post office in Standish, several miles east, we spoke with a professor about politics. We learned that New England town meeting politics is a myth. Town meetings are still held annually, he said, and every issue is covered, but not everyone shows up. When asked for figures, he doubted that fifty percent of the townspeople attend—still impressive by South Carolina standards. The problem, he said, is too many people. The political units are small—roadsigns mark township lines rather than county lines—but retired refugees from Boston and New York are swelling the population, thus making participatory government mere New England history. They still know what's going on though, through the general store bulletin board such as the one at West Nottingham, New Hampshire—with announcements for school board meetings, public hearings, and one person seeking a natural lifestyle in a "communal experiment in family living."

Often owning cottages in the woods far from the road, as shown by ten or fifteen names tacked to a tree at the entrance to a gravel drive trailing off through the birches, these people came to escape, running from high taxes and the crowded hostility of Northeastern cities. One morning as we passed through Lincolnville Beach, a small village on Penobscot Bay, a bearded man, barefoot, sat on the back of a park bench, alternately watching the bright sunlit fog over the water and the children playing on the beach. A professor from Tennessee, he spends his summers in Maine to escape the South's heat. But that's not the only reason. "The people up here are special" he said. "They're more aware. We might be having a conversation, and in the mid-

dle, a person would stop and say 'Hey, there goes a cedar waxwing' or something. A Southerner wouldn't notice things like that."

On a backroad through a remote birch forest a large blue sign reads "Welcome to Maine—Vacationland". In New England, campgrounds are everywhere and a large part of the populace seems to be on semi-permanent vacation. Even people with little means manage to enjoy life. One woman, divorced, works in an office at a university, raises and provides for two children and still manages to spend her summers at a southern Maine campground. She also moonlights as a ski instructor during the winter, and both she and her young children ski. Campground life is informal, she told me after I accepted her invitation for a cup of coffee. People are more neighborly; getting together a monopoly or card game is easy. She also feels that their camping summers are good for the kids—they make new friends.

Whatever happened to the hard-working New Englander? Is he a myth or a disappearing species? Neither. Ma and pa aren't wrestling a subsistence from rocky soil—they are wrestling it from their family campground—one of hundreds spread thick down New England's backroads. Upon checking in at a campground west of Augusta, Maine, after carefully rolling down several miles of gravel road, we talked with the lady at the desk, a partner in this husband-wife enterprise. After contemplating going into the camping business for several years, and even considering the purchase of a large seaside campground in Myrtle Beach, S.C., the family bought and revived this central Maine site. Business is off this year due to the gas shortage, she said (and confirmed by most other campground operators we talked with), but they're not running empty. They're not idle, either—starting any kind of business in a twelve hour a day job. But they're surviving—with a swimming pool, a well-equipped game room and Maine's only eighteen hole frisbee golf course.

"There are the day-trippers, the

week-enders, the week vacationers, the two-weekers, the monthers, the all-summerers, and the local residents" said a gregarious adolescent girl, her memorized list nearly compartmentalizing the people present at any moment in the coastal New Hampshire resort town where she lives. Indeed, Hampton Beach was full of life that afternoon as we stopped to discover what the attraction was on the other side of the sea wall. Surfers, in wet suits were doing their thing in cold waters off the rocky beach.

As American cities go, Boston is unique. Old, intricate and beautiful buildings fascinate and surprise the visitor at each corner on the meandering streets. Boston, one of the oldest of the larger American cities, is not laid out on a grid, and its street map is more akin to European cities'. Even the row houses appear Londonesque. Boston is also full of parks and green spaces—alive with nature and people: Children playing in the big fountain at Boston Common as their mothers wet their feet, old Italian men playing cards loudly on the East Side as the women gossip. There seems to be a new Boston, with its office towers and fast food chains, superimposed over a still lively old Boston. As we headed back toward the city to South Station, the distant skyscrapers shining through haze, I began to know and understand New England. Many things here seem to be 'relics': stone walls, towns like Augusta, where the loading docks for main street businesses and warehouses still face the waterfront, despite the river's obsolescence, this country's oldest family-run general store, in York Harbor, Maine, villages centered around a decaying waterwheel, where neighborliness, politics and hard work is not like it once was, having been replaced by a leisure lifestyle.

It was time to return to modern reality—we hadn't seen a McDonald's in days. Nearing Boston, we passed over an empty eight-lane expressway. I wondered if I had found another relic. ■





CHRONICLE

Creative Writing Competition

JUDGED BY

ANN DEAGON



Monumental, “scholarly”, classical music boomed through two small speakers in the small crowded studio at WEPR. The clock for the radio interview had started: “This is ‘P.M’, a show incorporating art forms of various kinds.” Thus began an interview with Ann Deagon, professor of poetry and classics at Guilford College near Greensboro, N.C., poet, and judge of the Chronicle Creative Writing Competition.

The conversation started on the topic of creative energy. “Part of my energy right now is going into hating this oddly fuzzy microphone” said Ann, as she prefers being called, about her aversion to the things. “I have, I’m sure a sense of form and structure . . .” she stated rather confidently, citing the three elements of classical poetry. But those who expect something “classical” sounding in her poetry are in for a surprise. Her second book, called *Carbon 14* centers on themes used in Greek and Roman mythology. But the thrust of her current work lies elsewhere—“I have used ancient myths, but right now I am more interested in discovering contemporary myths in my life and the lives of people around me” asserts Ann.

A recurring theme in her work centers on the problems and experiences of women. “After all,” she stated with a smile, “I am a woman writer.” Ann considers herself a feminist, but her poetry is not doctrinaire, contrary to what the title of her third book, *Women and Children First*, might imply. Other books focus on southern women in particular: *Poetics South* was her first published book of poetry, and *There is No Balm In Birmingham*, she claims, is a reexamination of her past.

Ann has been writing poetry for only ten years—at age 50, she continues her “vocation.” Fascinated by the adventures of Marco Polo and the lives of the women surrounding him, she is writing an anthology to be called *The Polo Poems*.

If Ann’s style can be called “classic”, it lays equal claim over the adjectives “graphic” and “perceptive”. It deals with it’s subjects on real terms. And the perceptions brought forth by it are purely Ann’s. She has a bit of advice for beginning writers: don’t use someone else’s words to express what your own mind interprets.

The interview ended. Everyone was free again to cough and make noise. At last Ann Deagon could get away from the dreaded microphone.

thank you:

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Rodney Stephens
Thomas Gonick
Rick Straub
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Dianne McFarlane
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The motivating idea behind the Creative Writing Competition was to acquaint the student authors of *Clemson* with their student variety magazine. As long as humans pursue writing as an art form, young new talent will be bred in universities like Clemson, and magazines such as the *Chronicle* will continue to be viable outlets for fresh creative force. Those who entered the competition are special people—they took the time to re-create a part of human experience, and they had enough confidence in their work to show it to others. The editors at the *Chronicle* sincerely hope that these people won't forget about their magazine. Because we certainly won't forget about you. Special thanks to all of you.

FIRST PLACE PROSE

A Moment of Cleaning

by
Doug Russell

Jack Howard shifted position. A few people were swimming, but the water was calm and Jack was at ease. He was also bored. He scanned the crowd lying around him on the beach. Almost immediately, a girl in a black and white striped bikini saw him and stood. She walked over to him. She looked up at him sitting high in his lifeguard's seat.

"Hi," she said.

Jack looked at her. Not bad, he thought. A bit young. To her he said, "Yeah? What's up?"

The girl squinted up at him and smiled. "What time is it?"

Jack looked at his watch. "Four-twenty." He looked at the girl.

Nervously she shifted her feet. "You ever see any sharks out there? I was just wondering." Again she squinted up at him.

Jack laughed a little. "No, not really. Mostly people see dolphins or porpoises and run tell me they saw a shark. I've never seen a shark, but they did catch a tiger shark off the pier a couple weeks ago." Jack was looking with interest at her breasts.

The girl was impressed. Feeling a bit more at ease, she leaned against Jack's stand, giving him an even better view. Jack's interest perked up. "You move well out here." Embarrassed a little, the girl looked up at him. "Uh, I mean you're different from some of the other guards I've seen. You're not cocky, but you know what you're doing."

Not knowing what to say, Jack just said, "Oh yeah?"

"Yeah." The girl smiled again. She turned to look at

her blanket on the beach. "I'm down here with my sister and her husband." She looked to see if Jack was interested. He didn't speak. "But I could get away, you know, like for a while. I sure want to go to Simon's dancing."

Jack smiled. "Yeah? Where you go to school?"

"Go to State in August."

"What, a sophomore?"

"Freshman." The girl looked up, embarrassed slightly. "Hey, why don't you take me to Simon's?" She put on a front of false bravado. "I'll show you what's what." Her smile was just a bit weak.

With real interest Jack looked her over. "How you going to get away from your sister?"

The girl was full of excitement. "That's easy." She grinned at him. "This was the hard part."

"Well." Jack decided. He did like the breasts, and she seemed old enough. "Meet me here at my stand at, oh, eight o'clock tonight, and we'll go dancing at Simon's." He pulled himself erect. "But you'll have to pay your own way, that place is expensive."

"Oh sure." The girl could hardly contain her happiness. "That's great. Fine. Just fine. Eight." She smiled and turned. "Eight o'clock." She ran back to her blanket.

* * *

After drinking and dancing, and dancing and drinking, they went back to Jack's room at the guard house. Immediately the girl sat on Jack's bed and they started kissing. They kissed a while, then stopped and talked and drank beer. They went back to kissing.

Gradually, the time devoted to talking and drinking shrank in favor of kissing. Gradually their clothes came off. Jack moved slowly, partly due to the beer, and partly due to confidence. They were both very drunk when Jack finally got all her clothes off.

The girl was frightened. "I guess you do this all the time, huh?"

"Oh no. No, no," Jack started to giggle. "Not *all* the time." He smiled at her, and squeezed a breast. "Not at all."

"I've never done it," she confessed. "This is the first." She kissed Jack deeply on the mouth, then hungrily all over his body.

Jack awoke with pain. The pain didn't discriminate; he hurt everywhere. With a start he realized he was on the beach. The girl was naked beside him, and they were both wrapped in one of Jack's blankets. Jack's head felt like there was a jackhammer inside it. The sun had just begun peeking over the ocean. Jack looked around and finally found his pants. Beside them were the girl's pants and blouse. Slowly he began to remember. The rest of their clothes were back at the guard house.

Jack looked at the girl. She still slept. He lightly ran a hand along her side, stopping to feel the breast, then continuing on. When he reached her legs he shook her. "Wake up," he said, as he shook. Sleepily she opened her eyes. She saw Jack and smiled.

"Hi," she said. She tried to move and groaned. She realized she was naked and looked around for her clothes. Jack handed them to her and she put them on under the blanket. She looked over at Jack. Lightly she said, "What'd we do? Come down here and pass out?"

Jack smiled. "I seem to remember something about a midnight swim."

The girl took it up. "Yeah. And then bringing the blanket so we could sleep under the stars." She tried to appear nonchalant. "That was nice." She quickly looked at Jack.

He wouldn't look at her, and didn't speak. Understanding and anger crept into her eyes. "Don't guess I'll see you again, huh?" Resentfully she looked at him.

Jack tried to take the humorous way out. He always hated this part. "Oh, never know," he laughed. "I'm on the beach all day. It was all in fun, anyway. All in fun." He hopped up. "I got to go to work." He picked up the blanket. "Bye now."

The girl walked away. Her head had a jackhammer in it, too.

The motor in the wheelchair made a warm, whirling sound. Daryl came to the edge of the marsh and stopped. Paralyzed from the waist down, due to a congenital spinal cord defect, Daryl was allowed free access to the back roads behind his parent's hotel.

They owned and managed "The Sea-Horse Inn". Daryl was ten years old.

He let go of the cat in his lap and it hopped down. It turned and looked at Daryl. "Me-ack!" it said. "Me-ack!"

"No," Daryl answered, "Nothing to eat. Just sit." The cat had wandered up to the hotel one day three years ago and had instantly become Daryl's pet. Meack was a strange cat. He was cross-eyed and said "Meack" instead of a more conventional purr. If thrown into the air Meack couldn't land upright like most cats. He would just land any old way. He also liked to sit for long stretches of time by himself, staring into the hall mirror. No one was sure if Meack was retarded or merely cagey.

In any case, Daryl had taken to the cat, and it to him. If he could find the cat, Daryl would take him everywhere he went. The cat sat by the wheelchair and stared across the marsh. They sat that way until the tide began coming in, covering up the marsh. "Come on, Meack. Let's go." Daryl tried to pick the cat up, but it eluded him.

It stared cross-eyedly up at him. "Me-ack?"

"Going to eat," Daryl answered. "You better come on." The cat moved within range and Daryl picked him up.

The jeep drove up and stopped. With a groan, Jack got off his stand and went out to meet it. "Everything o.k., Jack?" the man asked as he handed Jack his daily report sheet.

"Yeah, Denny. Fine." Denny was supervisor of the guards, Jack's boss.

"Well. Rent them umbrellas and sell the hell out of the oil. And watch that damn water." The jeep went. With a groan Jack went back to his stand. He had really had to hurry to get all his rental umbrellas, chairs, and floats out on the beach before Denny came by. He had just managed to get finished and assume his typical pose of boredom on the stand before Denny stopped.

Jack was in misery all day. He nearly had to throw up about nine, but he held it off. "Hell of a night, though," he thought with satisfaction. The sun beat down unmercifully—the radio said it was ninety-eight—and Jack hadn't had breakfast. His insides were all agrowl, and his mouth was as dry and as hot as the sand. His head pounded to the beat of some sadistic and insistent drummer. He prayed no one needed help in the water. Most of the morning he sat under the shade of his lifeguard stand, counting the minutes until Evro would come by with the snow-cone supplies. Evro was supervisor of the snow-cone girls, and drove by Jack's stand at least twice a day in the course of his rounds.

Finally, at fifteen until eleven, he saw Evro's car coming in the distance. He hopped down and went out

to meet his friend. Evro took one look at Jack and laughed. "What the hell is wrong with you?"

"Shut up," Jack said, going to the rear of the car. "Just give me." He made himself a large coke-grape and drank greedily.

"Hamilton claims he scored a two-pointer last night."

"Yeah?" Jack looked up and smiled. "Anybody verify that?"

"Nah. It was that blond chick always hanging around his stand. Where were you last night, anyway?" He looked Jack over. "I believe I'd stay away from it, whatever it was." He grinned.

Jack looked up at him. "Yeah?" He smiled. "I scored three last night. Or four." He looked perplexed. "Well, say three." He turned back to his stand. "Put that in your pipe and smoke it. Thanks for the drink. Looks like you'll have a good day today."

"Yeah," Evro answered. "See you." He dropped the engine into drive and drove away. Jack watched the rear of the car, where the chrome letters had once spelled out "Chevrolet". Only the third through sixth letters remained. Jack rubbed his forehead and looked out over the ocean.

A hush came over the congregation as the minister stepped up to the pulpit. He cleared his throat and stared at the first row. "I read from John," he began, "Chapter Five, verses two through nine."

Daryl looked up at the preacher and wondered how anyone could be that much in command. As usual, Daryl's family sat near the back of the sanctuary, on the end of a row, so they could get Daryl in and out without much trouble.

"Now there is in Jerusalem by the Sheep Gate a pool, in Hebrew called Bethzatha which has five porticoes. In these lay a multitude of invalids, blind, lame, paralyzed, waiting for the moving of the water; for an angel of the Lord went down at certain seasons into the pool, and troubled the water; whoever stepped in first after the troubling was healed of whatever disease he had. One man was there, who had been ill for thirty-eight years. When Jesus saw him and knew that he had been lying there a long time, he said to him, 'Do you want to be healed?' The sick man answered him, 'Sir, I have no man to put me into the pool when the water is troubled, and while I am going another steps down before me.' Jesus said to him, 'Rise, take up your pallet, and walk.' And at once the man was healed, and he took up his pallet and walked."

Daryl had looked at the minister with surprise when he heard about the angel troubling the water. He stared transfixed as the minister read two more passages, these from Luke, one about a leper being healed and the other about a woman who couldn't stand

straight. Enraptured, Daryl listened. An idea began to form.

"Come on off there, you guys." It had been a long day for Jack. Sunday was always bad. Jack's head still hurt from the night before, and just as he thought he had the day made he'd had to come straighten out this bunch. "Come on." The three boys, all about twenty, finally began moving. Thinking, with the aid of several beers, that it would be a nice place to fish, they had earlier lowered themselves into the niche between the legs of the pier and where the criss-crossing strengthening logs met. Jack had spotted them after a few minutes and had had to walk down the beach and out to the end of the pier to finally get their attention. He was in pain: his head hurt, his whole body ached, and his mouth felt of cotton. He was also mad. "I don't want to see you idiots on my beach again," he began, "You got me? Huh?" He got right in the face of one of the boys and hollered the "huh". "Cost you a hundred clams—you got me?" Angrily he stared at the boys. They all nodded without argument, even though Jack was their age. His anger and obvious command of the situation prevented argument. With a slight groan Jack turned and started back to his stand.

* * *

On the way home Daryl was all questions, "What's leprosy, mom? Have I got something worse?"

His sister Tammy laughed. "Leprosy is when your skin rots off, silly."

"Is that right, mom?"

"That's about right, Daryl."

"When the angels troubled the water was it like a storm, a thunderstorm?"

"Why, I don't—I guess, yes I guess so." His mother smiled oddly over at his father.

"Was it warm, like summer time?"

Flippantly his mother said, "I don't know honey."

"Was it cold?"

Quickly she said, "I don't know, honey." She looked over at his father. "Did you hear that, Ted?"

"Yeah," he answered, laughing. "Don't believe it would, son," he answered, looking at Daryl in the rear-view mirror. "Don't believe so." He smiled and joined with his wife and Tammy in laughter.

It was finally quiet. Business had been fairly good for a Sunday, even though business was off for the season at The Sea-Horse. In the privacy of their bedroom Ted and Glenda Cooper talked.

Mrs. Cooper smiled. "Not a bad day. I sure was busy."

"Yeah," her husband answered. "Maybe this means things are going to pick up."

"Could be."

continued on page 58

FIRST PLACE POETRY

Alex

by
Rick Straub

Grandpa sucked down on paps of wind
and in low wails threw them out again
as he watched, barechested, in the sun.

Amid the backyard freeway of spring
where all signals are green
(or blue or rich or red)
and traffic whirls and buzzes by,
the child Alex,
shelled in beetle-black polyester,
hangs like a stick-figure on a road sign . . .
and then springs out—

a serpent crawling across his mouth
in a smile, and lunges
at a yellow butterfly taxiing about,
hails in hand and hurls it
on a two-fifty fare
through intersections of fat
colors and wet scents.

Drips of sweat wrestled
the old man's face upside-down
slamming his breath to the ground
as he watched

the child—striking like fate—
grabbing, clumsily raising now ripping apart
throbbing wings, his voice
slithering beyond pregnant trees
as he spits out moistened yellow.

Shade killed every curve
in the old man's face and neck
then seemed to lift a fist
and punch his chest at his heart.
He sunk, as struck,
in a curl of pain,
groaning like bees trapped
in intersections of webs,
pushing dead air out, able to pull nothing in.
As terror pulled wrinkles back
into skin, he remembered once being

shot through the throat
as he climbed an escalator
in furious pursuit of a sparkling phantom,
and then dead saying:
I'm sorry. I do see it.
I promise to live living if
I could only . . .

A child's sob raised him
from the nightmare this time
and he awakened to death—
his eyes gasping, then gleaming again
when he saw on blades of grass
the child drenched in red trembling,
mourning for a fallen cherry blossom,
asking, Will their be any fruit, Grandpa?

SECOND PLACE PROSE

Sincerely Yours, Moonwalker

by
Mindy Starns

Elly cradled the small white bag in her lap and felt the warmth of its contents radiate through the grease-spotted paper onto her legs. She looked down across the square at her friend Ricchio, to where his easel stood like a tall, awkward bird near the fence. A semicircle crowd watched as he darted back and forth from behind the square canvas to look at his customer—a large, sweaty woman who perched, grinning, on a rickety brown chair. Other, completed canvases—mostly portraits of movie stars—sat propped against the wrought iron gate to capture the eyes of the early-summer tourists.

From where she was sitting at the top of the steps, Elly could almost make out his one displayed portrait that wasn't of someone famous. She couldn't distinguish much more than the basic outline of a face, but she didn't need to; because when Elly closed her eyes she could see it perfectly. The transformation of her own self onto canvas had been nothing short of a miracle to Elly. Ricchio had given a glowing olive-toned magic to what she had always considered a dull, ruddy complexion, and here usually stringy brown hair fanned out from her face like auburn silk. Her lips pouted suggestively, which Elly loved; but her favorite part of the portrait was the eyes. Looking from one angle, they were twinkling sparks of mischief; from another, they became the scared, dark eyes of a wounded animal.

Ricchio used the painting to attract a crowd when business was slow and Elly was around; he'd put it up on the easel and pretend to work on it while she sat for him. Then as soon as tourists would begin to ask about having their own portraits done, she would look up at the clock on the tower and exclaim that she had to go,

leaving him free to work on paying customers.

Elly liked Ricchio most out of all the Jackson Square artists because he treated her more like a friend than a kid. Sometimes he'd give her two quarters for biegnets and after she had run to the Cafe du Monde to get them, he would let her keep the extra nickel. She saved the nickels in her ceramic World's Fair bank, in hopes of one day buying the portrait of herself from him.

"Maybe when you are twelve," he'd say. "Maybe then you will have enough money." The months that loomed between Elly and that date, however, seemed like an eternity. In the meantime, she continued to save the nickels; and sometimes after she had brought him the doughnuts, he would share them with her and they would laugh at how the confectioners sugar caked in his dark beard and around her mouth.

On that particular day, she was waiting to share an order of the French Market doughnuts with Tina. Their delicious odor was becoming harder to ignore, and her eyes wandered away from the busy artist to search for the approach of her friend. She finally spotted the dark-haired girl weaving her way through the milling crowd, toward the levee where Elly waited. The girl began climbing up the stone steps and Elly smiled when she saw the newspaper poking out of the large tote bag that was slung over her arm.

"Sorry I'm late," the girl said, handing the paper to Elly. "Grandpa Peccoring wasn't finished reading it."

The two girls sat side-by-side and Elly quickly flipped through the pages to the *People 'N Places* section while Tina opened the bag of doughnuts that Elly had brought. The large newspaper spread across both of their laps, and Elly quickly scanned the "Dear Abby"

column, frowning.

"Is it there?" Tina asked between chews. Elly shook her head.

"No. Not yet."

Tina handed her friend a warm doughnut and then patted her knee. "It's still kind of soon," she said. "We just mailed the letter last week."

Elly folded the paper and stuffed it back into the bag, then she got up and began walking down the wooden boardwalk towards the dock. The wind whipped through her brown hair like someone shaking a dirty mop, and her sad eyes peered out at the horizon. She saw the storm clouds that were gathering in the gray New Orleans sky, and she felt the familiar stirrings in her stomach.

Tina licked her round fingers clean, grabbed her tote bag, and then got up and went after her friend. Elly finally stopped and Tina caught up with her and grabbed her hand.

"Come here a minute," Tina said. "I gotta show you something." Tina led her to one of the benches that lined the walkway and pulled her down beside her. Then she reached into her bag and pulled out a small blue book. "You didn't let me finish," she said. "I got us a book. It's all about that, and maybe we can learn what to do ourselves."

Elly looked out at the dark, choppy water and then back at her Italian companion. Tina's brow was wrinkled as she thumbed through the faded yellow pages, her black bangs hanging to her dark eyes. She pressed open the book on her lap with a chubby finger and then looked up at Elly.

"Here it is," she said. "This is what we want."

Elly noticed several tugboats inching a barge in toward the dock. She listened as Tina read.

"Another common phobia is the fear of storms. This is especially prevalent in children."

"Thanks a lot," mumbled Elly.

"Wait," said Tina, as she flipped over several pages. "The Causes of Phobias," she read. "Hey—this is important stuff. Aren't you glad I'm gonna help you?"

Elly chewed on her lip and continued to watch the boats. "I wish Dear Abby would hurry up and help me," she said. "She'll help me."

"One of the main causes of phobias deals with the patient and a transferred fear of his own sexuality," Tina read. Her eyes widened and she looked up at her friend. "Elly," she whispered. "You been having sexuality?"

Elly clicked her tongue. "No, Dummy."

"Now wait," said Tina, turning the pages. "I haven't gotten to the treatments yet. Here it is. Treatment . . . treatment . . . here. 'One common method of treatment of the phobic patient is called flooding. This is where the patient is purposely overwhelmed by his fear in order to eliminate it.'"

Elly watched the dark gathering clouds in the western corner of the sky and she felt her stomach churn. She forced her mind away from the nausea and concentrated on the boats.

"It's worth a try," Tina said. "Don't you think?"

"What do you want me to do?" Elly asked. "Sit out

here on the moonwalk while it rains? You better believe I'd be overwhelmed."

"No," Tina said. "Overwhelm you with sexuality so you won't be scared anymore."

"Tina, I—"

"Now don't say anything," insisted the girl. "I know just what we'll do . . ."

Elly listened as Tina spelled out her plan, watching the clouds roll closer and feeling her stomach grow more violent along with the water in front of them. Her hands began to sweat and she suddenly felt very cold.

"Tina, I've got to go," she finally said, and then she jumped up and, leaving her friend of the bench, turned and ran the five blocks through the French Quarter to her home. She was just locking her bedroom door when the storm broke; and as the rain pattered down on the roof and her head pounded, she crawled under the bed, curling up into a ball, and prayed for the storm to go away.

Tina was waiting for her two weeks later when she walked through the gates into the square. The sun was just setting behind the Saint Louis Cathedral, and the shadows that were cast on the huge statue of Jackson made his eyes seem eerily hollow. Tina was sitting on the ground, leaning against the base, and she smiled when Elly walked up.

"You made it," she said. "Let's go."

Together they walked across the grass and back through the gates and then down several blocks and into the French Quarter. They could hear the music even before they reached Bourbon Street, and already the roads had been blocked off and people were spilling out from the stores and bars onto the street. The two girls walked past the little souvenir shops and old southern hotels and by the corner bar where jazz danced from the open doors to the people outside. Laughter and more music flowed down from the wrought iron balconies overlooking the street; strains of sad, New Orleans saxophone followed the girls the rest of the way to where the little shops sold "Novelty Sex Toys" instead of pralines and mammy dolls, and the bars had more to offer than just the blues of a horn and Dixie Beer. Pictures of strippers loomed out from both sides of the street, and barkers stood in front of every open doorway, calling to the crowds about what they'd find inside. Old, drunken men lay sprawled along the sidewalks, and one little boy stood huddled on a corner, wearing dark glasses and shaking a can of pencils. A small sign hung around his neck, "I am a deaf mute. Please buy a pencil to help me."

"Hey, Warner," Elly called. The boy took off his glasses and waved at the girls. He trotted over to them and put the can into Tina's big tote bag.

"I got me a dollar twenty-three so far tonight," he exclaimed over the din. The three companions walked on to their destination.

"This is the place," Tina finally said, and they stopped. "Troyas—all of them."

"Tina, I've been on Bourbon plenty of times before," Elly protested. "I don't see where this can help me."

They stood looking at a big red sign, "Chez Amour," and groupings of color photographs of men and women. The caption read, "See it done the French way," and an old man stood in the open doorway, saying "Come on in . . . see a little poontang," to the adults that walked by. Tina led the tiptoeing trio around the side to an alley and they took turns boosting each other up to the level of the small crack in the ivy-covered wall. It looked in from beside the stage. The alley smelled of cheap wine and sweat, and a poor rendition of "Coup de Foudre" leaked through the walls from inside. Elly watched in fascination as about six or seven men and women danced together on the little platform, slowly stripping off their costumes, and she waited for the flooding reaction that the book said she would have. She felt a little disgusted and terribly guilty, but her head wasn't pounding and her palms weren't very sweaty.

"Tina," she whispered, "this isn't working. I'm not reacting."

They lowered Elly to the ground and then hoisted up an impatient Warner. "Now *that's* putain," he said with a low whistle. "That's nice . . ."

The two girls let him fall to the ground and then began walking back down the street. Warner followed along behind until they parted at the corner of Saint Anne, where he once again donned his dark glasses and pencil can, shaking it near the crowds that had gathered to watch the blacks tap dancing in the street.

"It says here, 'Another cause of phobia can be the repression of a frightening hostility,'" read Tina. "Does that ring any bells?"

Elly paused with a grapefruit in her hand and squinted back into her mind. "No . . ." she said. "Nothing I can think of."

The rows of fruit and vegetables were shielded from the midday sun by green and white striped canopies. "Ninety-eight degrees in the shade," mumbled the black, toothless banana vendor. Elly nodded in agreement as he added up her purchases and handed her the bag of fruit.

The two girls walked up the stone steps to the levee and sat on a bench near the smaller boats. The sky was clear and beautiful—almost like a perfect, cornflower-blue dome ceiling—but the humid air sucked to their skin along with the mosquitoes. They watched an orange and white sailboat drift on the windless water; then Warner came up the steps with the newspaper and the girls eagerly grabbed it and spread it open on their laps. Warner sat on the sidewalk, but quickly jumped back up from the heat; and dusting off the burned area, he squeezed his way onto the bench beside them.

"When did you write the letter?" he asked. Elly's eyes were busy scanning the "Dear Abby" column. "It's been a little more than a month," she said. "Right after we got out for the summer. It should've been in here by now."

Elly finished her fruitless search and then crumbled the paper into Tina's lap. She looked away, down the moonwalk. A couple was cuddled together in the third bench over, and Elly suddenly wanted to scream at

them.

"You're too early," she would tell them. "Come back tonight when it's dark. Hold hands then and walk on the boards and talk about how the moon reflects so pretty in the Mississippi."

She felt tears well up in her eyes but managed to blink them away. Tina stuffed the paper into her tote bag and then pulled out her blue book.

"You know, there's got to be something," she said.

"Huh?"

"Some reason—we've just got to figure it out."

"I don't know, Tina. I—"

"I'm gonna help you," Tina insisted. "We been reading Dear Abby every day, and I just don't think it's gonna be in there. You're gonna have to depend on me."

Warner jumped up from the bench and began tiptoeing down the wooden border, his arms extended like a tightrope walker.

"Y'all are weird," he said, his blue eyes squinted in concentration. "You're gonna still be reading the paper when you're ninety-five—still waiting for an answer." Elly shook her head.

"No," she replied softly. "I'll give it till the end of the summer. That's all. Then I'll give up hoping."

Warner stopped his balancing and looked back at the two girls. "Come on, Elly," he said. "They're giving away free cigarettes on Canal Street. They got these booths and they're just giving them away."

Elly stood and straightened her green shorts. "We don't smoke, Warner," she said.

He started down the steps. "So what? We can bring 'em back here to the Square and sell 'em!"

"I'm coming, too," Tina called after the two friends. Warner rolled his eyes and then stopped.

"Okay," he grumbled. "But you always gotta go wherever we go." She adjusted the bright red strap of her tote bag on her shoulder and jerked her head, flinging back her shiny coal-colored hair.

"I just want—I just want to come too," she said, and they set off together, toward town.

"I can't figure how your mother lets you out at night like this," Warner said. It had been eleven days since the police had chased them from the Square for trying to sell free cigarette samples. It was the first time that he or Elly had ventured back; Tina was avoiding the place altogether. The two friends sat close together on a bench near Ricchio's stand and looked away whenever a cop would walk by.

"I just tell Mom I'm staying with Dad," Elly said. "They don't ever see each other, so she never knows."

Warner nodded and then whistled and waved as a horse and buggy rattled toward them. The old, black driver pulled his flower-hatted horse to a stop, and Elly squealed with delight as they climbed up and settled into the maroon leather seats. Warner ordered the two-fifty tour.

Elly closed her eyes and smiled. She liked the smell of the leather, and the horse, and Warner, and she liked the way the wind rushed by, drying their sweaty

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SECOND PLACE POETRY

Atomic Fishes and X-Ray Nurses

by

Michael Strickland

Young boys go out on the lake with father
out in the tingling cold burst of dawn's gold
out on the electric blue lake shimmering
with painful memories of creation at the hands
of one who carved it screaming from its mother's bleeding breast

Out on the lake,
with rod and fly or with the lowly worm
silently in the crisp bite of dawn
arms clasping for warm,
to cast with lure and with angle
and to catch the atomic fish.

By day they are grey, plump, and lazy
at night they twinkle laughing among stumps
and solemn cypress knees, glowing incandescent
while only an imaginary world away
the radiant city pulsates like a cancer
fed with future.

Atomic fish fry family gathers
grannies and aunts with hair of chalk dust and blue
pump potato salad and deep fried fish
into beefy faced uncles
and seething swarms of shrieking children

And you well fed alike
on pregnant words of poets
bared brain to vision's pain
for the poet's dreaming wisdom
that comes unexpected on whispering feet to jolt
like a deep freeze slap across the soul.
Then step like magic warrior through
thin walls of smiles and veils, through
the green handkerchief of the trees
down to the raging shore of the seas
ascend the stairs of great stone towers
where she waits expectant
to fuse the insulated ecstasies.

X-Ray white uniform waits on chair
with danger card gently glowing
and you approach reluctant
tumescence . . . erect . . . luminescence

THIRD PLACE PROSE

Picnics and Sex

by
Amanda C. McNulty

It was still raining at two o'clock when Charlie came in, sneezing and stomping his boots. I was reading in the living room, sitting on the sofa wrapped up in a taffeta robe that had been my birthday present; this was the first year in a long time we'd had money for presents that weren't underwear or x-rays at the dentist's.

"God, what a night to be playing Boy Scouts," he said and shook off his jacket before tossing it over the back of the sofa. "If nothing else, though, it makes a lot of smoke. Those pigs should be well seasoned if they can just keep the fire going."

I stood up and got a towel from the linen closet. "Come here and let me dry your hair," I said and then, "Whew, smells like you've been seasoning with bourbon to me," as Charlie sat down on the floor and leaned his head back in my lap. I rubbed his head with the terry cloth and watched the wet strands begin to spring back into curls as I dried them. "I don't suppose you're in any danger of catching a cold if we can believe the folk cures." I leaned over and kissed him under his chin and felt kind of sappy for liking the smell of whiskey and sweaty shirts.

"Yep, that's certainly as good a treatment as anything I could prescribe," he said, "but then all the wives would put out the word that I was encouraging their husbands to drink and we couldn't pay the Master Charge bill. Let's just keep that secret in the family."

Jesus. A Master Charge. The last four years we'd spent debating whether drinking liquor was a cheaper way to keep warm than filling up the tank with fuel oil.

And I spent my evenings in the university library while Charlie had late duty at the hospital. Now we were back in Columbia where Charlie was set up in practice, and the bill for the custom made window shades was more than I'd made in a month when I worked for the arts council.

Charlie was snoring now and I pinched his ear to wake him. "Come on, Cowboy, time to hit the hay. We've got lots to do in the morning. I pulled his boots off and set them on the top of the hot water heater in the kitchen to dry before we went to bed.

The next morning was a real-after Easter, South Carolina day. Warm and sunny with just enough breeze to blow the curtains when I opened the windows in the kitchen. I got down the rice and put it in the steamer and then started chopping cabbage for the slaw. We were going to a barbecue put on every year by the bar we used to frequent before we'd moved away. Charlie and some old pals had taken shifts the night before cooking the hams out at the recreation center at the lake where the party was going to be. Everyone chipped in ten bucks a couple for the meat and beer and then brought the rest of the food covered dish style to round out the meal. People usually played ball and ate and drank until half the crowd would be napping in the sun and then spent the rest of the day picking at the bones and watching children and playing cards. It was usually a relaxing day; strictly an old college crowd with just enough stories to tell on one another to make it fun one day a year.

I got out the coffee beans and put them in the

blender, counting on the racket to get through to Charlie and halfway wake him up. After I filled up the percolator and it began to smell like morning. I stepped down to the hallway and called out, "Coffee's on, time to get up." I used to wait until it was ready and then carry a tray into the bedroom and sit with Charlie while he woke up, but the last couple of months I'd stopped. On lazy weekend mornings Charlie would pull me back under the covers, and even though six years of marriage had made him clever and I usually had a good time once I got there, lately I had been avoiding that. If I just kept calling him he'd eventually stumble into the kitchen and I'd have the eggs in the pan as a reason to stay up and start the day.

I walked past the refrigerator to the hall and stuck my head around the door. "Charlie, you awake yet?" I waited a moment but didn't get a reply. "Breakfast is on, time to get up and start moving," I added and listened for the covers' rustling before I went back to the stove. The rice steamer was sending out a fog of steam and I cut the burner down to low. I grew up making rice in a regular pot, a cup of rice to a cup of water. That's how our cook had done it, using a teacup or a coffee cup depending on how many people were expected. Now I had a rice steamer that Charlie's mother had gotten for me with stamps. She'd been giving us a lot of things lately which she'd never done when we were first married and living away in run-down apartments. I think she thought my taste could be trusted with make-do kitsch but now my ideas might be a drawback to her son's career. Usually she confined her input to clothes and curtains. God knows why she thought I needed a rice steamer. Maybe it was an attempt to make me seem more scientific than a cracked tea cup.

Sometimes I wasn't sure if I wouldn't rather be living away still, even if it meant having cars that dripped oil in the driveway and warming them up at sunrise to be at work on time. Part of my Saturday morning reluctance was that it was no longer a treat to go back to bed. If I got bored in the morning, I could always go back and lie down for a couple of hours. After being surprised by my grandmother one day and seeing her disapproving looks at my rumpled hair I tried to think of ways to keep myself busy. I'd never been much of a housekeeper and decided to change my ways now that I was home all day. The wedding present silver compotes and trays, were still packed in the boxes they came in, and I spent a week sorting out the ones from my in-town family. I polished them for hours, using a toothbrush on the elaborately molded pieces, and arranged them on the sideboard where Aunt Sarah and Cousin Elizabeth could see them. But as I delved deeper into the attic collection my mind began to wander, and I would find the blackened toothbrushes sitting beside the piano or waiting for me on the linen closet shelf where I'd detoured to count the napkins.

Charlie had noticed how bored I was and talked me into volunteering at the museum, thinking they'd be delighted to have an experienced person for free. But I could tell those girls down there eight hours every day resented some dabbling housewife's sashaying in and out. "Liz," they'd ask me, "will you be here on Friday? Margaret and I want to go to the Picricorn House for lunch and wondered if you'd mind answering the phone." I tried wearing an old pair of stockings that had a nailpolish arrested run to take away the distinctions. But they weren't fooled. Even though they were happy being career girls there was still a feeling of pique towards someone who didn't have to be there, who came in to do a good deed and be entertained at the same time.

I could have looked for a regular job but I wanted to play house for a while. It was just a lot less fun than I thought it would be. It seemed like a good time to start having children and picking out a Sunday school, and I felt like I needed a year off so I could quit smoking and get myself in shape.

The second keg of beer was already tapped when we got out to the lake and everyone was well into the reunion spirit. Charlie headed off to see about ice for drinks while I walked over to the picnic tables. I stopped on the way for hugs and kisses from old friends and had to juggle the bowl of slaw to keep from turning it over. Anne Bartram was sitting at one of the tables shucking corn, and I walked over to her.

"Hello, Anne," I said and reached out to give her a kiss. "What have you been up to?" It had been months since I'd seen her.

"Oh, same old stuff," she said. "Did you know Rick and I had moved out to the country in December? We thought we'd had such luck renting this great old place for next to nothing. Then we found out it wasn't insulated." She laughed and said, "It reminded me of the letters you wrote about being so cold in Pennsylvania that your toes turned yellow."

Anne was living with one of Charlie's old roommates and we'd spent a lot of time together when we were all in school. Anne and I would get up on the mornings after we'd given our mothers a line about staying with a friend and fix waffles for Charlie and Rick. An apartment with two couples in it didn't leave much room for privacy, and I could remember lying in bed listening to Anne giggling in Rick's room and then being embarrassed to see them the next day. Once I woke up to hear them play a James Taylor lullaby on the stereo and the intrusive feeling of overhearing that tenderness made me turn and press my face into Charlie's back so I could go back to sleep reassured by the aura of smells that came from his tee shirt.

Rick occasionally brought home someone other than Anne in those days and I had adopted an attitude towards him like a maiden aunt will take towards an unshaven nephew. Anne wasn't the kind of girl I

would be best friends with; she was happy teaching the multiplication tables to third graders, but I felt like I should support her on principle. Rick and I had become friends in spite of my faint disapproval, which actually gave us grounds for a bantering teasing, but there was still a mild tension that I sometimes noticed between us.

Charlie and Rick came walking towards us over the bank that sloped down to the lake, each of them with a glass in one hand and a cooler in the other. I leaned across the table top I was sitting on and gave Rick a kiss and then swept the corn husks into a bag so they could put everything down.

"What's this?" Charlie said. "Haven't y'all found someone to give you a drink yet?" He looked at Rick and added, "You can't trust these girls to have a good time by themselves."

Rick took the top off the ice chest he'd brought and pulled out a bottle and fixed vodka and tonics for Anne and me. We all sat under the picnic shelter and talked while we waited for the pigs to be sliced. Then we fixed our plates and went out to sit on the grass where everyone was eating.

We spent the afternoon picking at the remains of lunch and playing volleyball. When I got tired of playing I took some rolls that were left on the table and walked down to the lake with Charlie to feed the fish. We walked out on the dock and sat with our legs hanging over the edge.

"Did you ever let the fish nibble your feet when you were little?" I asked Charlie.

"I certainly did not," he said. "Who wants fish eating his feet?"

I punched him lightly on the shoulder and said, "Oh, you're no fun. It feels good, kind of like being tickled." I took off my shoes and pulled off my socks so I could dangle my toes in the water. "Momma used to paint our toenails red to attract the minnows. We'd have dozens of them nipping at our toes." A fish a little larger than a minnow came towards me and I wiggled my foot to scare him off. "I remember once when Daddy took us to the club, and when he took off Sonny's tennis shoes, Sonny was only about three then, his toenails were still red. Whoo! He piled all of us back into the car and drove to Mr. Hardin's drugstore for some cotton and a bottle of remover before we got to go swimming."

We crumbled up one of the rolls and threw it in the water. The fish came scooting out from under the dock to grab a piece and then darted back into the shadows to eat it. I lay down to look under the edge and Charlie rubbed my back as I trailed my fingers in the water.

"Umm, that feels wonderful," I said. "Don't stop." I put my head down on the dock for a few minutes and then rolled over towards the sun. "This has been the nicest day," I said and looked up at Charlie and put my hand on the back of his neck for a moment. "I'm glad

we came."

"Yes, it has been fun." He gave me a big smile and said, "What a relief to be at a party where half the people aren't doctors." He picked up another roll and tore it into pieces. "Promise me you'll hit me in the head with my knee hammer if I ever get as pompous as some of those old guys."

"Only if you promise not to let me turn into a cat like most of their wives are," I answered. "Two of them asked me at the Gibson's party if you were going to buy me a diamond to go with my wedding band now that you're practicing."

Charlie laughed and broke the last bun in half and handed part to me. "I'm getting hungry," he said. "How about you?" He took a bite of the roll and then said, "Well, now you can tell them that we're having to eat fish food we're still so broke. He looked at the roll skeptically and threw it in the lake. "Ugh, that's awful. Let's go scrounge up a sandwich." He stood up and stretched and then reached a hand down to pull me up. "I think some of us are going to play poker for a while if that suits you."

"As long as the cigarettes and beer hold out," I said and balanced myself on Charlie's shoulder while I put my shoes and socks back on before walking up the hill.

We joined the remaining parties back at the picnic tables. "Charlie," one of them called out. "You ready to start playing?" About half the crowd had petered out from the long afternoon of sun and drinking and already had gone back to town. Charlie joined a group sitting at one of the tables and picked up his hand. I drink beer and watched the sun set over the lake and gossiped with the other girls about the various involvements and predicaments of the people we knew.

The sun had moved below the horizon and only a dark purple band rested between the earth dam at the far end of the lake and the night sky when I stood up and dropped my cigarette on the concrete slab. "I'm going to the bathroom," I said. "Anybody want to come?"

"Uh, uh. Too many spiders," someone said. "I'll just wait."

I walked away from the tables, but once I got underneath the trees the light was so dim that I had second thoughts about entering the unwired bathhouse and detoured towards the woods. At first I had to walk with my hand in front of my face to keep away the tips of the pine branches, but then my eyes adjusted to the darkness and I easily made my way away from the card players. When I'd gone about thirty yards I stopped and hoped that I wasn't in a poison ivy patch as I unbuckled my belt and squatted down. I stood back up and started back out of the woods, thinking how embarrassed I'd be if someone's dog insisted on sniffing my shoes, when I heard Rick call out, "Hey, hold it a minute."

"It's Liz," I said and stood still in the path for a

second. "Want to walk back with me?" I asked.

"Okay, now," I heard him say and then a rustling as he walked towards me before I could see him. "I was going down to walk by the water for a while," he said. "Come and go with me."

I followed behind him until we got to the high water line of the lake and the pines and sparkleberries ended. There was a band of coarse granite rocks put down to stop the washing that we had to cross, and I stopped to light a cigarette.

"Still smoking?" he asked me.

"I'm trying to stop," I said, "but life is hard." And then I added, "I really need to stop, I'm getting out of breath. Let's sit down for a minute."

We climbed up to a part of the woods that had been undercut by the water and projected out slightly over the lake. I leaned back against a tree trunk and looked at the unbroken view of the lake in front of us. The moon had risen halfway above the horizon and it cast long reflected streamers of light on the otherwise uninterrupted surface of the water.

I leaned back farther and looked up at the sky. "Look at those stars," I said. "I never saw a sky like that in Pennsylvania." I sighed and added, "I don't think you could find a more beautiful place if you tried."

"You sound like a real home grown girl."

"Um, huh. I'm probably the only person who can get sentimental looking at a Loblolly pine tree." We were quiet for a few minutes and then Rick spoke again to ask me for a cigarette.

"Don't tell Anne," he said.

I pulled out the pack I had in my pocket and worked my finger into the corner of it. "This is the last one," I said. "I'll share it with you if that's okay. It's hard to sit looking at the stars without smoking, isn't it. Almost like popcorn at a movie." I tried to strike a match but the wind blew it out. "Hell, I can't manage all this," I said. "You try." I handed the book to him. He struck a match and cupped it in his hands while he lit the cigarette and took a drag before passing it to me.

Another period of silence went by and then he said, "So they don't have skies like this up north? Is it worth coming home just to see the Big Dipper or do you miss it?"

"No, I'm glad to be back," I said. "It's just the changes that make it hard. Oh, you know," I said and felt in the pine straw for a rock and pitched it in the water. "It's just that it all seems so serious now." I threw a second piece of gravel after the first one and then added, "I feel like I'm finally in real life now. You make a decision but it's not like where will you get a waitressing job for the summer. You're pretty much stuck with them." I shook my head and said, "Buying a house, having children. Christ, even what kind of dog

you're going to get seems monumental."

Rick put his arm around my shoulder and hugged me. "Well, if it's the dog you're worrying about I'll pick up a mutt from the pound and turn him loose in your yard. That'll take care of that one." He patted my arm and added, "The rest will come the same way."

I sighed in what I hoped sounded like agreement and then sat up as a teal called from across the cove. "It hardly seems to matter when you're in a place like this." I looked back at the sky and said, "I've never figured out which one is the North Star. I used to think it was directly overhead, but then how could you navigate by it?" I leaned back against Rick's arm to look straight above me and when I did he turned my shoulders towards him and started to kiss me. I opened my lips to him after a moment and was aware only of everything else leaving my mind except the sensation of his mouth on mine. He took off his jacket and put it behind me as he pressed me backwards onto the pine straw. And when he began to unzip my pants I didn't stop him.

The teal was still calling when I unwrapped Rick's arms from around me and stood up and shook out my clothes. Rick took my hand as we walked over the chunks of gravel and back towards the party. As we crossed over into the woods he turned and looked at the lake and said, "We never did figure out which was the North Star," and when I didn't answer he put his hand on my shoulder and stopped me and asked, "Are you all right, Liz?"

I looked at him full face for a moment and then away towards the water before I answered. "I'm fine," I said and then lifted my shoulder before I looked back at him. "I'm just surprised at how easy it was," I added and began moving again through the trees.

There was a Coleman lantern burning on the table where the card game was going and I stopped to get a beer from an open cooler before I walked over to Charlie. I leaned over his shoulder and reached for his cigarette package in his shirt pocket. "Hey," he said and caught my hand and kissed it lightly. "Where've you been? I needed some luck."

I lit the cigarette and sat beside him on the bench. Someone was shuffling the cards and pushed the deck to Charlie to cut. "Rick and I took a walk around the lake," I said. "You should be glad," I added as I watched the cards being dealt. "I probably would have gotten bored by now watching y'all and made you take me home."

"Oh, we'll stop in a little while," he said and picked up his cards and fanned them in his hand. "Sit here by me for a while and help me win some money back." He turned to me and smiled as he rubbed my knee before he chose a card and put it on the table.

Amanda McNulty is studying Horticulture, and will graduate in May. She lives with her husband in Pendleton. Tim Belshaw is a graduate student who considers continuing higher education an oblique strategy for survival.

THIRD PLACE POETRY

Eights seconds in low rent housing

by
Tim Belshaw

Reed shades diffuse
intruding winter air.
A coldness amplifying
the brilliance of stars.

Windows,
separate panes.
Each revealing
ambient cloud formations
and the compassed light of a halo.

Beneath outdoor incandescence
dog nostrils flare.
An opossum clumsily steals
the last star-shaped pieces of pet food.

Eccentric rhythms
of the refrigerator.
Whispers of diluted conversations
from acknowledged neighbors.
Distant trains.

Cracked plaster streaks.
A cobweb,
thick with dust,
wavers fluidly in still air.
Its shadow casts the superior impression.

Rubber gloves
holding each other in kitchen darkness.
The insecure gesture
of curious,
malevolent smiles.

The Ghost of Pawley's Island

by Mandy Ferguson

The day dawned bright and beautiful; the sun shone her promise to remain around to bless the world in her golden richness. The seagulls playfully sailed across the tranquil clear blue sky, occasionally dipping down into the salt marshes to surprise a fish they had spotted from above. The sea brush waved back and forth, almost like a beckoning hand in the gentle wind.

Old negro men dressed in worn and faded overalls stood on the bridge of the causeway, chewing Red Man tobacco and fishing in the water of the salt marsh below. They stood completely motionless, almost as if time had forgotten to include these relics of yesteryear in our world. They moved only to spit the tobacco juice into the water

and reel in a catch. Could this be the secret to their lucrative catch?

Middle-aged men and women, attired in bermuda shorts and wide-brim straw hats walked along the shallow water, throwing a net to the floor of the salt marsh and bringing up handfuls of shrimp. Children walked along the wet sand digging for crabs. Sun-bronzed boys humming Beach Boys' songs, paddled into the waves with their surf boards, determined to fulfill the macho image of surfers. All of this and much more is a way of life for those who live on Pawley's Island, South Carolina.

It is a simpler way of life than most of us have encountered. The people are colorful and friendly, and they seem to be happy with the life they live on the

island. They are a spirited breed of people with a flavorful heritage.

The real spirit of the island, however is the "Gray Man," the ghost of the island. The ghost is a good man. He warns the islanders of impending danger, such as storms. Those who heed his warnings are spared; their houses remain intact.

I talked with many of the people from the island to try to track down the Gray Man. Although I was not fortunate enough to meet the Gray Man personally, I have a sense of affection just as the other islanders hold for him.

My first stop on the island was the Pelican Inn, where I met a girl who seemed to be wary of my presence. She would not tell me much, but she was

kind enough to give me the name of a lady who proved to be a delight to talk to. As I traveled across the south causeway to Mary Vernon's house, many questions were forming in my head. Would she talk to me? Had she ever seen the Gray Man? Had she ever . . . ? By this time I had pulled into the driveway of her white frame house. I strolled up the walkway where the bricks imbedded into the cement spelled "Mary" at the front door. A young girl with a cheerful face opened the screen door and called for her mother. Mary Vernon appeared from the kitchen where she had been listening to the radio broadcast of the Clemson-Duke game. She is in her fifties, and has gray hair and steel gray-blue eyes. I was afraid that she might be upset that I interrupted her listening to the game; however, when she discovered that I go to Clemson, it seemed to lessen the severity of my intrusion. Mary explained that she was an avid fan of Clemson; her grandfathers had attended Clemson and her father had graduated with a degree in Engineering. In fact, he was the first to install electric lights on the island.

When I asked Mary about the Gray Man, she told me the story of her aunts, Isabelle and "Bert" Lachicotte, who had weathered the storm of 1893 in which the settlement of Magnolia Beach near Pawley's Island was destroyed. Many people believe that this was the first time the Gray Man appeared.

Isabelle and Bert were staying in the house of their uncle, Frank Lachicotte (which is known today as the Tamarisk or Boyle-Brading House.) Their brother, Claude, was in the St. Julian Lachicotte house (called the Tavern) next to them. Mary began to weave her ghostly legend.

"The barometer had started going low and they knew something was

going to happen. The girls, [Mary's aunts], about eleven years old at the time, were alone in the house. The wind started picking up and blowing. The water in the creek started rising over the marsh. Miss Bert heard someone knocking at the back door. She went to the door and there was this figure of a gray man. He disappeared when she opened the door."

The occupants of both Lachicotte Houses thought about leaving, but were unable to do so at that time. Mary continued her tale of the Gray Man as I sat on the edge of the couch, fascinated by every word.

"Water came into the first floor. They took all of the animals [horses, cows, and dogs] into the second story of the house. Claude volunteered to swim over to the Frank Lachicotte House to see how his sisters were. He did this by swinging from the trees. When he made it over there, the family was fine. There was no damage to the house, but six rows of sand dunes between the house and ocean were washed away." Many people will say that Bert Lachicotte was the first person to see the Gray Man, but, according to Julian Bolick, the great raconteur who spins spins his ghostly tales in *Georgetown Ghosts* and *The Return of the Gray Man*, the ghost may have appeared as early as 1822.

It seems that a beautiful young lady was staying with her family on Pawley's Island when she received word from her true love that he was coming to the island to ask her father for her hand in marriage. The young lady was very happy, but her bliss was soon shattered when she heard that her true love had drowned in quicksand near Middleton Pond. Later, two days before the storm of 1822, the heart-broken girl was walking along the beach. She saw the figure of a man clad in gray in the haze before her. She soon recognized it as

the love she had lost. When she reached out to the man, he disappeared!

She told her family about the incident on the beach. Her father passed it off, saying that his daughter was having hallucinations in her time of grief. That night, she had a strange dream. She dreamed that she was in a boat, with no paddles or oars, and she was drifting out to sea. On the shore, her lover was beckoning her to come with him. She awakened very frightened, almost in hysteria. Her father decided that he should take her to a doctor in Charleston the following day. As they were leaving, the skies grew dark and menacing. The next day the big storm struck the island. News was later received that almost the entire population of North Inlet, located a few miles from Pawley's Island, was swept out to sea.

Charlotte Prevost, who owns a cottage at Pawley's and has written an account of the island's history in *Pawley's, A Living Legend*, explained that the only way people knew about the storms was by the impending weather, reports from other people, and by the Gray Man. Mrs. Prevost related her version of the ghost.

"The Austin sisters, Charlotte and Ann, had dreams in which their father came back and said to get off the island, that there was danger. The first time, the federal Yankee soldiers came. The second time was right before the storm of 1893."

Mrs. Prevost also told about her friend who was staying on the south end of the island. The woman couldn't sleep, so she went to the porch. As she sat there, a man came to the door. Thinking that it was her husband, she called to him, but the man did not answer. She went back into the house and found her husband sleeping soundly. The next day, Hurricane

Hazel struck with all her fury.

Many people were warned of Hurricane Hazel's coming by the Gray Man. Mary Vernon explained that the police warned people to get off the island, but many people weren't reached in time. The Gray Man knocked on their doors and those houses were spared by the storm.

The Pelican Inn is as unusual as the island, and its tale is probably the most flavorful and exciting, and surprisingly enough, true.

Plowden Weston built the Pelican Inn and called it the Weston House. We used slave labor to construct the bow-like structure, now almost two hundred years old, standing between the salt marsh and the ocean. A picket fence surrounds the two-story building. In the back, a walkway, completely arched by ancient trees, leads to the ocean. From the ocean, it is impossible to see the historic structure because of the high sand dunes. Some people believe the Plowden Weston is the ghost of the house; however, people who have lived here know differently.

After tracking down Mrs. (Weaver) Ortiz, a colorful, vibrant lady, I was spellbound by her charming wit and the fascinating tales of Pelican Inn and the Gray Man. Fortunately, her son Billy Weaver, current owner of the Pelican Inn, was there to help unravel the mysterious tale. Mrs. Ortiz has seen many ghosts in the Pelican Inn. She honestly believes that the Gray Man is Mr. Mazyck, the owner of the inn after Plowden Weston died.

She has firm proof that it is Mr. Mazyck who haunts the house. She has seen him countless times. When relating her description of the Gray Man to Julian Bolick, he became very excited. On his next trip to Pawley's Island, he brought some pictures to show Mrs. Ortiz. It was the Gray Man she

had seen so many times! At this time, Mrs. Ortiz had no idea that these pictures were of Mr. Mazyck. She describes him as "a petite man with a wide-brim felt hat."

She recalls that once she was in the house, her dachshund kept barking, and she became slightly perturbed at its persistence. She went into the living room to scold him. There was a gray man leaning against the radio. She asked in an irritated manner, "What the hell are you doing here?" Then she explained, "He's standing there in this wide-brim felt hat and he cynically smiles as if amused." He seemed to find it amusing that she was the one asking him that question. She told him to "go away" and he vanished.

Billy Weaver, who is now a policeman at Pawley's Island, added the story of his bedroom at the Inn. "The door would open and there would be footsteps. You could sense someone there, but you couldn't see them." Mrs. Ortiz added that one day she was up in the room hanging curtains when this happened. "I turned around and said, 'I don't know who you are, but if you're going to stay here, you either help me with these curtains or get out!' He turned and walked off."

The original dining room was turned into a bedroom. She slept there for a while but moved out when she was repeatedly awakened by voices and dishes rattling. "I would wake up and hear people talking and eating and having a good time." Later, her daughter moved into the room, but she too was awakened by all of the noise.

The Gray Man is not the only apparition in the Pelican Inn. Mrs. Mazyck also appears from time to time. "She is a busy woman. She didn't like the way some of the things were done. She would fold her arms and get a critical look on her face as if saying, 'You better do that right or else.' She wore a

gray and white checkered dress with a high neck. In the back she had a little fishtail that would swish when she walked." One time Mrs. Ortiz was in the kitchen with her maid making bread. She was explaining to the maid how she wanted it done. "I looked over and there Mrs. Mazyck was. It startled me at first. I wasn't afraid, but I knew that if the maid turned around and saw her, she would jump right out of the window. I kept saying, 'Go away—go away.' Just then the maid turned around, and she vanished."

The most widely known tale of the Pelican Inn occurred during Hurricane Hazel. Mrs. Ortiz, her husband, their son, and some other people were there when the storm hit. "The radio said the storm had passed. Water was coming above the south causeway. We couldn't hear the police warnings," explained Mrs. Ortiz. Billy explained that Frank Marlow and Lester Spears, who were also at Pelican Inn that fateful day, looked out and saw the Gray Man on the sand dune.

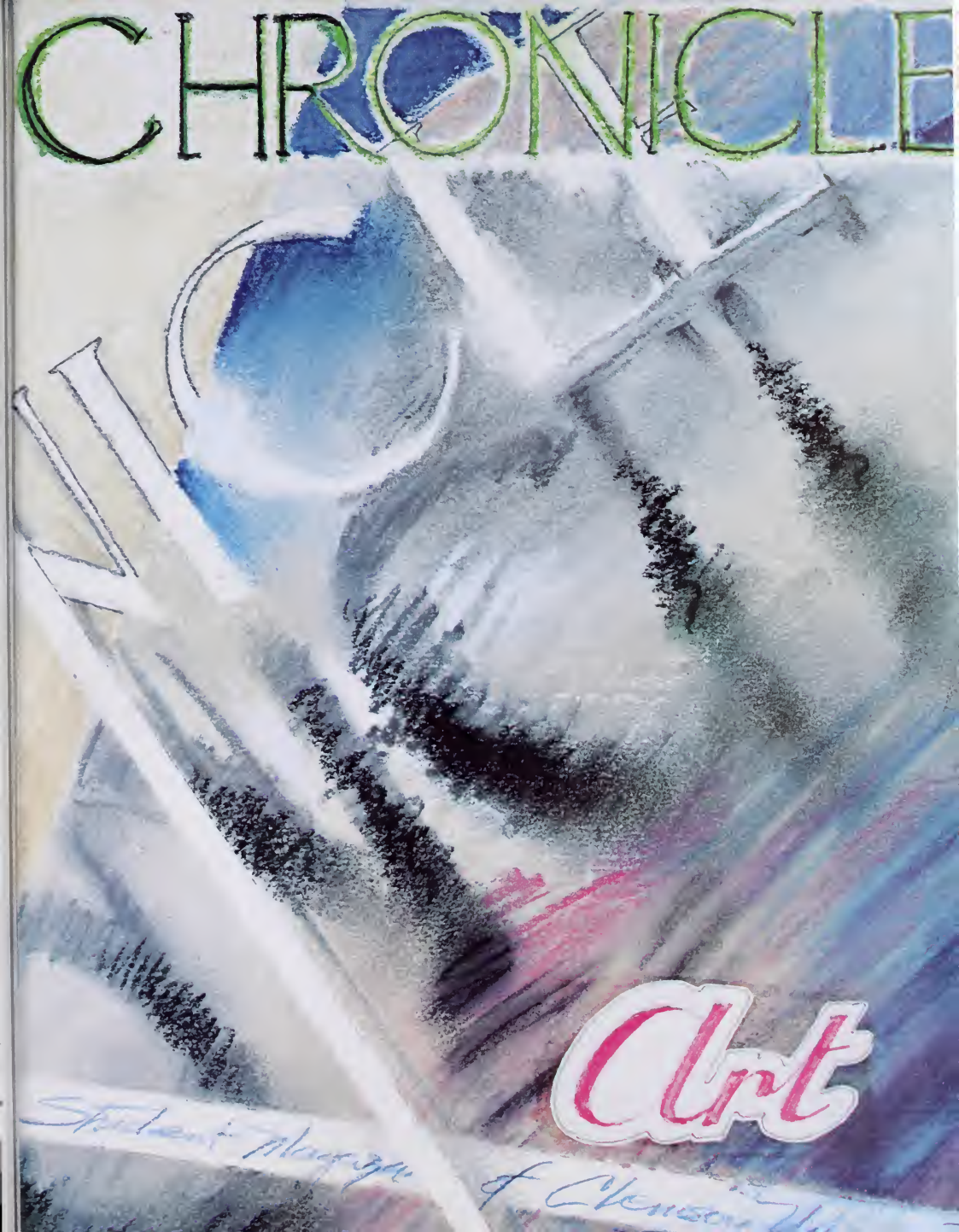
Mrs. Ortiz prepared to leave the island. She closed the shutters and turned the electricity off. Her husband and Billy were not able to leave the house by this time because of the severity of Hazel. Some people swear that they saw a light in the pantry used by the guests, and a man standing in the top window. "This can't be so," said Mrs. Ortiz, "because I turned off all of the lights myself."

Who was the man that so many residents of Pawley's Island saw in the storm of 1953? There are so many beliefs that one cannot accurately say. Who is the Gray Man? Is he Mr. Mazyck? or could it be George Pawley, the original owner of the island? Could his love for the island be so great that his grave cannot hold him?

The enigma remains unsolved. ■

Mandy Ferguson, who also writes occasionally for The Tiger, is a freshman from Honea Path.

CHRONICLE



Art

Student Magazine

of Benson High

American painter Andrew Wyeth is serious about art. In his paintings, he takes the viewer to Maine or Virginia, and points out those special things taken from his world — such as the starkness of a farm in winter, the texture of a darkened room and old furniture, or the strength and color of a woman's face. He identifies, isolates, and brings alive those visual moods and relationships that most people miss in the day-to-day rush. The viewer of a Wyeth painting is taken out of the world of the known; out of reality.

The acquisition of the Andrew Wyeth collection by the Greenville Museum of Art has brought national attention to South Carolina. There is a new awareness in the Piedmont: galleries are opening up in nearly every small city. Clemson University, formerly known as a "cow college", is a part of this new movement, and is producing its

own breed of individuals who are serious about art, including photography. Included in this special issue of the *Chronicle* are the work of students, some of whom began to pursue art seriously while in college, and some of whom plan to make art their career.

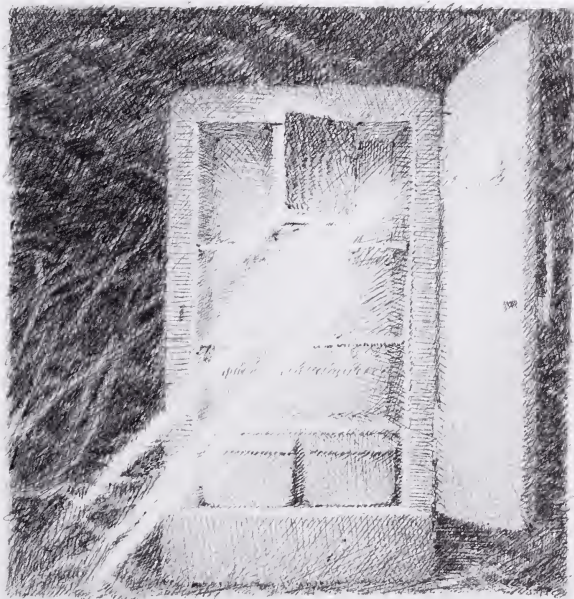
Some of the works presented in this issue will represent things familiar to one's daily visual experiences — for example, a person or an automobile. Others will take the viewer into the realm of the unreal, exploring shapes, textures or colors that one rarely glimpses. All of the work presented is indicative of some of the finest visual art that Clemson has to offer.

In addition to extra pages of color, this issue contains a poster which can be removed.

John Madera
Editor-in-Chief



Jerry Ballinger



THE REFRIGERATOR IS THE MAID OF THE WOODS

Edward Wimberly



Jeanée Redmond



Harris Welles



Harris Welles





July 77



Grier Building oil on canvas 1979

Alan MacTaggart



Leslie Wade



The Boys photo xerography 1979



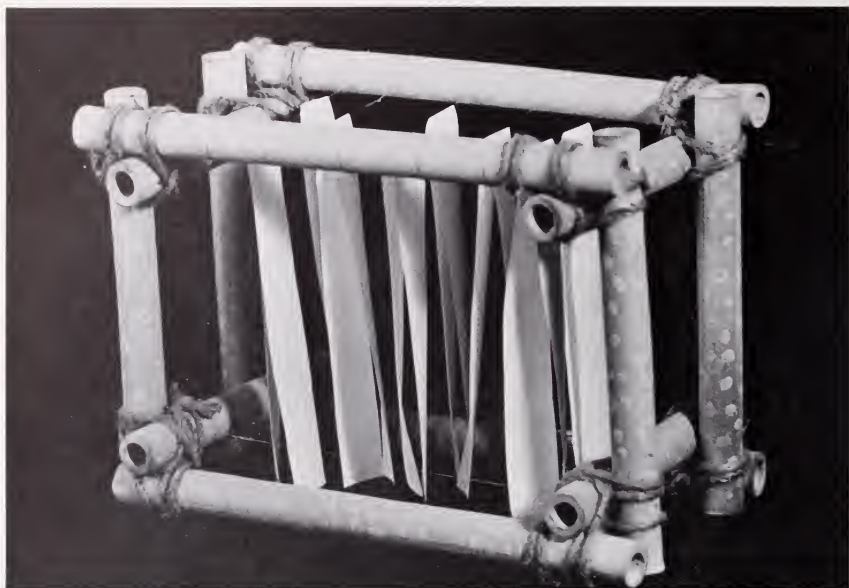
Jerry Ballinger



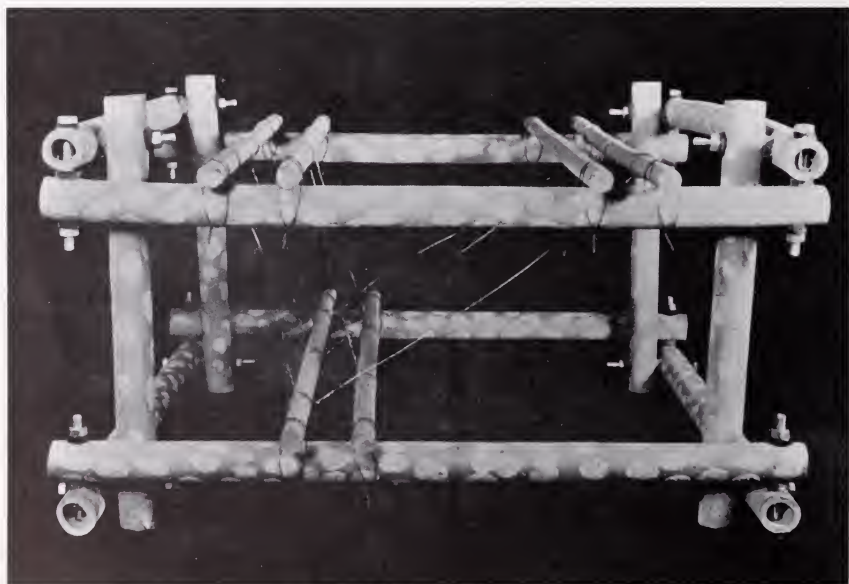
Michael Demosthenes



Michael Demosthenes



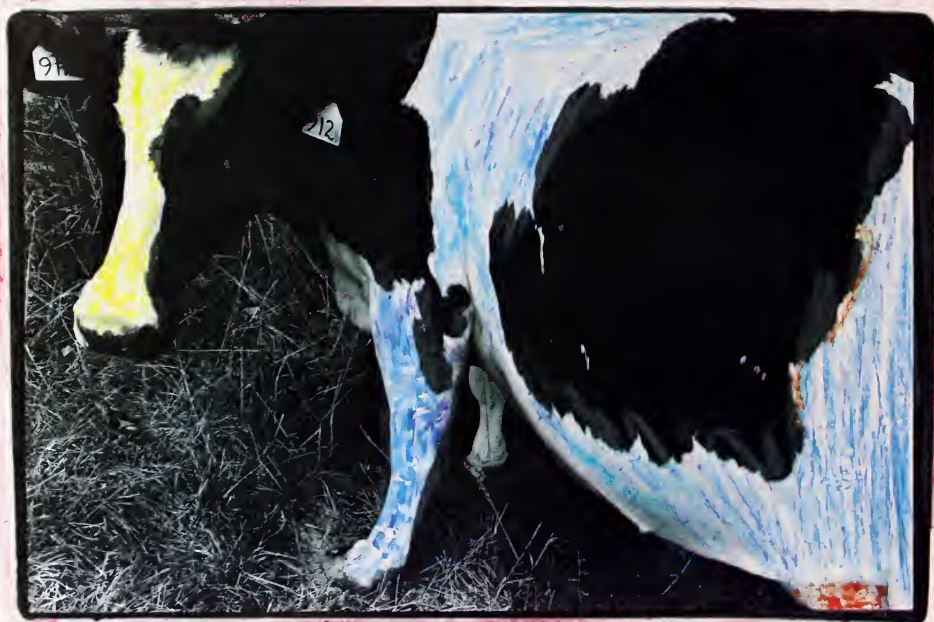
Maggie McMahon



Maggie McMahon



Winston Wingo



Bob Brown



W. Barry Agnew

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Eliska Greenspoon

CHRONICLE



oil on canvas 1979

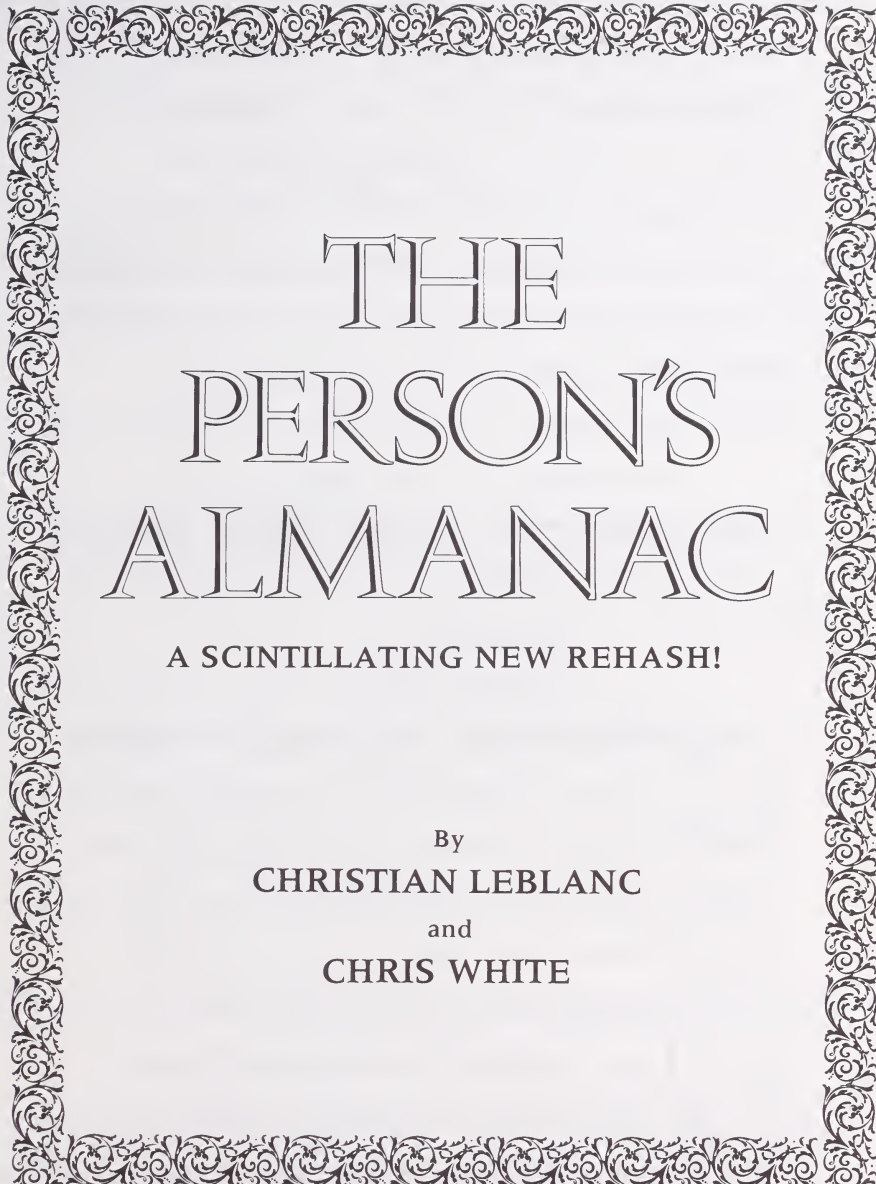
Alexander Howe







Chronicle is the

A decorative border with a repeating floral and scrollwork pattern surrounds the central text.

THE PERSON'S ALMANAC

A SCINTILLATING NEW REHASH!

By
CHRISTIAN LEBLANC
and
CHRIS WHITE

THE WORLD'S MOST FASCINATING QUIZ ABOUT FABRICS

- 1.) Where did jean material originate?
- 2.) What city gave its name to denim?
- 3.) Where was damask cloth first made?
- 4.) What wool fabric is named after a Russian city?
- 5.) Name two cities in India, and their fabrics.
- 6.) What dye is named after an ancient city?
- 7.) What wool weave is named for an English city?

(Answers on next page)

THE WORLD'S THREE BEST FOODS

PIZZA

SPAGHETTI

LASAGNA

FIVE PERSONS WHO DON'T EXIST



GORTH MEBBLES - A professional cheese squatter, Gorth enjoys rubber cement, is single, hopes to become real in the near future.



MICK BANYAN - Mick's nonexistence is so complete that he's not even aware of himself. He has absolutely no attributes whatever.



BUCK GIZMO - Buck says he is a reincarnation of Tiberius Maximus, a Roman centurion who didn't exist either, from 22 B.C. to 31 A.D.



MOIRA LATCH - Moira's family says she really exists, but outsiders only get a sensation akin to a soft-boiled egg massage when she's around.



BURD RAZZO - Burd once was, but, as he tells it, "I didn't wake up one day, 'cause I wasn't, and haven't been since, but hope to be again soon." Burd has our sympathies.

QUIZ ANSWERS :

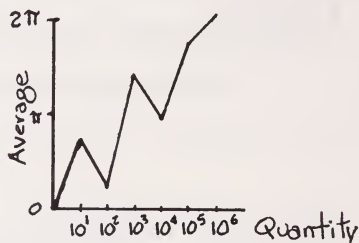
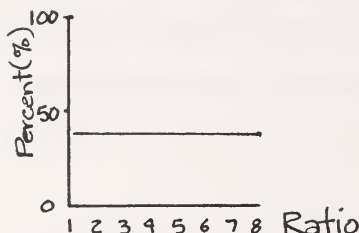
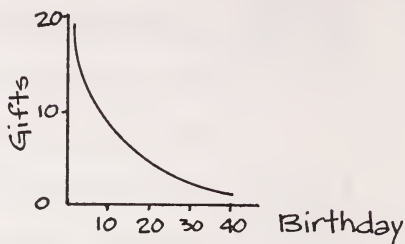
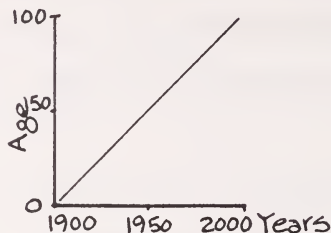
- 1) Genoa, Italy, where it was called 'Genoa fustian.'
- 2) Nimes, France. Denim was known as 'serge de Nimes.'
- 3) Damascus - a real gimme question.
- 4) Astrakhan. Who ever heard of Astrakhan?
- 5) Madras, madras / Calicut, calico.
- 6) Tyrian dye, from the Phoenician city of Tyre.
- 7) Worstead, where worsted wool originated.

SCORE :

None - There's more to life than polyester, wake up!

- 1 - Everybody gets Damascus.
- 2 - Not bad, treat yourself to some Woolite®
- 3 - Good! I will iron a shirt for you for free.
- 4+ - You have cheated! You should be ashamed!

IMPORTANT GRAPHS YOU SHOULD KNOW



||| FIVE RARE SENTENCE FRAGMENTS |||

....lurched, pounding icy.....
within the morass waited,
glass! But so mushy,...
 ...big, big spoon, really a.....
, previously, thumbtacks perched, borne....

THREE WORDS OF INTERESTING ORIGINS

BLIMP - Airships come in two forms : rigid body (like the Hindenburg, a dirigible) and nonrigid (like the Goodyear blimp). They were classed accordingly : Class A (rigid), and Class B (limp). Sound assimilation produced 'blimp'.

HEARSE - The French word 'herce' means rake. This

word was figuratively applied to an iron frame which held caskets in church and on the burial wagon. In time, the 'herce' was not only the rakelike frame, but also the vehicle which carried it.

BRITAIN - Two choices: One, that the word Britain was used by very ancient Basques, and is undecipherable. The Person's Almanac endorses the more conclusive possibility that it comes from the Celtic word 'brith' meaning 'paint'; The Romans then called the land Britain, because the native warriors painted themselves with blue dye, to be more fearsome-looking in battle.

POIGNANT QUOTES BY GREAT PERSONS

CHURCHILL - "A scene of wild confusion occurred."

CAESAR - "No event of this kind occurred at the time in question"

GOLDA MEIR - "In fact, we didn't dare breathe too loudly."

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER - "Perhaps I shall try it."

CALVIN COOLIDGE - "

GEOFFREY CHAUCER - "He feleth through the herte - sporn the prikke."

GEORGE PATTON - "This all sounds funny when written down."

JOHN LOCKE - "These last words express a deeper sense of the mystery."

I went to the zoo to see the animals. I went to a bunch of zoos so I would have some sort of idea how wild animals are treated. After graduating from the innocence of high school life, I came to Clemson and set up shop in the biggest zoo in the country, Johnstone Hall. It was the largest male dormitory in the country before they hid some girls away in there somewhere. They must have thought we were wild animals by the way we were contained. I lived in E cage. It was one of the remaining sections in the dorm that still had asbestos dropping from the ceiling. With the little, round, nipple shaped lights in the hall, that damn ceiling looked like the lunar surface. All the while I was there, depression settled down on me like the asbestos. I felt like an animal in a habitat that befell disease rather than any comfort or security.

Seeing the zoos in Atlanta, Columbus (Ohio), Cleveland, North Carolina, and New York City gave me a pretty good notion of the improvement of habitats for animals. The older, less developed zoos had their animals in cages with bars on all sides. The cages generally had a fair amount of room so that the animals could pace back and forth or swing around to get some exercise. The newer zoos, that

have been planned with a more open concept seemed to have given the animals a healthier atmosphere. These animals had an outdoor area for roaming in the sun with no bars, but there was always a large moat that kept anxious animals from escaping and curious visitors from deciding to adopt such a stable lifestyle. Watching the lions and tigers reminded me of the times my roommate and I would stand alone by our window and watch the uniformed boys outside the Security Department watch us. We probably looked like we had no desire to be there, especially under our existing conditions. The cats usually just lay there, seeming to wait for the opportunity when I or some other kid would slip over the rail and get too close to their cage where they could forget that their meals come on a regular basis and didn't consist of zoo visitors.

When I went to the Columbus Zoo, I saw gibbons, the smallest of apes, in a large A-frame structure. It was made with steel beams and covered with steel fencing. There was no way they could get out. The whole thing was close to thirty-five feet high, with a base something like twenty feet by forty feet. It was big enough for a dozen or so gibbons, who live communally in nature. Inside the cage were three trees to play on made out of metal pipe.

The gibbon has a scientific that means walking in the trees and you should have seen them do it. Do they have grace!? Their swings, leaps, and graspings are performed with the speed and agility of a bird in flight. They somersault anywhere they can't get to directly, then practically fly onto the side of their cage. The Giovannitelloni Brother's One Ring Circus would have a hard time holding their tennis elbows to these goons. Even on the ground, they run and walk funny, acting like emaciated gnomes habitually flapping their skeletal limbs. They have brown hair with a white border around their faces that makes them look like the clowns of Barnum and Bailey. All of them are noted for their sharp, loud cries. You know, the kind that are full of distress and can be heard in your room at the end of any dormitory hall.

At the Grant Park Zoo in Atlanta, most of the animals were confined to small buildings. There was one each for reptiles, cats, apes and some others. Atlanta had their gibbons swinging a little lower than Columbus. Don't get me wrong, the gibbons were wheeling and dealing as well as ever, but some administrators have been keeping a close eye on them. They have a male gibbon in the same cage as a female siamang to see if an hybrid offspring

IN THE

would result.

It is the same old story, put two pigs in the mud and three come out, except, of course, in the gay community. In this case there are two animals of different species mating—almost like an interracial marriage but a bit more extreme when you consider gibbons and siamangs are of different species. Siamangs are not much different than gibbons. They are just about two times the size and are characterized by a throat sack that enables them to boom and scream simultaneously. In the vein of science, the hybrid ape born of the gibbon and siamang supposedly supports a recently advance theory of evolution that new species sometimes arise from the juggling of genetic material over a few generations, rather than the theories of a prolonged series of small mutations taking thousands to millions of years or the creation of the world by a god. The birth of the hybrid makes more plausible the possibility of hybridization between other distantly related primates, such as a human being and a great ape.

The North Carolina Zoological Society is planning a zoo that makes use of the idea of open environment. In the permanent zoo now under construction, animal and plant displays will be arranged zoogeographically on a continental basis. An outdoor moated area

that contains animals from Africa will be nearby displays for animals from Europe, Asia and Australia. Also, there will be areas devoted to animals from South America and North America, with a special group on North Carolina wildlife. The new zoo will allow visitors to observe animals in a near natural, free habitat. All facilities for feeding and caring for the animals will be hidden from view and the animals will be isolated by rock walls, moats and vegetative barriers.

When I visited the North Carolina Zoo, they were building the area called Africa and only planning the other areas. I was informed that Africa is to be completed in the summer of 1980. It took me ten minutes to walk through the construction areas, but the plans and ideas seemed terrific. There were six acres for elephants and rhinos, a tiger den formed out of man made rock, a mixed area for ostriches, zebras and giraffes, and an island surrounded by a water filed moat for gibbons!

Right now, North Carolina has their animals in an interim zoo. It is not very impressive, but it is the first step for getting more support and it is only temporary. Whatever the case may be, it is worthwhile to see how they are trying to eliminate restrictions and to provide a humane environment for their animals.

The zoo that came closest to Fantasy Land was the Bronx Zoo in New York City. First of all, I had to take a subway up to the fringe of Harlem, which is slightly paranoid in itself. Walking through the entrance of the park, I was encumbered by my lost sense of direction. With my total freedom, I was unsure where the hell to go because it was so large. I walked aimlessly for a few minutes and came upon the elephant rides. I mean, even the oldest stick in the mud got set loose into childhood fantasies when he came in the zoo. Taking a ride on one of those beasts would probably have been better than a trip through the Safari Jungle at Disney World. The kids imitated the elephants by swaying back and forth with their arms clasped in front of them like we all have done. I noticed that the little boy in the blue jeans and Keds was trying to impress the little girl in the pig tails because he was jumping up the highest as he scratched his arm pits



ZOO

by Brad Spear



imitating the monkeys. After he tired of getting her attention indirectly, he got some up-start notion then ran over to her and pushed her down. He certainly lost face when his mother caught up with him and gave him an authoritarian swat on the side of the head. After a minute or two, the little kid and all his friends, including the little girl, ran over to the aquarium while their mothers stayed outside gabbing about the latest divorces. I hung around long enough to see those same kids come out of the aquarium. The little kid, with the ape antics, was holding the hand of the little girl, his girl. He was happy and carefree.

Making my way to the World of Birds, I passed an open display for lions where the young lions were playing King of the Mountain on a big rock; a pond for turtles, who were basking in the sun; and a small woods, which was being developed for wolves. The walk through the South Bronx Park certainly helped me lose sight of that New York jail outside. Finally, when I got there, I came upon the largest aviary I ever saw. They had more birds in that house than the girl's dorms on the other side of campus. They had everything from roucans and hornbills to red headed woodpeckers. The extensive variety of birds and the colors they possessed were

without comparison. I thought of the last time I was in "the apple" and spent three hours looking at dead birds at the Natural History Museum; this display was even more spectacular.

As far as I could see, the Concave-casqued Hornbill is the wildest looking bird in the zoo. Its plumage is black, white and pale yellow, while its huge beak and casque, surmounting the beak, are orange. The bird is five feet long and, from what the description says, spends just about all of its life above ground in trees. The hornbill has eyelids like humans and has nesting habits like . . . well, all of you into bondage would like this. The female takes lodging in a hollow tree, where, with help from the male, she seals herself up with a cement mixture consisting of mud, excrement and fruit detritus. A narrow slit opening is left so that the male can pass food to the female. The female stays captive in the tree until the young hornbills can fly.

Nothing puts me back to "memoryville" more than thoughts of the Cleveland Zoo. I can never forget that great ape who would eat its food then Ralph it on the floor of his cage. He would eat the food all over again then reject it another time. Well, he would do this over and over again; more times than I'd ever care to watch. This is just like what the administration does to all co-ed dorm

proposals here at Clemson.

Every zoo that I had the opportunity to visit provided a full afternoon of entertainment. The animals frolicked or slept, the kids romped about and the mothers performed their duties in a leisurely manner. On the whole, the zoos were kept clean and healthy for all those concerned. Big or small they all had something to offer and to show that could be of interest to anybody, no matter how old they might be. You know that every occasion you have gone to the zoo you had a good time, unless, of course, it rained or the duck in the children's zoo dropped something on you.

The zoo keepers seemed to preserve their animals in a manner that was physically and mentally healthy. If they didn't, it was because they lacked the money. The goal of each zoo was to maintain the animals in an environment suitable to their instincts; from temperature and humidity control to the painting of the walls to look like the animal's native homeland. It was essential that animals were contained in such a manner where they could thrive and reproduce just as if they were free. Each zoo strived to act rationally and reasonably to the needs of their inhabitants. I have always wished to have a similar argument for the keepers of the Johnstone Zoo.

ROCK - N - ROLL IS HERE TO STAY



by Douglas Welton



Douglas Welton, music director and disc jockey for WSBF -FM, is an engineering student from Greenwood.

What will music sound like in the 80's? That's a good question. Some logical answers are put forth in this article.

In the 70's the seed crystal of pop music grew into a commercially profitable multifaceted jewel for the record industry. This year's record company profits will be billions of dollars, and with the sale of music-related items (posters, stereos, clothes, etc.), that sales figure will be in the tens of billions internationally. What exactly was selling in the 70's? Rock, easy listening, new wave, soul, disco, country, jazz, techno-rock, funk, and punk. Will it keep selling? That's a good question. Here are some suggestions.

"Rock 'n' roll is here to stay." That was a lyric that seemed to sustain rock music in the 50's, but that carefree attitude toward rock 'n' roll is gone, and rock will soon start to fade with it. Over-production will be the most prominent factor in the death of rock. Overproduction happens when a group stays in the studio for many moons working on an album, trying to make it the best, most commercial product ever recorded. These albums are released and expected to be instant number

ones. But that doesn't always happen. Two good examples of overproduction failures are Fleetwood Mac's "Tusk" and M's "New York, London, Paris, Munich." In the case of "Tusk," Warner Bros. spent over a million dollars to record, master, package, and publicize the album's release. In the end, money spent for the studio time was more than eight hundred thousand dollars and the mastering operation (which takes a few hours for normal groups) took two weeks. And all this to get two circular pieces of plastic, packaged in five flimsy sheets of colored paper, to be the most played, most requested, and fastest selling album on *Billboard* magazine's album chart for at least one week. Well here's the funny part. "Tusk" never made it to the number one spot; as a matter of fact, Top Five honors are all that can be claimed by the most expensive album ever produced. It peaked at number four, and, as of this writing, the album has yet to produce a Top Five single.

Well, "That's the Way the Money Goes," but the money isn't going into the pockets of Robin Scott, the one-man band known as M. M's "Pop Muzik" was riding high on every chart on the globe and Mr. Scott was busily trying to put together enough songs for an album. The day of M's album's release finally rolled around, and when the album arrived at WSBF, I swiftly grabbed it and plopped it on the turntable. What I heard coming from the speakers was awful. Either I was in the "Twilight Zone" or the M album had been OVERPRODUCED. The album had fallen prey to one of the major factors of overproduction. There were too many sounds in the songs. The album was packed with "Tweekers" which, in the final analysis, only bogged down any entertainment value the songs might have been able to deliver.

Another factor that will contribute to the death of rock is sheer monotony of sound. Two groups that will feel the pinch because of their S.O.S. (Same Old Sound) are Boston and Dire Straits. The more flagrant offender is Boston.

When Boston's first LP came out in the autumn of 1976, everyone went wild over the group—so wild that the album sold over six million copies. Due

to numerous delays (including the flooding of the group's studios) the band released "Don't Look Back" in August of '78. It was number one within a couple of weeks and everyone was happy. Then people started comparing the first single, "Don't Look Back" to some of the cuts from the first LP. And, sure enough, the tune sounded like "Long Time" from "Boston"; even worse was the fact that all the songs on the album sounded like "Don't Look Back." Boston rode high on the charts for a little while—then suddenly they were gone. In an interview with Brad Delp (Boston's lead vocalist) last year at Clemson, Brad was asked why there was so much similarity in the sound of their songs. Brad answered simply, "They were all written at the same time, several years ago."

Their songs weren't all written in the same year, but the same-sound monotony has also cursed Mark Knopfler of Dire Straits. It was evident on their debut album that the musical variability of Dire Straits was limited. And when the second album came along, musical monotony truncated any hope for an instant number one by keeping Dire Straits out of the Top Ten on the LP chart and out of the Top 40 on the singles chart. At the instant of this writing, Boston is several months late with their third album, and Dire Straits is due for their third any time. If either group is brilliant enough to repeat their last mistakes, then they will have a new set of blunders to add to their collection.

It's something most people thought would never happen, but the death of rock 'n' roll is on the horizon. Rock's tombstone will read "Rock 'n' roll was here to stay, but for now it's gone away, maybe it will come back another day."

What type of music will replace rock? From my own personal inquiries, and a couple of published reports, I have come to the conclusion that the music which will experience the greatest upturn in popularity in the '80s will be a soul-jazz fusion. Angie Boffill is typical of a singer whose sound is classy enough to be called jazz and smooth enough to be called soul. She is making headway on the pop, soul, and jazz album charts—definitely someone to

watch in the early '80s. My reason for saying that a soul-jazz mix will succeed is because of the hefty advances rhythm and blues (R&B) is making in the Arbitron ratings (Arbitron is the radio equivalent of TV's Neilson ratings). Radio stations that used to answer the phone "Disco 107" have now leaned in a more Top 40 direction, with an emphasis on soul. Jazz on the whole is not making quantum leaps in the ratings, but artists like Bob James, Chuck Mangione, and the Crusaders are getting intense airplay as individuals. Eventually this massive airplay will spread to other jazz artists, and jazz will make significant advances in the Arbitron ratings. The fusion of soul and jazz should be a good tool in pumping up the sagging easy-listening market.

One market that is getting old and will continue to age until it can no longer walk on its six-inch spiked heel, or fill out those glitter-coated tight pants, is disco. Disco was great when it first came on the scene. Artists such as Donna Summer, Chic, and The Village People made it an experience not to be missed. It was different, and it was something dancers could get into. But disco promoters (especially Jacques Morali of Village People fame) made one too many fatal mistakes; their products were too alike, all the same s-h-stuff as some people put it. The prospects of disco making a comeback are about as good as Donna Summer having another seventeen minute orgasm on vinyl (like she did on "Love to Love You Baby"), so I suggest that you donate your spiked heels to the train companies to help rebuild our nation's railways. A few years from now the only place you will hear disco is in the discotheques.

Another type of music that will be heard only in the bars is "punk". Punk never made it big in America and it never will. Sid Vicious (a member of the top punk rock group, The Sex Pistols) is dead, punk is dead, and nobody cares. The only thing that will keep punk around in the '80s is a small following (all wearing leather vests and chains) that will try to make punk the underground drug music of the decade.

One underground sound that may come on strong in the '80s is "funk". Since 1976, when Parliament/

Funkadelic landed the "Mothership," George Clinton and others with mental-musical arrays similar to his have been bombarding the soul charts steadily with durable hits. Parliament/Funkadelic will lead the invasion next time the "Mothership" lands, and next time, for all we know, that landing could be on top of the pop chart.

New wave is going to see a brief period of popularity in the '80s. The music called new wave is basically over-simplified rock 'n' roll. The sound is composed of guitar, bass and drums. There is very little overdubbing. Elvis Costello is leading the way in new wave. After his Top 10 success with "Armed Forces," Elvis is primed for the top to the album chart. Sad to say, though, with its grand popularity, this form of music will suffer a death similar to the one forecast for rock.

Country music will stay the same. Kenny Rogers, Conway Twitty, Loretta Lynn, and Crystal Gale will all be big on the country scene, and of course Dolly Parton will remain big, but I don't think she can get much bigger.

The final musical category is for those of you who think it is early 1980 going on 2001. Lead by Gary Numan and the Tubeway Army, techno-rock swept through Britain, and Numan was in the Top 30 on Britain's pop chart throughout the year. Techno-rock is a type of music that is simple in instrumentation but complex in its formation. The basic emphasis of techno-rock is on technology, in the song and in its recording. Techno-rock bands are constructed rather simply: one guitar, bass, drums, and ten or twenty keyboards (which are all played simultaneously by one man). Techno-rock, for those who can handle it, will be another underground sound for the '80s.

That's the way I see things; most people will probably disagree with me on one point or another. But all the signs are there. I used my own musical instincts, along with those of *Billboard* magazine and Arbitron, to come up with my ideas; but any twelve-year-old who listens to Kasey Kasim's "American Top Forty" on Sunday will probably say the same thing. ■

Bella

"For Clemson University—I would hope that as students go forth from here, they participate in creating a more equal society . . ."

Bella Abzug

On April 19, 1978, Bella Abzug autographed Clemson University's copy of one of her books with the above inscription. During her Clemson visit, Abzug taped a television interview, talked to local reporters, and presented a lecture sponsored by the Speaker's Bureau. Abzug was here stumping for the Equal Rights Amendment which has YET to be ratified by the required number of states; therefore, the information contained in this article is still timely. The following unpublished account was written by an enthralled reporter observing a woman who has been, is, and will continue to be—a woman on the move!

Clemson, SC—Late evening—newspeople—polite conversation—waiting—anticipation. Almost inaudibly, someone says "she" is here.

"She" moves unseen into an inner office. An authoritative, low-pitched, feminine voice is heard, "Where is a phone?"

This is Bella Abzug? This is "rage

and asphalt glamour?" This is "battling Bella" who devours reporters?

Bella, as all present immediately address her, more resembles a kindly, Jewish mother on the phone to check that a sick relative is drinking his chicken soup rather than a busy politician and former Congresswoman contacting harried, legal colleagues in New York.

Stand by—tapes rolling—camera two ready. Tired from traveling, working, meeting and greeting, Mrs. Abzug shifts into second gear as the bright lights flash on the CBS television interview begins.

"I have been lecturing on campuses, campaigning across the country for the Equal Rights Amendment, and helping to structure the President's new advisory council on women," began Mrs. Abzug. "That council will deal with implementing the 26-point plan of action adopted at the National Women's Conference held in Houston, Texas, last November."

Mrs. Abzug proclaimed the Houston Conference as "a statement of American women and their needs." She said it was the first time the women themselves, through their own deliberations and elections, developed a program to present to the President and this country.

The Conference was the most diverse meeting of women, or any group, America has ever seen, according to Abzug. Women of every race, every religion, every background, from 50 states and six territories, were represented.

"Houston was a big, important step," said Bella. "It showed that the women's organization is not one set of ideas, but that it includes every kind of woman in this country."

Becoming increasingly animated as she delved deeper into the issues, Abzug bluntly stated, "At this point, what are the facts? The facts are that women have been and are discriminated against very deeply."

"Women who work in the home are critical to this society which could not succeed a day without them" continued Abzug. "Yet, there has never been any value, dignity, or respect accorded to their hard, back-breaking work. For this reason, I introduced legislation to give homemakers the right to draw Social Security benefits."

Abzug related that white, male property owners were given the right to vote in 1776. At the Constitutional Convention, phrases like "all men are created equal" were coined and made into law. John Adams received a letter

Abzug

by Nancy Haynie

at that time from his wife Abigail who begged him to "remember the women." His reply was "don't be ridiculous, Abigail."

"Black males received the privilege to vote shortly after the Civil War," commented Abzug. "Females, black and white, have been included in the voice of government for only the last 58 years."

"Today, out of 535 members of Congress, only 19 are female," stated Abzug. "There are six women federal judges. There never has been a woman on the Supreme Court. That's why we need the ERA."

"Despite misconceptions opponents have spread, any privileges or benefits a woman will obtain from the ERA," explained Abzug, "will also benefit men. For instance, in Social Security, men could draw benefits on their wives' records as women can now draw on their husbands' records."

This particular item—husbands drawing benefits from their wives' Social Security records—became law as of December, 1977, according to a Claims Representative at the Social Security Administration. When Mrs. Abzug was challenged on this remark, she balked. She dismissed this evidence that progress toward equality of the

sexes is already underway even without the ERA.

At this point, the well-publicized Abzug as tough New York lawyer, carrier of peace signs, and extoller of causes, became evident.

Several states have failed to ratify the ERA, not because of popular opinion, but because of legislators in Abzug's opinion.

"Legislators make commitments, when they are elected, to support the ERA!" exclaimed Bella. "Then when the time comes to vote, they absolutely ignore the electoral mandate. This happened in this very state. I hope the people in South Carolina will think very carefully about those Senators at election time."

Mrs. Abzug pointed out that the great thing about our system of government is that it's the people who have the ultimate power as Thomas Jefferson said. When people don't participate, bad things happen.

Abzug then urged people to forget about "Me-ism" and become active citizens. She is a firm believer that letters written to members of Congress have a profound effect on the way that person votes on any issue.

"One minute left, 30 seconds. Okay, everybody, hold your positions for 30

seconds—look serious," said the director. The lights go down. Everyone sighs relief.

Pushing up the ever-slipping glasses on her nose, Bella Abzug, who has spoken forcefully as a feminist, wife, mother, lawyer and Congresswoman, became thoughtful.

Bella's eyes misted over as they must have that day in Houston. The day five female athletes wearing tee shirts emblazoned with "Women on the Move" burst into the convention hall bearing an Olympic-like torch which they presented to her as presiding officer. They had run from Seneca Falls, New York, site of the 1848 convention that launched the women's movement.

"We must ratify the ERA," reiterated Abzug, "to see democracy complete itself."

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"Be nice. Need the money, that's for sure."

"Yeah." Mrs. Cooper looked hesitantly at her husband. "Ted, are you *sure* you don't want me to go with you and Daryl tomorrow?"

He looked exasperated, as if they'd discussed it before. "We'll be all right, Glenda, now. Damn it."

"Well, he is a burden. And the money. And you know it won't work."

He looked reproachful. "You never know. Maybe just once."

"Aw, Ted. It's hopeless. You know it; I know it." She looked like she would cry.

He put an arm around her shoulders. "Maybe," he said, "But it's only human to hope. And pray." He held her hard against him.

It was Monday night; the last Monday night of the month. That meant it was time for the Total Tan tanning products people to come to the guard house and hear the monthly report on the amount of their product each guard had sold. Jack and Hamilton were sucking on some of the keg of free beer provided by the Total Tan people. The keg was their way of ensuring full attendance. The other guards were spread around the yard, most of them drinking beer. The guards lost a lot of body liquid during the day, and liked to take any opportunity to replace it. "I swear!" Hamilton held up a hand as proof of his truthfulness.

Jack shook his head and looked sidewise at Hamilton. "Come on, Ham. It's all right. We all can't score sweepstakes points like me. You don't have to make up stories."

"She did, Jack. Damn it. Twice."

"Okay. Okay. Let's get started." It was their supervisor, Denny, talking. "Hey! Shut the hell up." Finally everyone was quiet. "Okay," Denny smiled. "Greg will take over from here."

Greg Thompson was the local distributor of Total Tan tanning products. He stood on the bottom step of the outside stairs leading to the second floor of the guard house. He was thirty-five and wore sandals and white shorts. Greg was going a little bit bald. He liked to stand on the step to be slightly above his subjects. "Good to see you all again," he began. "We're having a real good summer, and as you guys can see, we try to show our appreciation." He smiled down at the keg. Hamilton, standing beside it, caught his eye and looked cross-eyed. "I'll keep it short, then I'm going to let Burt, my leading salesman at the motels, talk to you."

"Old Burt," Hamilton whispered over his cup at Jack. "Let's hear it for Burt," he said loudly. He and Jack began clapping. Burt grinned. They all knew each other well, there having been many meetings in the past with Greg and Burt.

"Okay. Okay! Shut the hell up, you dip-shits!" Denny stared angrily at Hamilton. Everyone was quiet.

"Thank you." It was Greg again. "Fellows, as I said, we're having a great summer—we've got a solid grasp

on number two in this market and we hope to catch number one by this time next year. As you all know, one of you is going to win a trip to Las Vegas. Just sell the most of my product, and by God you'll be out there with women, booze, and the tables! Thank you. Burt?" Greg looked around at Burt and stepped down.

Burt Twombly got up on the steps. Burt was twenty-five—a thin and intense man. The only time Burt really let go was during the annual trips to Las Vegas he won as the leading salesman at the motels. In Las Vegas he would stay drunk the whole week, and blow whole weeks pay at the tables and with the ladies. He fixed his most earnest look at the fifteen or so guards. "Fellows," he began. "Work is the word." He held up a bottle and spoke a little faster. "Work at it and this stuff will sell." He opened the bottle. "I know you guys are working hard, but look." He daubed a little of the stuff onto the back of his hand. "Rub a little of it on them like this." He looked around to be sure everyone was watching. "And god-damn. God-damn, be sure you tell 'em you use the stuff." He was getting into his speech now. "Rub it in, tell 'em you use it, and tell them why it's the best. Tell them they'll have to ride in the back of the bus on the way home, 'cause this stuff'll do the trick. And tell 'em you're going to Las Vegas if you sell the most. They respect you guys. Why god-damn," and he paused dramatically, "There would be panther piss in here and," he held up the bottle for emphasis. "If you work at it, you can sell it. Work at it." He calmed. "Thank you for your time." He looked earnestly one last time at the guards, then stepped down.

Immediately Hamilton and Jack, who'd heard variations on this same speech all summer, began clapping. "Thank you, Burt!" Hamilton said. "God-damn, panther-piss, hell yeah. Thank you Burt." Everyone laughed, then went to get another beer. Burt and Greg blended into the crowd, and after the keg was gone, and everyone was sufficiently drunk, the crowd wandered over towards Toby's, their favorite nightclub. Conducting business always made the guards thirsty.

The tests at the hospital were over and Daryl and his dad were home again. Nothing was changed: the doctors still said Daryl was hopelessly paralyzed. His parents tried to keep Daryl in good spirits, but they themselves were very upset. His mother was especially despondent. "Why, why, why?" she asked. "That little boy. What can we do?"

"Nothing," her husband answered. "It's just one of those things, honey. All we can do is to try to make him happy. That's all."

"Well it's an awful load. An awful load." Glenda began crying.

"Jesus? God? This is me. Daryl Cooper. I sure would like to walk. But I'd rather you'd fix Meack first. He's kinda messed up." Daryl frowned in perplexity. "Could you do two of us at once? If not, I'd like Meack fixed first. When the angel stirs the water next time? I bet you can. And my dad will take me down to the water. I know he will. I'm asking, isn't that right,

God? 'And the angel stirred the water, and the guy who walked in it was fixed?' " Daryl turned over and tried to sleep. "I guess that's all, God. Thanks."

"Do what?" His father was trying not to laugh. He and Daryl were sitting in the family's apartment.

"You got to, dad. You got to." Daryl was beeseeching. "Like the preacher said. If the angel stirs the water, then me and Meack can be fixed. "You're always saying he's not right in the head, and the doctors say there's no fixing me." Daryl put on his most coaxing manner. "Come on, dad."

"You just want me to put you," his father laughed in spite of himself. "And Meack into the ocean now? To heal you?"

"Yeah, dad." The thunder boomed outside, then a moment later lightening lit up the sky.

"Why has it got to be now?"

"Cause of the storm, dad. Gosh." Daryl frowned at him. "The angels are stirring the water. And we got to get in there before anybody else. So let's go."

His father smiled at him. "That's cute, son. That really is." He reached over and rumbled his son's hair. "Have you said anything to your mother?"

"No, dad. I thought I'd ask you first."

"Glenda," his father hollered. "Glenda!"

Quickly Mrs. Cooper poked her head in the door. She was working the desk out front, and didn't like to leave it. She was frowning. "What, dear?"

"Got a minute? Daryl has a question." Ted Cooper smiled at his son.

Mrs. Cooper sat down and Daryl explained his proposal. When she fully understood, her eyes got a little misty, and her voice a bit husky. "That is sweet, son." She came over and squeezed him. "But it's not that simple. I wish it was." She went to open the door.

"But, mom!" Daryl howled. "It'll work, I know it will." In frustration he pounded his upper thighs. "Why can't I?"

His mother turned and looked at him, then opened the door and went back to the desk.

The beer had been good after a hard day, and Jack felt fine. He and Evro were at Toby's, drinking and looking for girls. Hamilton had found his blond girl and left. Jack knew Hamilton was probably at that moment moving closer in the points sweepstakes. Jack himself was looking for Cathy, or Betty, or Sherry, whichever he ran up on first. He knew sooner or later one of them would be there. Sooner or later everybody who was anybody came to Toby's. "Wanta play some pinball?" Evro asked, burping.

Jack hopped up. "Might as well." The pinball machine was near the back entrance and Jack figured he'd have a better view of the door. They got the "Wicked Wanda" machine and began playing.

When Betty came in Jack was winning handily. He saw her immediately and smiled. "Hi sweetness," he said.

She gave him her special smile and cuddled up to him. "Where you been, baby?" she cooed. "Missed you." She squeezed Jack's rear.

Jack looked into her eyes and said, "I been around. Let's get out of here." He smiled at Evro and took her hand. They moved for the door.

Jack hadn't had much to keep him interested all morning. At eleven Evro had come by to find out how Jack had done with Betty the night before, and to tell him about Hamilton throwing up and falling down on his beach that morning.

Jack could hardly wait until twelve, their lunch hour, to tease Hamilton. Finally twelve came, and Jack locked up his rafts and suntan oil and went to Bill Warren's Family Restaurant.

Hamilton was already inside. Jack ordered the usual, the special, the two dollar and fifty, a meat and three veggies, special. "Got two more points last night," Hamilton began with a grin.

"Two?" Jack smiled. "That's nothing. Betty sub-marined last night."

"Aw, hell Jack."

Jack looked dourly at Hamilton. "I believe a sub job is worth five points?"

"Yeah, yeah. Sounds like a bunch of shit to me."

Hamilton looked narrowly at Jack.

Jack grinned. "Uh huh." He smiled a knowing smile. "Fell down and threw up, huh?"

"How'd you? Did Evro? I told that bastard not to tell you. Shit." Angriely Hamilton attacked his lima beans.

Jack grinned. He let Hamilton eat a bit, then got after him again. "Speak," he prodded. "Don't make me tickle your soles."

"Shit, Jack. I just threw up," Hamilton took in a mouthful of green beans. "Me and Delores were out drinking and stuff last night, and I just got hot this morning and threw up. Happen to anybody. Shit, nobody's perfect." He looked down. Jack grinned like a Cheshire cat.

"Uh huh. Threw up on the beach. I bet everybody enjoyed that."

"Yeah."

"Denny see it?"

"No. I covered it up. I didn't need him raising hell at me."

"So how'd you fall down?"

Hamilton frowned at him. "Why don't you eat? Instead of hassling me, I mean?" Hamilton took a drink of tea and looked sourly at Jack.

"So tell me." Jack wouldn't quit.

Hamilton looked around, then spoke quickly and quietly. "Was trying to spear a empty cigarette pack with the dig stick."

Jack was beside himself. "And you fell down?"

"Yeah, damn it. Christ." Hamilton said it miserably. "Jack, I stepped on the pack so it wouldn't blow off, and then speared it through the crack between a couple of toes. Okay? I fell down when, when, I tried to walk off before I got the stick completely away from my foot. You know?"

Jack was about to fall out of his seat. "What's 'ol Delores packing?" he asked, raising his eyebrows at Ham.

"I'm a dumb ass. Okay? Okay, Jack?" Hamilton attacked his corn. He always saved his corn for last.

"Come on, Meack. Come on." Daryl frowned down at the cat. "Please."

"Me-ack!" the cat said. "Me-ack!" It came closer.

"Kitty-kitty." The cat came closer still and Daryl grabbed him. "Gotcha." He motored the wheelchair around to the back of the motel and picked out a small board. Far off it thundered. A light rain began to fall.

"Honey, where's Daryl?" Mrs. Cooper had come back into the apartment to use the bathroom, leaving the front desk momentarily unguarded.

"I don't know dear," her husband answered. "I thought he was out front with you."

Mrs. Cooper looked at her husband. "No, I haven't seen him."

Frowning, Mr. Cooper looked up. "Well, it's starting to rain. He'll be back in a minute. Never stays out in rain. Probably back at the marshes, and got caught."

Mrs. Cooper looked doubtful, but nodded.

When the rain began to fall Jack cursed and got off his stand. Quickly he got all his floats and bottles of oil in. He ran for the pier. It began to pour immediately after he got underneath it.

Daryl waited under an empty house while the rain came down. When the rain and thunder and lightening stopped, he started out.

Mrs. Cooper was very nervous. "Ted, where can he be? I'm going to bear his butt when he gets back." She paced the room. "He's never done anything like this before. Always comes back when he says and never stays out in the rain." She frowned, and then suddenly, cold fear gripped her. "The rain," she repeated. She looked at her husband. "Ted," Her eyes filled with fear.

Apprehensive, he looked at her. "The rain? The rain. He wouldn't. That was just some wild kid thing. Wasn't it?" He hopped up and they ran out the door together. "Tammy," Mr. Cooper hollered. No one answered and they went on anyway.

"He'd have to be near here somewhere, wouldn't he Ted?"

Mr. Cooper nodded. The rain had slackened off. Finally it stopped. They ran for the beach.

Rain always made Jack mad. He preferred a calm day; all that running in and out of the rain was too hectic. When the rain finally stopped he went back to his stand and got his oil and floats out. The beach was still empty. A few people would be wandering out shortly, once they saw the rain had really stopped. Jack almost didn't see the kid in the wheelchair at first. "What the hell." He squinted down the beach. The tide was high—the wind from the storm had whipped it up even higher than normal—so the kid didn't have

far to go. Jack didn't understand what was happening. Transfixed, he watched.

Daryl was single-minded. He'd been in sand before, and knew he would get stuck. He picked the board up and threw it down in front of him. He rode over it, then picked it up and tossed it down in front again. "Gonna make it, Meack," he said. The water terrified the cat, and it gripped Daryl's shirtsleeves tightly. When the tires reached the water they immediately began to sink. The chair continued a short distance, then stalled.

When Jack saw the chair get near the water he began to run toward it. He saw the figure in the wheelchair throw something away that struggled, then the figure fell awkwardly into the water. It looked like a young kid to Jack. When the kid got in the water, Jack was still a hundred yards away. Immediately, Jack saw a breaker grab and pull him under. The kid came up several yards further out to sea. Another breaker grabbed him and pulled him out further. Jack didn't see the kid as he came to the water, so he swam out to where he had last seen him. He kept his eyes open as he swam, and finally saw the kid about fifty yards out. Jack swam to him and tugged him back to shore. The kid was unconscious and Jack started artificial respiration.

Two figures from far down the beach came running up as Jack reached the shore. "Daryl!" the woman screamed. "Oh God!" She fell to her knees and stared at the boy.

"Is he?" the man with her asked.

"Dead? No sir, I don't believe so." Jack looked up from Daryl's chest. "Go get an ambulance," he commanded. "Go to the pier." He motioned at Mr. Cooper, who looked at the boy, then ran off.

Jack rode with Daryl to the hospital, and stayed with him until the doctor came and assured him that Daryl would be fine. Mr. and Mrs. Cooper, after effusive thanks, had explained the situation to Jack. Jack was incredulous.

"He was paralyzed and thought the ocean could fix him?"

Mr. Cooper nodded. "Thought it could heal his cat, too, evidently. You saw the cat, isn't that right?"

Jack was still amazed. "Yeah, he threw something that looked alive away." He looked puzzled. "A cat? I guess it could have been." He turned to go. "I never saw what happened to it, though." Again he received the Cooper's thanks, and he went.

He left the hospital. He didn't go to Toby's for the customary after-work beer. Instead, he went down to his stand on the beach. He got up on the stand and sat for a long time. Finally, he got down, and started walking down the beach. He didn't find the cat's body, and after a time he wandered back to the guard house.

Rick Straub is in his second year of graduate studies in English, working toward a master's degree. He is a native of Dunmore, Pennsylvania, and a graduate of the University of Miami, Fla. Doug Russell is a senior from Rock Hill, majoring in Electrical Engineering. He plans to use any money he may win to buy a chinchilla farm in South America.

skin and making her forget the humidity. She could hear the distant jazz of Bourbon Street and laughter from the balconies above them, and when she opened her eyes she saw the pink buildings and grilled French windows all around them, and she saw Warner, smiling at her.

"I don't take you on these enough," he said. "You really get into it."

She smiled and nodded, and he settled back in his seat and looked straight ahead.

"You decide to do it or not?" he asked in a low voice. She also watched the road in front of them.

"It scares me," she said. "I don't know. He turned to her and grabbed her arm.

"We got to, Elly," he insisted. "We just got to. Summer's almost over."

She looked at her friend; his blond hair hung in damp wisps, framing his face, and his blue eyes were big and pleading.

"I don't know . . ."

"Trust me, Elly. You'll love it. And think of the money!"

She saw the bench looming up ahead just as the horse began to slow down; she glanced over at Ricchio, who was busy painting a pretty, young black woman. Elly looked back at Warner and smiled.

"Okay," she said. "In front of Pat O'Brien's—next Friday night at eight o'clock."

Warner grinned as he paid the driver and climbed down out of the coach. It slowly rattled away. "I'll bring the stuff," he whispered. "You just be there."

Elly nodded and then watched as he skipped away toward the moonwalk. She started to follow him but realized that at night she couldn't see if there were storm clouds threatening, and she didn't want to be caught there in the rain. The thought of it made her queasy, and she turned and walked quickly home—just in case.

Warner was late. Elly paced back and forth underneath the Pat O'Brien's ivy-covered sign and waited. Finally, she heard him call her name, and she followed him, slipping into an alley.

"The air is too still," she whispered. "It's gonna rain—I just know it."

Warner set his armload of packages down on the ground and began pulling out their contents and handing them to Elly. "Just your imagination," he mumbled absently. He reached far into the Woolworth's bag and pulled out a small jar. He opened it and began applying its gook to Elly's frowning face.

"We won't look like niggers," she whispered. "This is dumb."

"Quit talking," he whispered in return. "You're messing me up."

She stood very still as he spread the dark brown makeup all over her pale white face and neck; and then, from the TG&Y bag, he produced two "afro" wigs. Elly began to smile, and by the time they sported the entire costumes of wigs, makeup, raggedy clothes, and tap shoes, she was doubled over in giggles. Warner

tucked the bags behind a trash can and then they set off walking side-by-side. When they reached Bourbon Street, they trotted quickly to the corner bar. The crowds were just beginning to thicken, and Warner set the two hats down in the middle of the road.

The jazz players inside began their set as usual—with a bouncy, sleazy version of "The Saints Go Marching In," and Warner and Elly began tap dancing around their hats. Almost immediately a circle formed around them, and the coins began to fly.

Elly had never really tap danced before, but it was as easy as Warner said it would be. At first, she only watched her feet as they shuffled and clicked, but as the music grew louder, she found herself looking into the faces around her. The people were smiling—some even singing—and she smiled and sang along with them. The music played faster and her toes clicked in rhythm and she clapped her hands and laughed and swirled and turned and the coins were flying into the hats like gold and silver popcorn from a popper and she twisted and shuffled and grinned and the music grew louder and faster until—finally—it stopped.

She closed her eyes to wait for the money to stop spinning; sweat trickled down her back and arms, and she swallowed the salty taste from her mouth. Finally, the ground came to rest beneath her, and Elly opened her eyes.

Standing in front of her was the biggest, scariest, meanest-looking black man she had ever seen. She gulped.

"What do you think you're doing?" he growled.

"W-warner!" she stuttered. "Warner!" Terrified, Elly looked over at her friend. He had deserted her; he was gone. So were the hats and the money. The black man's yellow eyes bulged in anger.

"This is our corner," he said. "I want to know what the h—"

Suddenly, Elly turned and began running. She ran up Saint Anne and over Rue d'Argent and down Saint Marcus, and she was sure that there were no footsteps following behind her, but she kept running until her sides stabbed in pain and she could hardly breathe. Finally she reached the Square and lights and people, and she stopped.

"Ricchio! Ricchio!" she called as she walked toward him. He was standing near his easel, talking with a tall, silver-haired gentleman. "Ricchio, I got so scared," she said breathlessly. He barely glanced at her.

"I think your wife will be pleased," he was saying to the man. "Very pleased."

Confused, Elly looked up at the faces of the two people. The she looked at the canvas they were discussing. She froze, stunned. It was the picture of herself—her portrait.

"Yes sir. A real Cajun princess," Ricchio was saying. "Father battles alligators and a mama who can paddle the swamp better than anyone around. Yes sir . . . a real bargain."

Elly grabbed Ricchio's hand. "I'm not a Cajun princess," she said. "My daddy works at the airport."

"Go away, nieveduh," he said to her.

"Mama ain't never paddled through the swamp!"

The man produced his wallet and began counting out his money. Elly suddenly realized what was happening.

"Ricchio—it's me—Elly," she said. She jerked the wig from her head and her damp, tangled hair tumbled down like a mop. Ricchio looked into her face and frowned. She smiled at him, feeling the recognition in his eyes.

"I said go away, nigger!"

The man handed him the money and reached for the picture. Elly backed away. Forty-five dollars! Ricchio had promised it to her for eighteen.

Elly slowly turned and walked to the levee. When she reached the top step, she stopped and looked back. The silver-haired man was walking away with the portrait tucked under his arm. Ricchio was grinning, licking his dark fingers as he recounted the crisp bills.

She walked on the boards and stared out at the water. The moon was blotted out by clouds; a lonely boat whistle echoed in from the river. She reached the very last bench and sat down in the darkness.

Elly thought of her summer and how the sticky hot days had passed so slowly. She couldn't think of one good thing that had come of it; the three months only seemed to be a miserable blur, punctuated by the rainstorms that had come and gone. Warner and Ricchio had let her down; the image of the big black giant at the bar came into her mind and made her shudder. She imagined the portrait sitting in some living room—the beautiful, ambiguous eyes staring out at strangers—and a lonely tear spilled down her cheek.

Elly wasn't sure how long she had been sitting there, enveloped in the darkness and the quiet, before she realized it was raining. The salty drops were cool on her burning forehead, and she tilted her head back to catch them on her tongue. She knew it was a moment she had dreamed of for months—but now that she was finally sitting in a storm without the fear and the shivering and the churning stomach, her reaction was calm. She smiled.

"Elly, Elly, Elly!" She heard the voice and footsteps coming closer. It was Tina. "Elly?" the girl exclaimed when she finally reached the bench and plopped down beside her. "I've been looking for you," she said breathlessly. "The news said there's a travelers' advisory out and a big storm on the way. I knew you'd need me."

Elly crossed her legs and grinned at her friend. "Thank you, Tina," she said, "but it's okay. I'm not scared anymore."

"You will be," she answered. "And I'll be with you."

"You don't understand," Elly said softly. "I'm not gonna be scared. Not at all."

Several minutes passed before Tina spoke again. The rain pattered gently around them, gathering in rivulets and streaming down the boards into the river.

"Counterphobia."

"Huh?"

"Counterphobia. This means you're even worse off than I thought. The book said this might happen. They call it 'sadistic hysteria.' You're purposely torturing yourself."

Elly stood and shivered as the rain trickled down the back of her legs. She balanced on the stone border. "I'm not torturing myself," she said. "I'm really okay. Really."

Tina stood and faced Elly; there were tears in Tina's black eyes. "It's counterphobia!" she said angrily. "You need me!"

Elly stared in surprise; Tina clenched her fists. "You need me!" she said again, and she turned and began running towards the Square, pausing at the top of the steps. "You shouldn't have signed the letter 'Moon-walker,'" Tina yelled. "She probably didn't answer 'cause she thinks you're crazy!"

Elly's mouth hung open in surprise as she stared after Tina. The chubby girl waddled down the steps and disappeared into the crowd. Elly looked back out at the dark, choppy Mississippi River horizon, and behind the black sky, she could see a faint yellow glow. The moon would come out later and she could keep walking and walking down the moonwalk, just like she used to. No . . . not exactly like she used to.

She knelt and clutched a handful of pebbles and began tossing them into the water, watching the ripples that flowed out when they hit. Elly finally understood. She stood up straight and threw the last rock up and out as hard as she could.

"You can't depend on nobody," she whispered. Somewhere beyond her vision she heard the rock pulunk into the water; she could picture how its rings were radiating away from it in perfect circles. "Can't depend on nobody," she repeated. "Not even Dear Abby."

Michael Strickland doesn't cut his hair and doesn't own a tie. Not only that, he sniffs sawdust. He simply must be mad. Mindy Starns is an English major from Hammond, La., near New Orleans.

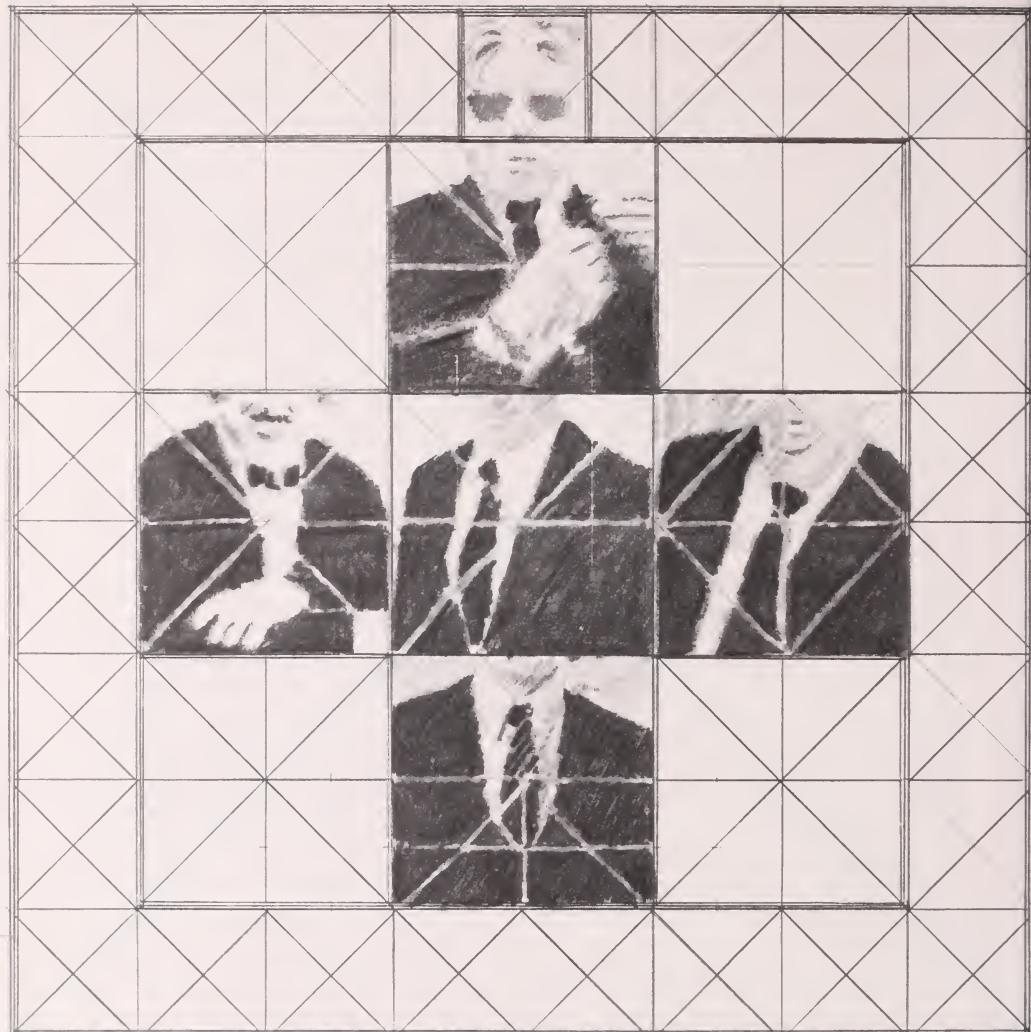


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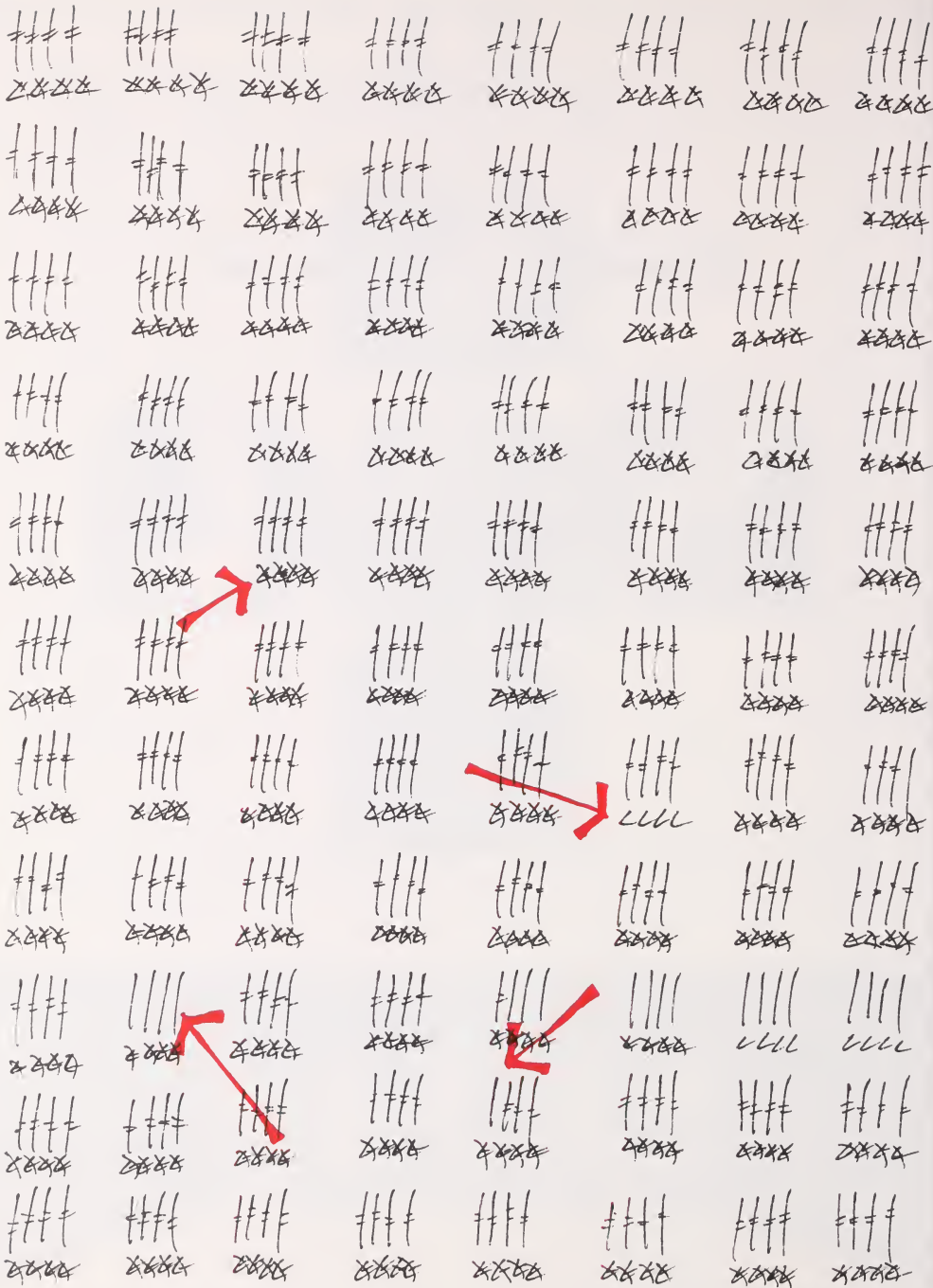
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